

CAMBRIDGE ENGLISH CLASSICS

Poems

by

Richard Crashaw

RICHARD CRASHAW

Born, 1613?

Died, 1649

RICHARD CRASHAW

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE
DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

AND OTHER POEMS

THE TEXT EDITED BY
A R WALLER



CAMBRIDGE
at the University Press

1904

London. C J CLAY AND SONS,
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS WAREHOUSE,
AVE MARIA LANE
Glasgow 50, WELLINGTON STREET



Leipzig F A BROCKHAUS
New York THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
Bombay and Calcutta MACMILLAN AND CO, LTD

NOTE

I His edition contains the whole of Crashaw's Poems English and Latin, now for the first time collected in one volume

Although not English Classics, it has been thought best to include Crashaw's Latin and Greek poems, for completeness sake. These are reproduced faithfully from the original issues printed at the Cambridge University Press in 1634 and 1670 and from photographs of the Sancroft MS. No attempt has been made to 'improve' Crashaw's spelling or punctuation save in the one or two trifling instances mentioned in the notes, and save in the use of the modern type-forms for *j* *s* *u*, *m* etc.

The arrangement of the text is as follows

I *Epigrammatum Sacrorum Liber* from the volume ($5\frac{3}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ ins) of 1634. A few additional epigrams that occur in the second edition of 1670 will be found on pp. 299—306.

II *Steps to the Temple and The Delights of the Muses*. The text of 1648 ($5\frac{3}{4} \times 3\frac{3}{8}$ ins) has been followed but only those poems have been printed which were not revised at a later date for the volume entitled *Carmen Deo Nostro*, 1652 (see III below). The text of the first edition of *Steps to the Temple Sacred Poems, with other Delights of the Muses Printed and Published according to Order Printed by T W for*

NOTE

Humphrey Moseley,.. 1646, has been collated with that of 1648, and both texts with that of *Carmen Deo Nostro*, and the verbal alterations, omissions and additions in these three texts will be found in the Appendix, this course being deemed more satisfactory than to form an eclectic text by guesswork. Certain poems belonging to these three volumes are also in Archbishop Sancroft's MS. (see IV below) and in the British Museum MSS (see V. below), variations between these MSS and the printed volumes will be found in the Appendix. In the text, the latest published form has been printed in each case. For the loan of copies of the texts of 1646 and 1648 I am indebted to the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

III The revised collection of poems entitled *Carmen Deo Nostro* ($6\frac{1}{2} \times 4$ ins), printed and published in Paris in 1652 and adorned with small plates engraved from Crashaw's own drawings, has been followed from the first page to the last. It bears evidence of having been printed abroad, as its simple errors of the press are numerous. These have been corrected and their places marked by square brackets, and in the Appendix will be found reproductions of the engravings, with indications of their place. Copies of the edition of 1652 are very rare indeed, and it has been thought well to preserve its eccentricities of spacing and its generosity in the matter of titles and half-titles.

IV The volume of Crashaw's (and other) poems, copied by Archbishop Sancroft and now preserved in the Bodleian, was kindly forwarded from Oxford to the Cambridge University Library, to enable me to collate it. I am much indebted to the authorities at Oxford for this privilege, and to the University Librarian here for making the examination of the MS as easy as possible.

NOTE

A great many poems in it were first published by Dr Grosart in his *Fuller Worthies* edition of 1872-3, they were rearranged by him to fill in with the scheme of his edition, but in the following pages they will be found printed in the order in which they occur in the MS, the poems published by Crashaw being of course, omitted. As indicated above (see II), verbal differences between MS and published text will be found in the notes to the latter.

The evidence that some poems other than those indicated in the MS by the initials R C are Crashaw's is mainly based upon Abp Sancroft's table of contents to his volume, a photograph of which I have had made. I regret that in one case the evidence seems clear that a poem printed by Dr Grosart as Crashaw's cannot be his, and it does not therefore find a place in the present text.

Abp Sancroft's table of contents begins thus: Mr Crashaw's poems transcribed from his own copie before they were printed, among w^{ch} | are some not printed Latin, on y^e Gospels v p 7. On other subjects p 39 95 229. English sacred | poems p 111 on other subjects—39 162 164 v 167 v 196 202 v 206 223 v *Suspetto di Herode* | translated from Car. Marino p 287 v. The table then gives the titles of poems other than Crashaw's, and amongst these are indexed the two unsigned poems written on p 205 of the MS: 'On a Friend On a Cobler' of these, Dr Grosart printed one as Crashaw's and not the other. Dr Grosart took '202 v 206' to mean that all the poems on and between those pages were Crashaw's. If that were so then the verses 'On a Cobler' would be Crashaw's and these he omitted. But apart from the fact that these two poems are indexed elsewhere among Abp Sancroft's miscellaneous and anonymous collection, they are preceded by a

NOTE

the case of the Sancroft MS, variations between them and this British Museum MS

A further acquisition by the British Museum in 1894 (Addit MS 34,692) contains a transcript of Crashaw's 'Loe heere a little volume' and 'Upon the Assumption'. It is dated 1642 and seems to have belonged to 'Thom Lenthall Pemb Hall' in which college Crashaw began his academical career. Its variations are recorded in the notes, as are those of the poems in Harl MSS 6917-8, and of the earliest appearances of some of Crashaw's verses in sundry volumes of contemporary verse and prose. Of these, attention may be called to the interesting alternative readings found in the lines under the portrait of Bp Andrewes (see pp 134 and 372)

For assistance in the collation of the British Museum MSS I am indebted to Mr Richard Askham, and Mr Albert Ivatt, of Christ's College, has very kindly prepared the indexes for me

The copy of *Carmen Deo Nostro* used for the purpose of the present edition will rest in future in the library of Peterhouse, of which College Crashaw was made Fellow in 1637 and from which he was ejected, with others, six years later for refusing to accept the Solemn League and Covenant

A. R. WALLER

CAMBRIDGE,

May 15, 1904

EPIGRAM-
MATUM
SACRORUM
LIBER



CANTABRIGIÆ,
Ex Academiæ celeberrimæ
typographeo 1634

REVERENDO ADMODUM
VIRO
BENJAMINO LANY

SS Theologiæ Professori,
Aulæ Pembrochianæ Custodi dignissimo,

ex suorum minimis

minimus

R C

custodiam cœlestem

P

SUUS est & florū fructus, quibus fruimur, si non
utilius, delicatius certe Neque etiam rarum est
quod ad spem veris, de se per flores suos quasi
pollicentis, adultioris anni, ipsiusq, adeo Autumnī
exigamus fidem Ignoscas igitur (vir colendissime)
properanti sub ora Apollinis sui, primæque adolescentiæ
lascivia exultanti Musæ Teneræ ætatis flores adfert,
non fructus seræ quos quidem exigere ad seram illam
& sobriam maturitatem, quam in fructibus expectamus
merito, durum fuerit, forsā & ipsa hac præcoci
importunitate sua placituros magis Tibi præsertim
quem paternus animus (quod fieri solet) intentum tenet
omni suæ spei diluculo quo tibi de tuorum indole
promittas aliquid Ex more etiam eorum, qui in
præmium laboris sui pretiumque patientiæ festini ex iis
quæ severunt ipsi & excoluerunt quicquid est flosculi
prominulum, prima quasi verecundia auras & apertum
Jovem experientis arripiunt avide, saporemque illi non
tam ex ipsius indole & ingenio quàm ex animi sui

RICHARD CRASHAW

affectu, foventis in eo curas suas & spes, affingunt. Patere igitur (reverende Custos) hanc tibi ex istiusmodi floribus corollam necesse, convivalem verò nec aliter passuram Sydus illud oris tui auspicatissimum nisi (quæ est etiam amœnitate) remissiore radio cum se reclinat, & in tantum de se demit. Neque sane hoc scriptiois genere (modò partes suas satis præstiterit) quid esse potuit otio Theologico accommodatius, quo nimirum res ipsa Theologica Poeticâ amœnitate delinita majestatem suam venustate commendat. Hoc demum quicquid est, amare tamen poteris, & voles, scio non ut magnum quid, non ut egregium, non ut te dignum denique, sed ut tuum. tuum summo jure; utpote quod è tua gleba, per tuum radium, in manum denique tuam evocatū fuerit. Quod restat hujus libelli fatis, exorandus es igitur (vir spectatissime) ut quem sinu tam facili privatum excepisti, eum jam ore magis publico alloquentem te non asperneris. Stes illi in limine, non auspicium modò suum, sed & argumentum. Enimvero Epigramma sacrum tuus ille vultus vel est, vel quid sit docet; ubi nimirum amabili diluitur severum, & sanctum suavi demulcetur. Pronum me vides in negatam mihi provinciam, laudum tuarum, intelligo quas mihi cum modestia tua abstulerit, reliquum mihi est necessariò ut sim brevis imò verò longus nimium, utpote cui argumentum istud abscissum fuerit, in quo unice poteram, & sine tædio, prolixus esse. Vale, virorum ornatissime, neque dedigneris quòd colere audeam. Genui tui serenitatem supplex tam tenuis, & (quoniam numen quoq; hoc de se non negat) amare etiam. Interim verò da veniam Musæ in tantum sibi non temperanti, quin in hanc saltem laudis tuæ partem, quæ tibi ex rebus sacris apud nos ornatis meritiissima est, istiusmodi carmine involare ausa sit, qualicunque,

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

S Alve, alme custos Pierii gregis
 Per quem erudito exhalat in otio
 Seu frigus udi captet antri,
 Sive Jovem nitidosque soles

Non ipse custos pulchrior inuisas
 Egrot sub umbras Æmonios greges
 Non ipse Apollo notus illis
 Lege suæ meliore cannæ

Tu si sereno des oculo frui
 Sunt rura nobis, sunt juga, sunt aquæ,
 Sunt plectræ dulcium sororum
 (Non alio mihi nota Phæbo)

Te dante, castos composuit sinus
 Te dante, mores sumpsit Et in suo
 Videnda vultu, pulveremque
 Religio cineremque nescit

Stat cinēta dignā fronde decens caput
 Subsque per te fassa palām Deos,
 Comisque, Diva vestiblusque
 Ingenium dedit ordinemque

Jāmq̃ ecce nobis amplior es modō
 Majōrque cerni Quale jubar tremat
 Sub os! verecundisq̃ quantā
 Mole sui Gensus laborat!

Jam qui serenas it tibi per genas,
 Majore cœlo Sydus habet suum
 Majōrque circum cuspidatæ
 Ora comit tua flos diei

Stat causa Nempe hanc ipse Deus, Deus
 Hanc ara, per te pulchra, diem tibi
 Tuam refundit, obviusque
 It radio tibi se colenti

RICHARD CRASHAW

*Ecce, ecce ! sacro in limine, dum pio
Multumque prono poplite amas humum,
 Altaria annuunt ab alto,
 Et refluus tibi plaudit alis*

*Pulchro incalescens officio, puer
Quicumque crispo sydere crinium,
 Vultuque non fatente terram,
 Currit ibi roseus satellites*

*Et jure Nam cum fana tot inuis
Mærent ruinis, ipsaque (ceu preces
 Manisque, non decora supplex,
 Tendat) opem rogat, heu negatam !*

*Tibi ipsa voti est ara sui rea
Et solvet O quàm semper apud Deum
 Litabis illum, cujus aræ
 Ipse preces prius audisti !*

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

Venerabili viro Magistro Terentio,

Tutori suo summe obsecrando

M Fuit incurrit Cereri per quartæ capillus,
 Iam letet Balar quæta citra uir,
 Astra ex quæ, primis flumine uix alia fruunt,
 Aut las Musæ est redifare uia
 Hi remas, hic s'is & exiliæ ruit s' illi
 Hi sua quæ Musæ umbræ vel aura dedit
 Sedit illi secunda malus quæ id meritis fuit,
 Quæ grauius hyemum uexerit claustra ferem
 Nequis quæ interea multum tibi narrare rati est
 Nempe sed l' p' eras narrare amare tamen
 Tardem ece (sic uirili de prelo quæperis) tardem
 Hic terere terere est pigre se la pareri
 Jamq' meam lar s' lem (rigo) qui uirum alter l' beret?
 Quis rithi tam r' ti rempe tep' tu erat?
 Sed quæq' & ipsa Meus (de te) meus, in, re'la, tutor
 (Quam primum p' tuit dicere) dixit, erit
 Has ego legitimæ, nec læto sydere natæ
 Non puto degeneres ind' his esse r' as;
 Nempe quod illa suo patri tam semper apertæ,
 Tam semper faciles n'rit adire unius
 Ergo tuam tibi sume tuas eat illi sub alas
 Hoc quæ que de n'itro, quæ d' tutaris, late
 Sic quæ Suada tua f'ntem ubi fecit in ere,
 Sancto & securo melle pererant eat
 Sic tua, sic nullas Siren n' n' mulere aures,
 Aula cui plausus & sua sarta dedit
 Sic tuus ille (precor) Tagus aut eat obijce nullæ,
 Aut omni (quod adhuc) obijce major eat

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Ornatissimo viro Præceptori suo colen-
dissimo, Magistro Bressi

O Mibi qui nunquam tamen res dulci fuisti
Tunc quoque cum dormis fronte torpidus eras !
Ille ego pars vestri quondā intarissima regni,
De nullo virgæ nota labore tuæ,
Do tibi quod de te per secula longa queretur
Quoddam de me nimium non metuendus eras
Quoddam tibi turpis ego torpentis inertia sceptri
Tam ferula tulerim mitia pura tua.
Scilicet in foliis quicquid peccabitur istis,
Quod tua virga statim vapulet, illud erit
Ergo tibi hæc panas pro me mea pagina pendat
Hic agitur virga res tibi multa tua
In me igitur quicquid nimis illa pepercerit olim,
Id licet in fa tu vindicet omne meo
Hic tuus inveniet satis in quo sæviat unguis,
Quoddamque veru docto trans obeliscus eat
Scilicet hæc mea sunt, hæc quæ mala scilicet ô si
(Quæ tua nempe forent) hic meliora forent !
Qualiacunque, suum nōrunt hæc flumina fontem
(Nihil ab ignoto fonti superbus eat)
Nec certè nihil est quâ quis sit origine Fontes
Esse solent fluvii nomen honôrique sui
Hic quoque tam parvus (de me mea secula dicant)
Non parvi soboles hic quoque fontis erat
Hoc modò & ipse velis de me dixisse, Meorum
Ille fuit minimus Sed fuit ille meus

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

LECTORI

S Alve Jamq, vale Quid enim quis pergeret ultra?
 Qua jocus & lusus non vocat, ire voles?
 Scilicet hu, Lector, cur noster habebere, non est
 Delitus folio non faciente tuis
 Nam nec Acidalios halat mihi pagina rores
 Nostra Cupidineæ nec favet aura faci
 Frustra hinc ille suis quicquam promiserit alis
 Frustra hinc illa novo speret abire sinu
 Ille è materna melius sibi talia myrto
 Illa jugis melius poscat ab Idaliis
 Quærat ibi suus in quo cespite surgat Adonis,
 Quæ melior teneris patria sit violis
 Illinc totius Floræ, verisque, sulque
 Consilio, ille alas impleat, illa sinus
 Me mea (casta tamen, si sit rudis) herba coronet
 Me mea (si rudis est, sit rudis) herba juvat
 Nulla meo Circæa tument tibi pocula versu
 Dulcia, & in furias officiosa tuas
 Nulla latet Læthe, quam fraus tibi florea libat
 Quam rosa sub falsis dat malè fida genis
 Nulla verecundum mentitur mella venenum
 Captat ab insidiis linea nulla suis
 Et spleni, & jecori folius bene parcitur istis
 Ah malè cum rebus staret utrumque mess
 Rara est quæ ridet nulla est quæ pagina prurit
 Nulla salax, si quid norit habere salis
 Non nudæ Veneres nec, si jocus, udus habetur
 Non nimium Bacchus noster Apollo fuit
 Nil cui quis putri sit detorquendus oculo
 Est nihil obliqua quod velit ore legi
 Hæc coram, atque oculis legeret Lucretia justis
 Iret & illæsis hinc pudor ipse genis
 Nam neque candidior voti venit aura pudici
 De matutina virgine thura ferens
 Cum vestis nive vineta sinus, nive tempora fulgent,
 Dans nive flammeolis frigida jura comis,
 Religiosa pedum sensim vestigia librans,
 Ante aras tandem constitit & tremuit

RICHARD CRASHAW

*Nec gravis ipsa suo sub numine castior halat
 Quæ pia non prius summovet ara manus.
 Tam Venus in nostro non est nimis aurea versu
 Tam non sunt pueri tela timenda dei
 Sæpe puer dubias circum me moverat alas,
 Fecit & incertas nostra sub ora faces
 Sæpe vel ipse sua calamum mihi blandus ab ala,
 Vel matris cygno de meliore dedit.
 Sæpe Dionææ pactus mihi sarta coronæ,
 Sæpe, Meus vates tu, mihi dixit, eris.
 I procul, i cum matre tua, puer improbe, dixi
 Non tibi cum numeris res erit ulla meis
 Tu Veronensi cum passere pulchrior ibis
 Bilbilidisve queas comptius esse modis.
 Ille tuos finget quocunque sub agmine crines
 Undique nequitius par erit ille tuus
 Ille nimis (dixi) patet in tua prælia campus
 Heu nimis est vates & nimis ille tuus
 Gleba illa (ah tua quam tamen urit adultera messis)
 Esset Idumæo germine quanta parens!
 Quantus ibi & quantæ premeret Puer ubera Matris!
 Nec cælos vultu dissimulante suos
 Ejus in isto oculi satîs essent sydera versu,
 Sydereo matris quàm bene tuta sinu!
 Matris ut hic similes in collum mitteret ulnas,
 Inq̃ sinus niveos pergeret, ore pari!
 Utq̃ gemis pueri hæc æquis daret oscula labris!
 Et bene cognatis iret in ora rosis!
 Quæ Mariæ tam larga meat, quàm disceret illic
 Uvida sub pretio gemma tumere suo!
 Staret ibi ante suum lacrymatrix Diva Magistrum
 Seu levis aura volet, seu gravis unda cadat,
 Luminis hæc soboles, & proles pyxidis illa,
 Pulchrius unda cadat, suavius aura volet
 Quicquid in his sordet demum, luceret in illis
 Improbe, nec satîs est hunc tamen esse tuum?
 Improbe cede puer quid enim mea carmina mulces?
 Carmina de jaculis muta futura tuis
 Cede puer, quâ te petulantis fræna puellæ,
 Turpia quâ revocant pensa procacis heræ,
 Quâ miseri malè pulchra nitent mendacia limi,
 Quâ cerussatæ, furta decora, genæ,*

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

Quà mirere rosas, aliens sydera veris,
 Quas nivis haud propriæ bruma redempta domat
 Cede puer (dixi, & dico) cede improba mater
 Altera Cypris habet nos, habet alter Amor
 Scilicet hic Amor est Hic est quoque mater Amoris
 Sed mater virgo Sed neque cæcus Amor
 O puer! o Domine! o magnæ reverentia matris!
 Alme tui stupor & religio gremii!
 O Amor, innocuæ cui sunt pia jura pharetræ
 Nec nisi de casto corde sagitta calens!
 Me, puer, o certâ, quem figis, fige sagittâ
 O tua de me sit facta pharetra levis
 Quoddam illinc sitit & bibit, & bibit & sitit usquē,
 Uiquē meum sitiât pectus, & usquē bibat
 Fige, puer, corda hæc Seu spinis exiguis quis,
 Seu clavi aut hastæ cuspide magnus ades
 Seu major cruce cum tota seu maximus ipso
 Te corda hæc figis denique Fige puer
 O metam hanc tuus æternum inclamaverit arcus
 Stridat in hanc teli densior aura tui
 O tibi si jaculum ferat ala ferocior ullum,
 Hanc habeat triti vulneris ire viam
 Quisque tuæ populus cunque est, quæ turba, pharstræ
 Hic bene vulnificas nidus habebit aves
 O mihi sis bello semper tam sævus in isto!
 Pectus in hoc nunquam mitior hostis eas
 Quippe ego quam jaceam pugna bene sparsus in illâ!
 Quàm bene sic lacero pectore sanus ero!
 Hæc mea vota Mei sunt hæc quoque vota libelli
 Hæc tua sint Lector si meus esse voles
 Si meus esse voles, meus ut sis, lumina (Lector)
 Casta, sed o nimium non tibi sicca precor
 Nam tibi fac madidis meus ille occurrerit alis,
 (Sanguine, seu lacryma diffuat ille sua)
 Stipite totus hians, clavisque reclusus & hastâ
 Fons tuus in fluvios desidiosus erit?
 Si tibi sanguineo meus hic tener iverit amne,
 Tunc tuas illi, dure, negabis aquas?
 Ab durus! quicumque meos, nisi siccus, amores
 Nolit, & hic lacrymæ rem neget esse suæ
 Sæpe hic Magdalinas vel aquas vel amaverit undas,
 Gredo nec Assyrias mens tua malit opes

RICHARD CRASHAW

*Scilicet ille tuos ignis recalescet ad ignes ,
 Forsan & illa tuis unda natabit aquis
 Hic eris ad cunas, & odoros funere manes
 Hinc ignes nasci testis, & indè meos
 Hic mecum, & cum matre sua, mea gaudia quæres
 Maturus Procerum seu stupor esse velit ,
 Sive per antra sui lateat (tunc templa) sepulchri
 Tertia lux reducem (lenta sed illa) dabit
 Sint fidæ precor ab (dices) facilèsque tenebræ ,
 Lux mea dum noctis (res nova ¹) poscit opem
 Denique charta meo quicquid mea dicat amori,
 Illi quo metuat cunque, flectve, modo,
 Læta parùm (dices) hæc, sed neque dulcia non sunt
 Certè & amor (dices) hujus amandus erat*

SI nimum hîc promittî tibi videtur Lector bone, pro eo cui satisfaciendo libellus iste futurus fuerit, scias me in istis non ad hæc modò spectare quæ hîc habes, sed ea etiam quæ olim (hæc interim fovendo) habere poteris. Nolui enim (si hæctenus deesse amicis meis non potui, flagitantibus a me, etiam cum dispendii sui periculo, paterer eos experiri te in tantum favorémque tuum) nolui, inquam, fastidio tuo indulgere. Satis hîc habes quod vel releges ad ferulam suam (neque enim maturiores sibi annos ex his aliqua vendicant) vel ut pignus plurium adultiorúmque in sinu tuo reponas. Elige tibi ex his utrumvis. Me interim quod attinet, finis meus non fefellit. Maximum meæ ambitionis scopum jamdudum attigi. tunc nimirum cùm quaecunque hoc meum penè infantis Musæ murmur ad aures istas non ingratum sonuit, quibus neque doctiores mihi de publico timere habeo, nec sperare clementiores, adeò ut de tuo jam plausu (dicam ingenuè & breviter) neque securus sim ultra neque sollicitus. Prius tui, quisquis es Lectori, apud me reverentia prohibet, de cujus judicio omnia possum magna sperare. posterius illorum reverentia non sinit, de quorum perspicacitate maxima omnia non possum mihi non persuadere. Quanquam ò quam velim tanti me esse in quo patria mea morem istum suum deponere velit, genio suo tam non dignum, istum scilicet quo, suis omnibus fastiditis, ea exosculatur unice, quibus trajecisse Alpes & de transmarino esse, in pretium cessit ¹. Sed relictis hisce nimis improbæ spei votis, convertam me ad magistros Acygnianos, quos scio de novissimis meis verbis (quanquam neminem nominârim) iratos me reliquisse. bilem verò componant, & mihi se hoc debere (ambitioso juveni verbum tam magnum ignoscant) debere, inquam, fateantur quòd nimirum in tam nobili argumento, in quo neque ad fœtida de suis Sanctis figmenta, neque ad putidas de nostris calumnias opus habeant confugere, de tenui hoc meo dederim illorum magnitudinî unde emineat. Emineat verò, (serius dico) Sciântque me semper se habituros esse sub ea, quam mihi eorum lux major affuderit, umbrâ, placidissimè acquiescentem.

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

LUC 18

Pharisæus & Publicanus

E^N duo Templum adeunt (diversis mentibus ambo)
Ille procul trepido lumine signat humum
It gravis hic, & in alta ferox penetralia tendit
Plus habet hic templi plus habet ille Dei

MATTH 21 7

In Asinum Christi vectorem

* **I**lle suum didicit quidam objurgare magistrum
Et quid ni discas tu celebrare tuum?

Mirum non minus est, te jam potuisse tacere,
Illum quam fuerat tum potuisse loqui

* BALAAMI ASINUS.

LUC 4

Dominus apud suos vilis

E^N consanguines ! patris en exul in oris
Christus ! & haud alibi tam peregrinus erat

Qui socio demum pendebat sanguine latro
O consanguineus quàm fuit ille magis !

JOANN 5

Ad Bethesdæ piscinam positus

Quis novus hic refugis incumbit Tantalus undis,
Quem fallit toties tam fugitiva salus ?

Unde hoc naufragium felix ? medicæq; procellæ ?
Vitæque, tempestas quam pretiosa dedit ?

RICHARD CRASHAW

JOANN. 20

Christus ad Thomam.

SÆva fides ! voluisse meos tractare dolores ?
Crudeles digiti ! sic didicisse Deum ?

*Vulnera, nè dubites, vis tangere nostra sed eheu,
Vulnera, dum dubitas, tu graviora facis.*

MATTH 16 25

Quisquis perdiderit animam suam meâ
causâ, inveniet eam

I Vita, I, perdam mihi mors tua, Christe, reperta est
(Mors tua vita mea est, mors tibi, vita mea)

*Aut ego te abscondam Christi (mea Vita) sepulchro
Non adeò procul est tertius ille dies*

JOANN 20 1

Primo mane venit ad sepulchrum MAGDALENA.

IU matutinos prævertis, sancta, rubores,
Magdala, sed jam tum Sol tuus ortus erat

*Jàmque vetus meritò vanos Sol non agit ortus,
Et tanti radios non putat esse suos*

*Quippe aliquo (reor) ille, novus, jam niētat in astro,
Et se nocturnâ parvus habet faculâ.*

*Quàm velit ô tantæ vel nuntius esse diei !
Atque novus Soli Lucifer ire novo !*

JOANN 6

Quinque panes ad quinque hominum millia

IN mensæ faciles, redivivdque vulnera cœnæ,
Quæq̃ indefessâ provocat ora dape !

*Aucta Ceres stupet arcanâ se crescere messe
Denique quid restat ? Pascitur ipse cibus.*

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

ACT 8

Æthiops lotus

Ille niger sacris exist (quàm lautus!) ab undis
Nec frustra Æthiopem nempe lavare fuit
Mentem quàm niveam piceæ cutis umbra fovebit!
Jam volet & nigros sancta Columba lares

LUC 18 13

Publicanus procul stans percutiebat pectus suum

Ecce hic peccator timidus petit advena templum,
Quidque audet solum, pectora mæsta ferit
Fide miser, pulsâque fores has fortiter illo
Invenies templo tu propiore Deum

MARC 12 44

Obolum Viduæ

Gutta brevis nummi (vitæ patrona senilis)
E digitis stillat non dubitantis anūs
Istis multa vagi spumant de gurgite census
Isti abjecerunt scilicet, Illa dedit

LUC 10 39

MARIA verò assidens ad pedes ejus, audiebat eum

Aspice (namq, novum est) ut ab hospite pendeat hospes
Huic ori parat hoc sumit ab ore cibos
Tunc epulis aded es (soror) officiosa juvandis,
Et sis has (inquit) MARTHA, perire dapes?

RICHARD CRASHAW

ACT 2

IN SPIRITÛS sancti Descensum

I Erte sinus, ô ferte cadit vindemia cœli,
Sanctâque ab æthereis volvitur uva jugis
Felices nimium, quæis tam bona musta bibuntur,
In quorum gremium lucida pergit hyems!
En caput! en ut nectarco micat & micat astro!
Gaudet & in roseis uva corona comis!
Illis (ô Superi! quis sic neget ebrius esse?)
Illis, nè titubent, dant sua vina faces

LUC 15. 13.

Congestis omnibus peregrè profectus est

I Ic mihi, quò tantos properas, puer auree, nummos?
Quorsum festinæ conglomerantur opes?
Cur tibi tota vagos iuclant patrimonia census?
Non poterunt siliquæ nempe minoris emi?

ACT. 21 13

Non solùm vinciri sed & mori paratus sum

N On modò vincla, sed & mortem tibi, Christe, subibo,
Paulus ait, docti callidus arte doli
Diceret hoc aliter Tibi non modò velle ligari,
Christe, sed & ⁴ solvi nempe paratus ero

* Phil 1 23 τὴν ἐπιθυμίαν ἔχων εἰς τὸ ἀναλῦσαι

ACT 12 23

In Heiodem σκωληκόβρωτον

I lle Deus, Deus hæc populi vox unica tantùm
(Vile genus) vermes credere velle negant
At citò se miserì, citò nunc errâsse fatentur,
Carnes degustant, Ambrosiâque putant

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

MATTH 14

Videns ventum magnum, timuit, & cum
cœpisset demergi, clamavit, &c

P*etre, cades, ô, si dubitas ô fide nec ipsum
(Petre) negat fidis æquor habere fidem*

*Pondere pressa suo subsidunt cætera solum
(Petre) tuæ mergit te levitatis onus*

ACT 8 18

Obtulit eis pecunias

(Simon ?

Q*uorsum hos hic nummos profers ? quorsum, imple
Non ille hic Judas, sed tibi Petrus adest*

*Vis emisse Deum ? potius (precor) hoc age, Simon,
Si potes, ipse prius dæmona vende tuum*

ACT 5 15

Umbra S Petri medetur ægrotis

C*onveniunt alacres (sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras)
Atque umbras fieri (creditis ?) umbra vetat
O Petri umbra potens ! quæ non miracula præstat ?
Nunc quoque, Papa, tuum sustinet illa decus*

MARC 7 33, 36

Tetigit linguam ejus, &c & loquebatur
& præcepit illis nè cui dicerent illi verò
eò magis prædicabant

C*hriste, jubes muta ora loqui muta ora loquuntur
Sana tacere jubes ora, nec illa tacent
Si digito tunc usus eras, muta ora resolvens
Nonne opus est totâ nunc tibi, Christe, manu ?*

RICHARD CRASHAW

LUC 10 32

Sacerdos quidam descendens eâdem viâ,
vidit & præterit

S *Peñāsne (ab !)* placidísque oculis mea vulnera trañtas ?
O dolor ! ô nostris vulnera vulneribus !
Pax oris quàm torva tui est ! quàm triste serenum !
Tranquillus miserum qui videt, ipse facit

LUC 17

Leprosi ingrati

I *Um linquunt Christum (ab morbus !)* sanantur euntes
Ipse etiam morbus sic medicina fuit
At sani Christum (mens ab malesana !) relinquunt
Ipsa etiam morbus sic medicina fuit

MAITH 6 34

Nè solliciti estote in crastinum

I *Miser, ínque tuas rape non tua tempora curas*
Et nondum natis perge perire malis
Mî querulis satís una dies, satís angitur horis
Una dies lacrymis mî satís uda suis
Non mihi venturos vacat expectare dolores
Nolo ego, nolo hodie crastinus esse miser

MAITH 9 9

A telonio Matthæus

A *H satís, ab nimis est noli ultrà ferre magistrum,*
Et lucro domino turpia colla dare
Jam fuge, jam (Matthæe) feri fuge regna tyranni
Inq, bonam felix 1 fugitive + crucem

* CHRISTI scilicet

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

LUC 7

Viduæ filius è feretro matri redditur

E^N redeunt, lacrymâsq, breves nova gaudia pensant
Blâq, illa est, uno in pignore, facta parens

Felix, quæ magis es nati per funera mater !
Amisisse, iterum cui peperisse fuit

MATTH 18

Bonum intrare in cœlos cum uno oculo, &c

UNo oculo? ah centum potius mihi, millia centum
Nam quis ibi, in cœlo, quis satîs Argus erit?

Aut si oculus mihi tantum unus conceditur, unus
Iste oculus fiam totus & omnis ego

LUC 14

Hydropicus sanatur

IPse suum pelagus, morboque immersus aquoso
Qui fuit, ut lætus nunc micat atque levis !

Quippe in vina iterum Christus (puto) transtulit undas,
Et nunc iste suis ebrius est ab aquis

LUC 2 7

Non erat iis in diversorio locus

Illi non locus est? Illum ergo pellitis? Illum?
Ille Deus, quem sic pellitis ille Deus

O furor! humani miracula sæva furoris!
Illi non locus est, quo sine nec locus est

RICHARD CRASHAW

LUC 16

In lacrymas Lazari spretas à Divite.

I *Elix ô ! lacrymis (ô Lazare) ditior istis,
Quàm qui purpureas it gravis inter opes !*

*Illum cùm rutili nova purpura vestiet ignis,
Ille tuas lacrymas quàm volet esse suas !*

MATTH. 26. 65.

Indignatur Caiphas Christo se confitenti

I *U Christum, Christum quòd non negat esse, lacerassis
Ipsius hoc crimen, quod fuit ipse, fuit.*

*Téne Sacerdotem credam ? Novus ille Sacerdos,
Per quem impunè Deo non licet esse Deum.*

JOANN. 12. 37

Cùm tot signa edidisset, non credebant in eum.

N *On tibi, Christe, fidem tua tot miracula præstant
(O verbi, ô dextræ dulcia regna tuæ !)*

*Non præstant ? neque te post tot miracula credunt ?
Mirac' lum, qui non credidit, ipse fuit*

MARC 1. 16.

Ad S Andream piscatorem

Q *Uippe potes pulchrè captare & fallere pisces !
Centum illíc discis lubricus ire dolis*

*Heus bone piscator ! tendit sua retia Christus .
Artem inverte, et jam tu quoque disce capi*

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

JOANN 1 23

Ego sum vox &c

VOx ego sum, *dicis tu vox es, sancte Joannes?*
Si vox es, genitor cur tibi mutus erat?
Ista tui fuerant quam mira silentia patris!
Vocem non habuit tunc quoque cum genuit

ACT 12

Vincula sponte decidunt

QUis ferro Petrum cumulas, durissime custos,
A ferro discas mollior esse tuo
Ecce fluit, nodisque suis evolvitur ultro
I fatue, & vinculis vincula pone tuis

In diem omnium Sanctorum

REV 7 3

Nè lædite terram, neque mare, neque arbores,
quousque obsignaverimus servos Dei
nostri in frontibus suis

NUsqua immittis agat ventus sua murmura, nusqua
Sylva tremat, crispis sollicitata comis
Æqua Thetis placidè allabens ferat oscula Terræ
Terra suos Thetidi pandat amica sinus
Undique Pax effusa pueri volet aurea pennis,
Frons bona dum signo est quæque notata suo
Ab quid in hoc opus est signis aliunde petendis?
Frons bona sat lacrymis quæque notata suis

In die Conjuratiōis sulphuræ

QUàm bene dispositis annus dat currere festis!
Post Omnes Sanctos, Omne scelus sequitur

RICHARD CRASHAW

Deus sub utero virginis.

I Cce tuus, Natura, pater¹ pater hic tuus, hic est.
Ille, uterus matris quem tenet, ille pater
Pellibus exiguis arctatur Filius ingens,
Quem tu non totum (crede) nec ipsa capis.
Quanta uteri, Regina, tui reverentia tecum est,
Dum jacet hic, cælo sub brevior, Deus¹
Conscia divino gliscunt præcordia motu
(Nec vehit æthericos sanctior aura polos)
Quàm bene sub tecto tibi concipiuntur eodem
Vota, & (vota cui concipienda) Deus¹
Quod nubes alia, & tanti super atria cæli
Quærun, inventient hoc tua vota domi
O felix anima hæc, quæ tam sua gaudia tangit¹
Sub conclave suo cui suus ignis adest
Corpus amet (licet) illa suum, neque sydera malit
Quod vinculum est aliis, hoc habet illa domum
Sola jaces, neque sola, toro quocunque recumbis,
Illo estis positi tique tuusque toro
Immo ubi casta tuo posita es cum conjuge conjunx,
(Quod mirum magis est) es tuus ipsa torus

ACT 7. 16.

Ad Judæos mactatores Stephani

I Rustra illum increpitant, frustra vaga saxa nec illi
Grandinis (heu sævæ¹) dura procella nocet
Ista potest tolerare, potest nescire sed illi,
Quæ sunt in vestro pectore, saxa nocent

REV. I 9.

D. Joannes in exilio

I Xul, Amor Christi est Christum tamen invenit exul
Et solitos illuc invenit ille sinus
Ab longo, æterno ab terras indicite nobis
Exilio, Christi si sinus exilium est

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

MATTH 2

Ad Infantes Martyres

FUndite ridentes animas, effundite cælo
Discet ibi vestra (o quam bene!) lingua loqui
Nec vos lac vestrum & maternos querite fontes
Quæ vos expediat lactea tota via est

LUC 2

Quærit Jesum suum beata Virgo

AH, redeas miseræ, redeas (puer alme) parenti,
Ah, neque te cælis tam citò redde tuis
Cælum nostra tuum fuerint o brachia, si te
Nostra suum poterunt brachia ferre Deum

MATTH 8

Non sum dignus ut sub tecta mea venias

IN tua tecta Deus veniet tuus haud sinit illud
Et pudor, atque humili in pectore celsa fides
Illum ergò accipies quoniam non accipis ergò
In te jam veniet, non tua tecta, Deus

MATTH 27 12

Christus accusatus nihil respondit

NIl ait o sanctæ pretiosa silentia lingue!
Ponderis è quanti res nihil illud erat!

Ille olim, verbum qui dixit, & omnia fecit,
Verbum non dicens omnia nunc reficit

RICHARD CRASHAW

LUC 2.

Nunc dimittis.

S Pēsne meas tandem ergò mei tenuere lacerti ?

S Ergò bibunt oculos lumina nostra tuos ?

Ergò bibant, possintque novam sperare juventam

O possint senii non meminisse sui !

Immo mihi potius mitem mors induat umbram

(Esse sub his oculis si tamen umbra potest)

Ah satis est. Ego te vidi (puer autem) vidi

Nil post te, nisi te (Christe) videre volo

LUC 8.

Verbum inter spinas.

SÆpe Dei verbum sentes cadit inter, & atrum

S Miscet spina procax (ah malè juncta !) latus

Credo quidem nam sic spinas ab scilicet inter

Ipse Deus Verbum tu quoque (Christe) cadis

LUC. 14 5.

Sabbatum { Judaicum,
&
Christianum

REs eadem vario quantum distinguitur usu !

Nostra hominē servant sabbata, vestra bovē

Observent igitur (pactō quid justius isto ?)

Sabbata nostra homines, sabbata vestra boves.

MATTH 10 52

Ad verbum Dei sanatur cæcus

CHriste, loquutus eras (ô sacra licentia verbi !)

Famque novus cæci fluxit in ora dies

Fam, credo, * Nemo est, sicut Tu, Christe, loquutus

Auribus ? immo oculis, Christe, loquutus eras

* Joann 7 46

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

MATTH 11

Onus meum leve est

E *Sic levis quicunque voles, onus accipe Christi
Ala tuis humeris, non onus, illud erit*

*Christi onus an quæris quam [sit] grave? scilicet, audi,
Tam grave, ut ad summos te premat usque polos*

JOANN 6

Miraculum quinque panum

E *Cce vagi venit unda tibi, venit indole sacra
Fortis, & in dentes fertilis innumeros*

*Quando erat inviolæ tam sancta licentia cœnæ?
Illa famem populi pascit, & illa fidem*

JOANN 8 52

Nunc scimus te habere dæmonium

A *Ut Deus, aut saltem dæmon tibi notior esset,
(Gens mala) quæ dicis dæmona habere Deum*

*Ignorasse Deum poteras, & cæca sed oro,
Et patrem poteras tam malè nosse tuum?*

In beatæ Virginis verecundiam

I *N gremio, quæris, cur sic sua lumina Virgo
Ponat? ubi melius poneret illa, precor?*

*O ubi, quàm cælo, melius sua lumina ponat?
Despicit, at cælum sic tamen illa videt*

RICHARD CRASHAW

In vulnera Dei pendentis

O Frontis, lateris, manulinq, pedlunque cruores !
O quæ purpureo flumina fonte patent !
In nostram (ut quondam) pes non valet ire salutem,
Sed natat, in fluvius (ah !) natat ille suis
Fixa manus, dat, fixa pios bona dextera rores
Donat, & in donum solvitur ipsa suum
O latus, ô torrens ! quis enim torrentior exit
Nilus, ubi pronis præcipitatur aquis ?
Mille & mille simul cadit & cadit undique guttis
Frons viden' ut sævus purpuret ora pudor ?
Spinæ hæc irriguæ florent crudeliter imbre,
Inq, novas sperant protinus ire rosas
Quisque capillus it exiguo tener alveus amne,
Hæc quasi de rubro rivulus oceano
O nimum vivæ pretiosis annibus undæ !
Fons vitæ nunquam verior illi fuit

MATTH 9 11

Quare cum Publicanis manducat Magister vester ?

I Rgò istis socium se peccatoribus addit ?
I Ergò istis sacrum non negat ille latus ?
Tu, Pharisæe, rogas Jësus cur fecerit istud ?
Næ dicam Jësus, non Pharisæus, erat

MATTH 28

Ecce locus ubi jacuit Dominus

I Psum, Ipsum (precor) ô potiùs mihi (candide) monstra
Ipsi, Ipsi, ô lacrymis oro sit ire meis
Si monstrare locum satùs est, & dicere nobis,
En, Maria, hîc tuus en, hîc jacuit Dominus,
Ipsa ulnas monstrare meas, & dicere possum,
En, Maria, hîc tuus en, hîc jacuit Dominus

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

LUC 17

Leprosi ingrati

L Ex jubet ex hominum cœtu procul ire leprosos
At mundi à Christo cur absere procul?
Non abit, at sedes tantum mutavit in illis,
Et lepra, quæ fuerat corpore, mente sedet
Sic igitur dignâ vice res variatur, & a se
Quàm procul antè homines, nunc habuere Deum

JOANN 20

In cicatrices quas Christus habet in se adhuc superstites

Q Uicquid spinæ procax, vel stylo clavus acuto,
Quicquid purpureâ scripserat hasta nota,
Vivit adhuc tecum sed jam tua vulnera non sunt
Non, sed vulneribus sunt medicina meis

ACT 5

Æger implorat umbram D Petri

P Etre, tua lateam paulisper (Petre) sub umbra
Sic mea me quærent fata, nec inventient
Umbra dabit tua posse meum me cernere solem,
Et mea lux umbræ sic erit umbra tuæ

LUC 24 39

Quid turbati estis? Videte manus meas &
pedes, quia ego ipse sum

E N me, & signa mei, quondam mea vulnera¹ certè,
Vos nisi credetis, vulnera sunt & adhuc
O nunc ergò fidem sanent mea vulnera vestram
O mea nunc sanet vulnera vestra fides

RICHARD CRASHAW

ACT. 12.

In vincula Petro sponte delapsa, & apertas fores.

I Erri non meminit ferium se vincula Petro
Dissimulant nescit cancer habere fores.

Quàm bene liber erit, carcer quem liberat ! ipsa
Vincula quem solvunt, quàm bene tutus erit !

ACT 19. 12

Deferebantur à corpore ejus sudaria, &c.

I Mperiosa premunt morbos, & ferrea fati
Fura ligant, Pauli lintea tacta manu

Unde hæc felicitas laus est & gloria lini ?
Hæc (reor) è Lachesis pensa fuere colo.

JOANN 15

Christus Vitis ad Vinitorem Patrem

I N serpit tua, purpureo tua palmite vitis
Serpit, & (ah !) spretis it per humum foliis

Tu viti succurre tuæ, mi Vinitor ingens
Da fulcrum, fulcrum da mihi quale ? crucem

ACT 26 28

Penè persuades mihi ut fiam Christianus.

P Enè ? quid hoc penè est ? Vicinia sæva salutis !
O quàm tu malus es proximitate boni !

Ah ! portu qui teste perit, bis naufragus ille est,
Hunc non tam pelagus, quàm sua terra premit

Quæ nobis spes vix absunt, crudeliùs absunt
Penè fui felix, Emphasis est miseræ

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

JOANN 3 19

Lux venit in mundum, sed dilexerunt homines
magis tenebras quàm lucem

Luce suâ venit ecce Deus, mundusque refulget,
Pergit adhuc tenebras mundus amare suas

At Stygus igitur mundus damnabitur umbris
Pergit adhuc tenebras mundus amare suas?

LUC 16

Dives implorat guttam

O Mibi si digito tremat & tremat unica summo
Gutta! & si flammæ mulceat una meas!

Currat opum quocunque volet levis unda mearum
Una mihi hæc detur gemmula, Dives ero

JOANN 3 4

Quomodo potest homo gigni qui est senex?

DIce, Phœnix unde in nitidos novus emicat annos
Plaudit & elusos aurea penna rogos?

Quis colubrum dolus insinuat per secula retro,
Et jubet emeritum luxuriare latus?

Cur rostro pereunte suam prædata senectam
Torva ales, rapido plus legit ore diem?

Immo, sed ad nixus quæ stat Lucina secundos?
Natales seros unde senex habeat

Ignoras, Pharisæe? sat est jam credere disces
Dimidium fidei, qui bene nescit, habet

RICHARD CRASHAW

MARC. II 13.

Arbor Christi jussu arescens

Ille jubet *procul ite mei, mea gloria, rami*
Nulla vocet nostras amplius aura comas
Ite, nec ô pigeat nam vos neque fulminis ira,
Nec trucidis ala Noti verberat Ille jubet.
O vox! ô Zephyro vel sic quoque dulcor omni!
Non possum Autumno nobiliore frui

LUC I 12

Zacharias minùs credens

Infantis fore te patrem, res mira videtur,
Infans interea factus es ipse pater
Et dum promissi signum (nimis anxie) quæris,
Jam nisi per signum quærere nulla potes

JOANN 3

In aquam baptismi Dominici

I Felix ô, sacros cui sic licet ire per artus!
Felix! dum lavat hunc, ipsa lavatur aqua
Gutta quidem sacros quæcunque per ambulat artus,
Dum manet hîc, gēma est, dum cadit hinc, lacryma

LUC 13 11

Mulieri incurvatæ medetur Dominus,
indignante Archisynagogo.

IN proprios replicata sinus quæ repserat, & jam
Dæmonis (infelix!) nil nisi nodus erat,
Solvitur ad digitum Domini sed strietior illo
Unicus est nodus, cor, Pharisæe, tuum

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

MATTH 22 46

Neque ausus fuit quisquam ex illo die cum
amplius interrogare

Christe, malas fraudes, Pharisaica retia, fallis
Et miseros sacro dis utis ore dolos

Ergò tacent tandem, atque invita silentia servant
Tam bene non aliter te potuere loqui

MATTH 20 20

S Joannes matri suæ

O Mibi cur dextram, mater, cur, oro, sinistram
Poscis, ab officio mater iniqua tuo?

Nolo manum Christi dextram mihi, nolo sinistram
Tam procul a sacro non libet esse sinu

MATTH 4

Si Filius Dei es, deice te

NI se deiciat Christus de vertice Templi,
Non credes quòd sit Filius ille Dei

At mox te humano de pectore deicit heus tu,
Non credes quòd sit Filius ille Dei?

LUC 19 41

Dominus flens ad Judæos

Discite vos miseri, venientes discite flammæ
Nec facite o lacrymas sic perusse meas

Nec perusse tamen poterunt mihi credite, vestras
Vel reprimet flammæ hæc aqua, vel faciet

RICHARD CRASHAW

LUC. 18. 11.

Nec velut hic Publicanus

Istum ? *vile caput ! quantum mihi gratulor, inquis*
Istum quodd novum tam mihi dissimilem !

Vilis at iste abiit sacris acceptior aris
I nunc, & jactes hunc tibi dissimilem.

ACT 9 3

In Saulum fulgore nimio excæcatum.

Quæ lucis tenebræ ? *quæ nox est ista diei ?*
Nox nova, quam nimium luminis umbra facit !

An Saulus fuerit cæcus, vix dicere possum,
Hoc scio, quodd captus lumine Saulus erat.

LUC. 10. 23

Beati oculi qui vident

Cum Christus nostris ibat mitissimus oris,
Atque novum cæcos jussit habere diem,

Felices, oculus qui tunc habuere, vocantur ?
Felices, & qui non habuere, voco

LUC. 7 15

Filius è feretro matri redditur

Irgone tam subitâ potuit vice flebilis horror
In natalitia candidus ire toga ?

Quos vidi, matris gemitus hos esse dolentis
Credideram, gemitus parturientis erant.

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

MATTH II 25

In seculi sapientes

Ergone delitias facit, & sibi plaudit ab alto
Stultitia, ut velit hâc ambitione peti?
Difficilisne aded facta est, & seria tandem?
Ergo & in hanc etiam quis s'puisse potest?
Tantum erat, ut possit tibi doctior esse ruina?
Tanti igitur cerebri res, perisse, fuit?
Nil opus ingenio nihil hâc opus Arte furoris
Simplicius poteris scilicet esse miser

LUC 4 29

In Judæos Christum præcipitare conantes

Dicite, quæ tanta est sceleris fiducia vestri?
Quod nequit dæmon, id voluisse scelus?
Quod nequit dæmon scelus, id voluisse patrare!
Hoc tentare ipsum dæmona (credo) fuit

REV 7 9

In Draconem præcipitem

I Frustra truculente tuas procul aurea rident
Astra minas, cælo jam bene tuta suo
Tunc igitur cælum super ire atque astra parabas?
Ascensu tanto non opus ad barathrum

LUC 2

Beatæ Virginis credenti

Miraris (quid enim faceres?) sed & hæc quoq; credis
Hæc uteri credis dulcia monstra tui
En fidei, Regina, tuæ dignissima merce
Fida Dei fueras filia mater eris

RICHARD CRASHAW

MARC 12.

Licétne Cæsari censum dare?

Post tot Scribarum (Christe) in te prelia, tandem
Ipse venit Cæsar Cæsar in arma venit
Pugnant terribiles non Cæsar's ense, sed ense
Cæsare quin Cæsar vinceris ipse tamen
Hoc quoque tu conscribe tuis, Auguste, triumphis
Sic vinci dignus quis nisi Cæsar erat?

MATTH. 9

In tibicines & turbam tumultuantem
circa defunctam

VAni, quid strepitis? nam, quamvis *dormiat illa,
Non tamen è somno est sic revocanda suo
Expectat solos Christi sopor iste susurros
Dormit, nec dormit omnibus illa tamen

* Vers 24 Non enim mortua est puella, sed dormit

MATTH 6 19

Piscatores vocati

I Udite jam pisces secunda per æquora pisces
Nos quoque (sed varia sub ratione) sumus
Non potuisse capi, vobis spes una salutis
Una salus nobis est, potuisse capi

MARC 12

Date Cæsari

Cuncta Deo debentur habet tamen & sua Cæsar,
Nec minus indè Deo est, si sua Cæsar habet
Non minus indè Deo est, solio si cætera dantur
Cæsareo, Cæsar cùm datur ipse Deo

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

MATTH 21 7

Dominus asino vehitur

Ille igitur vilem te, te dignatur asellum,
O non vesturâ non bene digne tuâ?
Heu quibus haud pugnat Christi patientia monstris?
Hoc, quidd sic fertur, hoc quoque ferre fuit

LUC 21 27

Videbunt Filium hominis venientem in nube

Immo veni aërios (o Christe) accingere currus,
Inq, triumphali nube coruscus ades
Nubem quæris? erunt nostra (ab!) suspiria nubes
Aut sol in nubem se dabit ipse tuam

JOANN 20

Nisi digitum immisero, &c

Impius ergò iterum clavos? iterum impius hastam?
Et totum digitus triste revolvat opus?
Tunc igitur Christum (Thoma) quò vivere credas,
Tu Christum faceres (ab truculente!) mori?

ACT 8

Ad Judæos mactatores S Stephani

Quid datis (ab miseri!) saxis nolentibus iras?
Quid nimis in tragicum præcipitatis opus?
In mortem Stephani se dant invisa sed illi
Occiso faciunt sponte suâ tumulum

Sancto Joanni, dilecto discipulo

TU frueri augustbq sinu caput abde (quod o tum
Nollet in æterna se posuisse rosa)
Tu frueri & sacro dum te sic pectore portat,
O sat erit tergo me potuisse vehi

RICHARD CRASHAW

MATTH. 2

In lactentes Martyres

Vulnera natorum qui vidit, & ubera matrum,
Per pueros fluvius (ab!) simul ire suis,
Sic pueros quisquis vidit, dubitavit, an illos
Lilia cœlorum diceret, anne rosas.

MATTH. 1 23

Deus nobiscum

Nobiscum Deus est? vestrum hoc est (hei mihi!) vestrum
Vobiscum Deus est, ô asini atque boves
Nobiscum non est nam nos domus aurca sumit
Nobiscum Deus est, & jacet in stabulo?
Hoc igitur nostrum ut fiat (dulcissime Jesu)
Nos dandi stabulis, vel tibi danda domus

Christus circumciscus ad Patrem

IIas en primitias nostræ (Pater) accipe mortis,
(Vitam ex quo sumpsi, vivere dedidici)
Ira (Pater) tua de pluvîâ gustaverit istâ.
Olim ibit fluvius hoc latus omne suis
Tunc sitiât licet & sitiât, bibet & bibet usque
Tunc poterit toto fonte superba frui
Nunc hastæ interea possit præcludere culter
Indolis in pœnas spes crit ista meæ

In Epiphaniam Domini

Non solitâ contenta dies face lucis Eoæ,
Ecce micat radius cæsariata novis
Persa sagax, propterea discurre per ardua Regum
Tecta, per auratas marmoredsque domus
Quære ô, quæ intepuit Reginæ purpura partu,
Principe vagitu quæ domus insonuit
Audin' Persa sagax? Qui tanta negotia cœlo
Fecit, Bethlemus vagit in stabulis

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

LUC 2 49

Ecce quærebamus te, &c

TE quæro misera, & quæro tu nunc quoque tractas
Res Patris Pater est unica cura tibi

Quippe quidd ad pœnas tantum & tot nomina mortis,
Ad luctum & lacrymas (hei mihi!) mater ego

JOANN 2

Aquæ in vinum versæ

UNde rubor vestris, & non sua purpura lymphis?
Quæ rosa mirantes tam nova mutat aquas?

Numen (convivæ) præsens agnoscite Numen
Nympha pudica Deum vidit, & erubuit

MATTH 8 13

Absenti Centurionis filio Dominus absens medetur

QUam tacitis inopina salus illabitur alis!
Alis, quas illi vox tua, Christe, dedit

Quam longas vox ista manus habet! hæc medicina
Absens, & præsens hæc medicina fuit

MARC 4 40

Quid timidi estis?

TAnquã illi insanus faceret sua fulmina ventus!
Tanquam illi scopulos norit habere fretum!

Vos vestri scopuli, vos estis ventus & unda
Naufragium cum illo qui metuit, meruit

RICHARD CRASHAW

LUC 2

Nunc dimittis.

ITe mei (quid enim ulterius, quid vultis?) ocelli ·
Leniter obduētis ite supercilis.

Immo & adhuc & adhuc, iterumq, iterumq, videte,
Accipite hæc totis lumina luminibus

Jamque ite, & tutis ô vos bene claudite vallis
Servate hæc totis lumina luminibus

Primum est, quòd potui te (Christe) videre secundum,
Te viso, rectè jam potuisse mori

MATTH 13 24

In segetem sacram.

ICce suam implorat, demisso vertice, falcem
Tu segri falcem da (Pater alme) suam

Tu falcem noi das? messem tu (Christe) moraris?
Hoc ipsum falx est hæc mora messis erit

LUC. 7. 37

Cœpit lacrymis rigare pedes ejus, & capillis extergebat

UNda sacras sordes lambit placidissima flavæ
Lambit & hanc undam lucida flamma comæ

Illa per has sordes it purior unda, simulque
Ille per has lucet purior ignis aquas

LUC 18 41

Quid vis tibi faciam?

Quid volo (Christe) rogas? quippe ab volo, Christe, videre
Quippe ab te (dulcis Christe) videre volo

At video, fideique oculis te nunc quoque figo
Est mihi, quæ nunquam est non oculata, fides

Sed quamvis videam, tamen ab volo (Christe) videre
Sed quoniam video (Christe) videre volo

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

MATTH 15 21

Christus mulieri Canaanæ difficilior

V*T pretium facias dono, donare recusas
Usquè rogat supplex, tu tamen usquè negas*

*Hoc etiam donare fuit donare negare
Sæpe dedit, quisquis sæpe negata dedit*

LUC 11 27

Beatus venter & ubera, &c

E*T quid si biberet Jesus vel ab ubere vestro?
Quid facit ad vestram, quòd bibit ille, sitim?*

*Ubera mox sua & Hic (o quàm non lactea!) pandet
E nato Mater tum bibit ipsa suo*

JOANN 15 1

In Christum Vitem

U*lmum vitis amat (quippe est & in arbore flama,
Quam fovet in viridi pectore blandus amor)*

*Illam ex arboribus cunctis tu (Vitis) amasti,
Illam, quæcunque est, quæ crucis arbor erat*

JOANN 16 20

Vos flebitis & lamentabimini

E*Rgò mihi salvete mei mea gaudia luctus
Quam charum (o Deus) est hoc mihi flere meum!*

*Flerem ni flerem Solus tu (dulcis Iesu)
Lætitiâ donas tunc quoque quando negas*

RICHARD CRASHAW

JOANN 10

In gregem Christi Pastoris

O *Grex, ô nimum tanto Pastore beatus!*
O *ubi sunt tanto pascua digna grege?*
Nè non digna forent tanto grege pascua, Christus
Ipse suo est Pastor, pascuum & ipse gregi

In vulnera pendentis Domini

S *Ive oculos, sive ora vocem tua vulnera, certè*
Undique sunt ora (heu!) undique sunt oculi
Ecce ora! ô nimum roseis florentia labris!
Ecce oculi! sævis ab madidi lacrymis!
Magdala, quæ lacrymas solita es, quæ basia sacro
Ferre pedi, sacro de pede sume vices
Ora pedi sua sunt, tua quò tibi basia reddat
Quò reddat lacrymas scilicet est oculus

MARC 2

Paralyticus convalescens

C *Hristum, quòd misero facilis peccata remittit,*
Scribæ blasphemum dicere non dubitant
Hoc scelus ut primum Paralyticus audit, irâ
Impatiens, lectum sustulit atque abiit

JOANN 8 59

Tunc sustulerunt lapides

S *Axa? illi? quid tam fædi voluêre furores?*
S *Quid sibi de saxis hi voluêre suis?*
Indolem, & antiqui agnosco vestigia patris
Panem de saxis hi voluêre suis

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

In resurrectionem Domini

N *Asceris, en' tecumque tuus (Rex auree) mundus,
Tecum *virgineo nascitur è tumulo
Tecum in natales properat natura secundos,
Atque novam vitam te novus orbis habet
Ex vita (Sol alme) tua vitam omnia sumunt
Nil certè, nisi mors, cogitur inde mori
At certè neque mors nempe ut queat illa sepulchro
(Christe) tuo condi, mors volet ipsa mori
* Joann 19 41 ὁ οὐδέπω οὐδεὶς τέθη*

MATTH 28 17

Aliqui verò dubitabant

S *Cilicet & tellus *dubitât tremebunda sed ipsum hoc,
Qudd tellus dubitat, vos dubitare vetat
Ipsi custodes vobis, si quæritis, illud
Hoc ipso dicunt, *dicere quod nequeunt
* Vers 2 ὁ ἱσμος ἐγ ἐτ μ γας
* Vers 4 ἐσ σθησαν τηρου τ ε κα ἐγ νοτρο ωσεὶ νε πο*

JOANN 20 20

In vulnerum vestigia quæ ostendit Dominus,
ad firmandam suorum fidem

H *Is oculis (nec adhuc clausis coiere fenestris)
Invigilans nobis est tuus usus amor
His oculis nos cernit amor tuus his & amorem
(Christe) tuum gaudet cernere nostra fides*

LUC 17 19

Mittit Joannes qui quærant à Christo, an is sit

T *U qui aded impatiens properasti agnoscere Christum
Tunc cum claustra uteri te tenuere tui,
Tu, quis sit Christus, rogitas? & quæris ab ipso?
Hoc tibi vel mutus dicere quisque potest*

RICHARD CRASHAW

JOANN. 18. 10.

In Petrum auricidam

Quantumcunque ferox tuus hic (Petre) fulminat ensis,
Tu tibi jam pugnas (ô bone) non Domino
Scilicet in miseram furis implacidissimus auctem,
Perfidie testis nè queat esse tuæ

MARC 3.

Manus arefacta sanatur.

Ielix! ergò tuæ spectas natalia dextræ,
Quæ modò spectanti flebile funus erat
Quæ nec in externos modò dextera profuit usus,
Certè erit illa tuæ jam manus & fidei

MATTH. 27 24

In Pontium malè lautum

Illa manus lavat unda tuas, vanissime Judex
Ah tamen illa scelus non lavat unda tuum
Nulla scelus lavet unda tuum vel si lavet ulla,
O volet ex oculis illa venire tuis.

MATTH 17 27

In piscem dotatum

TU piscem si, Christe, velis, venit ecce, sulmque
Fert pretium tanti est vel perissee tibi
Christe, foro tibi non opus est, addicere nummos
Non opus est ipsum se tibi piscis emet

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

JOANN 16 33

Ego vici mundum

T*U contra mundum dux es meus, optime Jesu?
At tu (me miserum!) dux meus ipse jaces
Si tu, dux meus, ipse jaces, spes ulla salutis?
Immo, ne jaceas tu, mihi nulla salus*

In ascensionem Dominicam

V*Adit (Io!) per aperta sui penetralia cœli
It cœlo, & cœlum fundit ab ore novum
Spargitur ante pedes, & toto sidere pronus
Jam propius Solis Sol bibit ora sui
At fratri debere negans sua lumina Phœbe,
Aurea de Phœbo jam meliore redit
Hos, de te victo, tu das (Pater) ipse triumphos
Unde triumphares, quis satius alter erat?*

In descensum Spiritûs sancti

I*Am cœli circum tonuit fragor arma, mindsque
Turbida cum flammis mista ferebat hyems
Exclamat Judæus atrox Venit ecce nefandis,
Ecce venit meriti fulminis ira memor
Verum ubi composito sedit fax blandior astro,
Flammâque non læsas lambit amica comas,
Judæis, fulmen quia falsum apparuit esse,
Hoc ipso verum nomine fulmen erat*

JOANN 3 16

Sic dilexit mundum Deus, ut Filium morti traderet

A*H nimis est, illum nostræ vel tradere vitæ
Guttula quod faceret, cur facit oceanus?
Unde & luxuriare potest, habet hinc mea vita
Amplè & magnificè mors habet unde mori*

RICHARD CRASHAW

LUC. 14 19.

Juga boum emi

A*D cœnam voco te (domini quod jussa volebant)
Tu mihi, nescio quos, dicis (inepte) boves.*

*Imò vale, nobis nec digne nec utilis hospes!
Cœna tuos (credo) malit habere boves.*

ACT 14.

D Paulum, verbo sanantem claudum, pro
Mercurio Lystres adorant

Q*uis Tagus hic, quæ Pætohi nova volvitur unda?
Non hominis vox est hæc Deus ille, Deus*

*Salve, mortales nimium dignate penates!
Digna Deo soboles, digna tonante Deo!*

*O salve! quid enim (alme) tuos latuisse volebas?
Te dicit certè vel tua lingua Deum*

*Laudem hanc haud miror Meruit facundus haberi,
Qui claudo promptos suasit habere pedes*

In S Columbam ad Christi caput sedentem

C*Uī sacra sydereâ volucris suspenditur alâ?
Hunc nive plūs niveum cui dabit illa pedem?*

*Christe, tuo capiti totis se destinat auris,
Quà ludit densæ blandior umbra comæ*

*Illic arcano quid non tibi murmure narrat?
(Murmure mortales non imitante sonos)*

*Sola avis hæc nido hoc non est indigna cubare
Solut nidos hic est hâc bene dignus ave*

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

ACT 12

In fores Divo Petro sponte apertas

Quid juvat clausisse fores (bone janitor) istas?
Et Petro claves jam liquet esse suas
Dices, Sponte patent Petri ergò hæc scilicet ipsum
Est clavis, Petro clave quòd haud opus est

LUC 15 2

Murmurabant Pharisei, dicentes, Recipit
peccatores & comedit cum illis

AH malè, quisquis is est, pereat! qui scilicet istis
Convivam (sævus!) non sinit esse suum
Istis cum Christus conviva adjungitur, istis
O non conviva est Christus, at ipse cibus

MATTH 15

In trabem Pharisæicam

CEdant, quæ, rerum si quid tenue atq' minutum est,
Posse acie certâ figere, vitra dabunt
Artis opus miræ! Phariseo en optica trabs est,
Ipsam (vera loquor) quâ videt ille nihil

JOANN 9 22

Constituerunt ut si quis confiteretur eum esse
Christum, synagogâ moveretur

Infelix, Christum reus es quicumque colendis!
O reus infelix! quam tua culpa gravis!
Tu summis igitur, summis damnabere cælis
O reus infelix! quam tua pœna gravis!

RICHARD CRASHAW

MATTH. 20 20

De voto filiorum Zebedæi.

Sit tibi (*Joannes*) tibi sit (*Jacobe*) quod optas
Sit tibi dextra manus, sit tibi læva manus.

*Spero, alia in cælo est, & non incommoda, sedes
Si neque læva manus, si neque dextra manus.*

*Cæli hanc aut illam nolo mihi quærere partem
O, cælum, cælum da (Pater alme) mihi*

JOANN. 6

Ad hospites cœnæ miraculosæ quinque panum

VEscere pane tuo sed & (*hospes*) vescere Christo
Est panis panum scilicet ille tuo

*Tunc pane hoc CHRISTI rectè satur (hospes) abibis,
Panem ipsum CHRISTUM si magis esurias*

JOANN. 16 33

De Christi contra mundum pugna

TUne, miser? tu (*Mundus ait*) mea fulmina contra
Ferre manus, armis cum tibi nuda manus?

*I hector, manibusque audacibus injice vincula
Injectit hector vincula, & arma dedit*

ACT 9 29

Græci disputatores Divo Paulo mortem machinantur

IUge argumentum! sic disputat euge sophista!
Sic pugnum Logices stringere, sic decuit

*Hoc argumentum in causam quid (Græcule) dicit?
Dicit, te in causam dicere posse nihil*

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

LUC 22 26

Qui maximus est inter vos, esto sicut qui minimus

O Bone, discipulus Christi vis maximus esse?
At verò fies hâc ratione minor

Hoc sanctæ ambitionis iter (mibi crede) tenendum est,
Hæc ratio, Tu, nè sis minor, esse velis

LUC 19 41

In lacrymantem Dominum

VObis (Judæi) vobis hæc voluitur unda,
Quæ vobis, quoniam spernitis, ignis erit

Eia faces (Romane) faces! seges illa furoris,
Non nisi ab his undis, ignea messis erit

MATTH 2

Christus in Ægypto

HUnc tu (Nile) tuis majori flumine monstra
Hunc (nimis ignotum) dic caput esse tibi

Jam tibi (Nile) tumes jam te quoque multus inunda
Ipse tuæ jam sis lætitiæ fluvius

MATTH 9

In cæcos Christum confitentes, Phariseos abnegantes

NE mibi, tu (Pharisæe ferox) tua lumina jactes
En cæcus! Christum cæcus at ille videt

Tu (Pharisæe) nequis in Christo cernere Christum
Ille videt cæcus cæcus es ipse videns

RICHARD CRASHAW

MARTH 16. 24.

Si quis pone me veniet, tollat crucem & sequatur me

I Rgò sequor, sequor enī quippē & mihi crux mea,
Christe, est
Parva quidem, sed quam non satīs, ecce, iego.

Non iego? non parvam hanc? ideo neq, parva putanda est
CruX magna est, parvam non bene ferre crucem

LUC. 5 28.

Relictis omnibus sequutus est eum.

Quas Matthæus opes, ad Christi jussa, reliquit,
Tum primum verè cœpit habere suas

Iste malarum est usus opum bonus, unicus iste,
Esse malas homini, quas bene perdat, opes

MATTH 25 29

Ædificatis sepulchra Prophetarum

Sanctorum in tumulis quid vult labor ille colendis?
Sanctorum mortem non sinit ille mori

Vane, Prophetarum quot ponis saxa sepulchris,
Tot testes lapidum, quis perire, facis

MARC 3

In manum aridam quā Christo mota est miseratio

Prende (miser) Christum, & cum Christo prende salutem
At manca est (dices) dextera prende tamen

Ipsum hoc, in Christum, manus est hoc prendere Christum est,
Quā Christum prendaS, non habuisse manum,

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

Ad D Lucam medicum

NUlla mihi (Luca) de te medicamina posco,
Ipse licet medicus sis, licet æger ego
Quippe ego in exemplum fidei dum te mihi pono,
Tu, medice, ipse mihi es tu medicina mea

LUC 14 4

Hydropicus sanatus, Christum jam sitiens

PELLitur indè sitis, sed & hinc sitis altera surgit
Hinc sitit ille magis, quò sitit inde minus
Fælix o, & mortem poterit qui temnere morbus!
Cui vitæ ex ipso fonte sititur aqua!

In cœtum cœlestem omnium Sanctorum

FELICES animæ! quas cœlo debita virtus
Jam potuit vestris inseruisse polis
Hoc dedit egregi non parvus sanguinis usus,
Spēsque per obstantes expatiata vias
O ver! o longæ semper seges aurea lucis!
Nōste nec alternā dimidiata dies!
O quæ palma manu ridet! quæ fronte corona!
O nix virginæ non temeranda togæ!
Pacis innociduae vos illic ora videtis
Vos Agni dulcis lumina vos Quid ago?

MATTH 8 13

Christus absenti medetur

VOX jam missa suas potuit jam tangere metas?
O superi! non hoc ire sed isse fuit
Miraculum fuit ipsa salus (bene credere possis)
Ipsum, miraculum est, quando salutis iter

RICHARD CRASHAW

JOANN 9

Cæcus natus

I Felix, qui potuit tantæ post nubila noctis
(O dignum tantâ nocte!) videre diem
Felix ille oculus, felix utrinque putandus,
Quod videt, & primum quod videt ille Deum

MATTH 9

Et ridebant illum

I Ustibus in tantis, Christum ridere vacabat?
Vanior iste fuit risus, an iste dolor?
Lustibus in tantis hic vester risus, inepti,
(Credite mî) meruit maximus esse dolor

MATTH II 25

In sapientiam seculi

Noli altum sapere (hoc veteres voluere magistri)
Nè retrahat lassos alta ruina gradus
Immo mihi dico, Noli sapuisse profundum
Non ego ad infernum me sapuisse velim

In stabulum ubi natus est Dominus

Illa domus stabulum? non est (Puer aures) non est
Illa domus, quâ tu nasceris, est stabulum?
Illa domus toto domus est pulcherrima mundo,
Vix cælo dici vult minor illa tuo
Cernis ut illa suo passim domus ardeat auro?
Cernis ut effusis rideat illa rosis?
Sive aurum non est, nec quæ rosa rideat illic,
Ex oculis facile est esse probare tuis

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

ACT 8

S Stephanus amicis suis, funus sibi curantibus

N Ulla (precor) busto surgant mihi marmora bustum
Hæc mihi sint mortis conscia saxa meæ

Sic nec opus fuerit, notet ut quis carmine bustum,
Pro Domino (dicens) occidit ille suo

Hic mihi sit tumulus, quem mors dedit ipsa melque
Ipse hic martyri sit mihi martirium

In D Joannem, quem Domitianus ferventi oleo
(illæsum) indidit

I Llum (qui, toto currens vaga flammula mundo,
Non quidem Ioannes, ipse sed audit amor)

Illum ignem extingui, bone Domitiane, laboras?
Hoc non est oleum, Domitiane, dare

In tenellos Martyres

A H qui tam propero cecidit sic funere, vitæ
Hoc habuit tantum, possit ut ille mori

At cuius Deus est sic usus funere, mortis
Hoc tantum, ut possit vivere semper, habet

MATTH 4 24

Attulerunt ei omnes malè affectos, dæmoniacos,
lunaticos & sanavit eos

C Ollige te tibi (torve Draco) furidsque facisque,
Quisque vocant pestes nov Erebusque suas

Fac colubros jam tota suos tua vibret Erinnys
Collige, collige te fortiter, ut pereas

RICHARD CRASHAW

LUC 2

Tuam ipsius animam pertransibit gladius

Quando habeat gladium tua, *Christe*, *tragædia* nullum,
Quis fuerit gladius, *Virgo beata*, tuus?
Namq, nec ulla aliàs tibi sunt data vulnera, *Virgo*,
Quàm quæ à vulneribus sunt data, *Christe*, tuus.
Forsan quando senex jam caligantior esset,
Quod *Simeon* gladium credidit, hasta fuit
Immo neque hasta fuit, neque clavus, sed neq, spina
Hei mihi, spina tamen, clavus, & hasta fuit
Nam quiescunq, malis tua, *Christe*, *tragædia* crevit,
Omnia sunt gladius, *Virgo beata*, tuus

In sanguinem circumcisionis *Dominicæ*.

Ad convivas, quos hæc dies apud nos solennes habet.

II *Eus conviva!* bibin' ? *Maria hæc*, *Mariæq*, puellus,
Mittunt de prælo musta bibenda suo
Una quidem est (toti quæ par tamen unica mundo)
Unica gutta, suo quæ tremat orbiculo.
O bibite hinc, quale aut quantum vos cunque bibistis,
(*Credite mî*) nil tam suave bibistis adhuc
O bibite & bibite, & restat tamen usquè bibendum
Restat, quod poterit nulla domare sitis
Scilicet hîc, mensura sitis, mensura bibendi est
Hæc quantum cupias vina bibisse, bibis

LUC 2

Puer *Jesus* inter *Doctores*

I Allitur, ad mentum qui pendit quemq, profundum,
Ceû possint læves nil sapuisse genæ
Scilicet è barba malè mensuratur *Apollo*,
Et bene cum capitis stat nive, mentis hyems
Discat, & à tenero disci quoque posse magistro
Canitiem capitis nec putet esse caput

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

JOANN 2

Ad Christum, de aqua in vinum versa

Signa tuis tuus hostis habet contraria signis
In vinum tristes tu mihi vertis aquas
Ille autem è vino lacrymas & jurgia ducens,
Vina iterum in tristes (hei mihi!) mutat aquas

LUC 2

Christus infans Patri sistitur in templo

Agnus eat, ludatq. (licet) sub patre petulco
Cumque sua longum conjuge turtur agat
Conciliatorem nihil hic opus ire per agnum
Nec tener ut volucris non sua fata ferat
Hæcenus exigua hæc, quasi munera, lusimus hæc quæ
Multum excusanti sunt capienda manu
Hoc Donum est de quo, toto tibi dicimus ore,
Sume Pater meritis hoc tibi sume suis
Donum hoc est, hoc est quod scilicet audeat ipso
Esse Deo dignum scilicet ipse Deus

MATTH 8

Leprosus Dominum implorans

Credo quidd ista potes, velles modò sed quia credo,
Christe, quidd ista potes, credo quidd ista voles
Tu modò, tu faciles mihi, Sol meus, exere vultus
Non poterit radios nix mea ferre tuos

MATTH 8

Christus in tempestate

Quod fervet tanto circum te, Christe, tumultu,
Non hoc ira maris, Christe, sed ambitio est
Hæc illa ambitio est, hoc tanto te rogat ore,
Possit ut ad monitus Christe, tacere tuos

RICHARD CRASHAW

ACT 16 21

Annunciant iustus, quos non licet nobis suscipere,
cùm simus Romani

II Oc Cæsar tibi (Roma) tuus dedit, armâq, solis
Romanis igitur non licet esse pius?

*Ah, melius, tragicis nullus tibi Cæsar in armis
Altus anhelanti detonusset equo,*

*Nec domini volucris facies horrenda per orbem
Sueta tibi in signis torva venire tuis*

*Quàm miser ut staret de te tibi (Roma) triumphus,
Ut tantâ fieres ambitione nihil*

*Non tibi, sed sceleri vincis proh laurea tristis!
Laurea, Cerbereis aptior umbra comis!*

*Tam turpi vix ipse pater diademate Pluto,
Vix sedet ipse suo tam niger in solio*

*De tot Cæsareis redit hoc tibi (Roma) triumphus
Cæsareë, aut (quod idem est) egregiè misera es.*

MATTH 4

Hic lapis fiat panis

I T fuit ille lapis (quidni sit dicere?) panis,
Christe, fuit panis sed tuus ille fuit

*Quippe, Patris cùm sic tulerit suprema voluntas,
Est panis, panem non habuisse, tuus*

MATTH 15

Mulier Canaanitis

O Uicquid Amazonis dedit olim fama puellis,
Credite Amazoniam cernimus ecce fidem
Fœmina, tam fortis fidei? jam credo fidem esse
Plus quàm grammaticè fœminei generis

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

LUC 11

Deus, post expulsum Dæmonem mutum, maledicis
Judæis os obturat

U*Na penè opera duplicem tibi Dæmona frangis
Iste quidem Dæmon mutus, at ille loquax*

*Scilicet in laudes (quæ non tibi laurea surgit?)
Non magis hic loquitur, quam tacet ille tuas*

JOANN 6

Dicebant, Verè hic est propheta

P*ost tot quæ videant, tot quæ miracula tangant,
Hæc & quæ gustent (Christe) dabas populo*

*Fam Vates, Rex, & quicquid pia nomina possunt,
Christus erat vellem dicere, venter erat*

*Namque his, quicquid erat Christus, de ventre repleto
Omne illud vero nomine venter erat*

JOANN 10 22

Christus ambulabat in porticu Solomonis & hyems erat

B*Ruma fuit? non, non ab non fuit, ore sub isto
Si fuit haud anni, nec sua bruma fuit*

*Bruma tibi vernis velit ire decentior horis,
Per sibi non natas expatiata rosas*

*At, tibi nè possit se tam bene bruma negare,
Sola hæc, quam vibrat gens tua, *grando vetat*

* Vers 31 sustulerunt lapides

RICHARD CRASHAW

MATTH. 28

Dederunt nummos militibus.

NE miles velit ista loqui, tu munera donas?
Donas, quod possit, cum tacet ipse, loqui
Quæ facis à quoquam, pretio suadente, taceri,
Clarius, & dici turpius ista facis

Beatæ Virgini

De salutatione Angelicâ

XAÏpe suum neque Cæsareus jam nuntiet ales,
Xaïpe tuum pennâ candidiore venit
Sed taceat, qui Xaïpe tuum quoque nuntiat, ales,
Xaïpe meum pennâ candidiore venit
Quis dicat mihi Xaïpe meum magis candidus autor,
Quàm tibi quæ dicat candidus ille tuum?
Virgo, rogas, quid candidius quàm candidus ille
Esse potest? Virgo, quæ rogat, esse potest
Xaïpe tuum (Virgo) donet tibi candidus ille,
Donas candidior tu mihi Xaïpe meum
Xaïpe meum de Xaïpe tuo quid differat, audi
Ille tuum dicit, tu paris (ecce) meum

Pontio lavanti

Non satius est cædes, nisi stuprum hoc insuper addas,
Et tam virginæ sis violator aquæ?
Nympha quidem pura hæc & honesti filia fontis
Luget, adulterio jam temerata tuo
Casta verecundo properat cum murmure gutta,
Nec satius in lacrymam se putat esse suam
Desine tam nitidos stuprare (ah, desine) rores
Aut dic, quæ miseris unda lavabit aquas

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

In die Passionis Dominicæ

T Amne ego sim tetricus? valeant jejunia vtrum
 Est mihi dulcē meo (nec pudet esse) cado
 Est mihi quod castus, neque prelum passa, racemis
 Palmite virgines protulit uva parens
 Hoc mihi (ter denis sat et im maturuit annis)
 Tandem ecce d' d' hio præbabit hasta suo
 Jamque it, & b quanto calet ætus ar rate torrens!
 Acer ut hinc aura dixite currit odor!
 Quæ rosa per cyathis volitat tam n'a Falernis?
 Massica quæ tanto sydere vina tremunt?
 O ego nescibam, atque ecce est Vinum illud amoris
 Unde ego sum tantis, unde ego par cyathis?
 Vincor & b istis totus propè misce r auris
 Non ego sum tantis, n n ego par cyathis
 Sed quid ego invidi metus bona rob ra vini?
 Ecce est, quæ validum diluit, *unda, merum
 * Joh 19 & continuè exiit sanguis & aqua

In die Resurrectionis Dominicæ

Venit ad sepulchrum Magdalena ferens aromata
Quin & tu quoque busta tus Phœnicis adora
 Tu quoque ser tristes (mens mea) delitias
 Si nec aromata sunt, nec quod tibi fragrat amomum
 (Qualis Magdalini est messis odora manu)
 Est quod aromatibus præstat, quod præstat amomo
 Hæc tibi mollicula, hæc gemmea lacrymula
 Et lacryma est aliquid neque frustra Magdala flevit
 Sentit hæc, lacrymas non nihil esse suas
 His illa (& tunc cum Domini caput iret amomo)
 Invidiam capitis fecerat esse pedes
 Nunc quoq, cum sinus huic tanto sub aromate sudet,
 Plus capit ex oculis, quo litet, illa suis
 Christe, decent lacrymæ decet isto rore rigari
 Vitæ hoc æternum mane, tuumque diem

RICHARD CRASHAW

LUC. 24

In cicatrices Domini adhuc superstites

Arma vides, arcus, pharetrâmq,, levêsq, sagittas,
Et quocunque fuit nomine miles Amor

His fuit usus Amor sed & hæc fuit ipse, sulumque
Et jaculum, & jaculis ipse pharetra suis

Nunc splendent tantùm, & deteriso pulvere belli
E memori pendent nomina magna tholo

Tempus erit tamen, hæc iræ quando arma, pharetrâmq,
Et sobolem pharetræ spicula tradit Amor

Heu! quâ tunc animâ, quo stabit conscia vultu,
Quum scelus agnoscat dextera quæq, suum?

Improbe, quæ dederis, cernes ibi vulnera, miles,
Quâ tibi cunque tuus luserit arte furor

Seu digito suadente tuo mala Laurus inibat
Temporibus, sacrum seu bibit hasta latus

Sive tuo clavi sævum rubuêre sub ictu,
Seu puduit jussis ire flagella tuis

Improbe, quæ dederis, cernes ibi vulnera, miles
Quod dederis vulnus, cernere, vulnus erit

Plaga sui vindex clavosque rependet & hastam
Quibque rependet, erit clavus & hasta sibi

Quis tam terribiles, tam justas moverit iras?
Vulnera pugnabunt (Christe) vel ipsa tibi

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

JOANN 14

Pacem meam do vobis

Bella vocant arma (ô soci) nostra arma paremus
Atque enses nostros scilicet (ah!) jugulos

Cur ego bella paro, cum Christus det mihi pacem?
Quid Christus pacem dat mihi, bella paro

Ille dedit (nam quis potuit dare certior autor?)
Ille dedit pacem sed dedit ille suam

ACT 9

In D Paulum illuminatum simul & excruciatum

QUæ, Christe, ambigua hæc bifidi tibi gloria teli est,
Quod simul huic oculos abstulit, atq, dedit?

Sancta dies animi, hac oculorum in nocte, latebat,
Te ut possit Paulus cernere, cæcus erat

JOANN 15

Ego sum via Ad Judæos spretores Christi

O Sed nec calanda tamen pes improbe pergis?
Improbe pes ergò hoc cæli erat ire viam?

Ah pereat (Judæe ferox) pes improbus ille,
Qui cæli tritam sic facit esse viam

RICHARD CRASHAW

MARTH 2

In nocturnum & hyemale iter infantis Domini

I Rgò viatores teneros, cum Prole Parentem,
Nox habet hos, quæis est digna nec ulla dies?

Nam quid ad hæc Pueri vel labra, genâsve Parentis?
Heu quid ad hæc facient oscula, nox & hyems?

Lilia ad hæc facerent, faceret rosa, quicquid & balat
Æterna Zephyrus qui tepet in viola.

Hi meruère, quibus vel nox sit nulla, vel ulla
Si sit, eat nostrâ purius illa die

Ecce sed hos quoque nox & hyems clausère tenellos
Et quis scit, quid nox, quid meditetur hyems?

Ah nè quid meditetur hyems sævine per Austros!
Quæq; solet nigros nox mala ferre metus!

Ah nè noctis eat currus non mollibus Euris!
Aspera nè tetricos nuntiet aura Notos!

Heu quot habent tenebræ, quot vera pericula secum!
Quot noctem dominam, quantâq; monstra colunt!

Quot vaga quæ falsis veniunt ludibria formis!
Trux oculus! Stygio concolor ala Deo!

Seu veris ea, sive vagis stant monstra figuris,
Virginei satîs est hinc, satîs indè metûs

Ergò veni, totòque veni resonantior arcu,
(Cynthia) prægnantem clange procul pharetram

Monstra vel ista, vel illa, tuis sint meta sagittis
Nec fratris jaculum certior aura vebat

Ergò veni, totòque veni flagrantior ore,
Dignâque Apollineas sustinuisse vices

Scis bene quid deceat Phœbi lucere sororem
Ex his, si nescis, (Cynthia) disce genis

O tua, in his, quantò lampas formosior iret!
Nox suam, ab his, quantò malit habere diem!

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

*Quantum ageret tacitos hæc luna modestior ignes!
Atque verecundis sobria staret equis!*

*Luna, tuæ non est rosa tam pudibunda diei
Nec tam virgineo fax tua flore tremat*

*Ergò veni, sed & astra, tuas age (Cynthia) turmas
Illa oculos pueri, quos imitentur, habent*

*Hinc oculo, hinc astro at parili face nectat utrumque,
Ætheris os, atque os æthereum Pueri*

*Aspice, quàm bene res utriusque deceret utrumque!
Quam bene in alternas mutua regna manus!*

*Ille oculus cœli hoc si staret in æthere frontis
Sive astrum hoc Pueri, fronte sub ætherea*

*Si Pueri hoc astrum ætherea sub fronte micaret,
Credat & hunc oculum non minus esse suum*

*Ille oculus cœli, hoc si staret in æthere frontis,
Non minus in cœlis se putet esse suis*

*Tam pulchras variare vices cum fronte Puelli,
Cùmque Puelli oculis, æther & astra queant*

*Astra quidem vellent, vellent eterna pacisci
Fœdera mutatæ sedis inire vicem*

*Æther & ipse (licet numero tam dispere) vellet
Mutatis oculis tam bona paria dari*

*Quippe iret cælum quantò melioribus astris,
Astra sua hos oculos si modò habere queat!*

*Quippe astra in cælo quantum meliore micarent,
Si frontem hanc possint cælum habuisse suum*

*Æther & astra velint frustra velit æther, & astra
Ecce negat Pueri frons, oculque negant*

*Ab neget illa, negent illi nam quem æthera mallent
Isti oculi? aut frons hæc quæ magis astra velit?*

*Quid si aliquod blanda face lenè renideat astrum?
Lætæ si cœli tæque quaterque via est?*

RICHARD CRASHAW

*Blandior hic oculus, roseo hâc qui ridet in ore,
Lactea fions hæc est tēque quatēque magis.*

*Ergò negent, cœlumque suum sua sydera servant
Sydera de cœlis non bene danda suis.*

*Ergò negant sēque ecce sua sub nube recondunt,
Sub tenera occidui nube supercili*

*Nec claudī contenta sui munimine cœli,
Quærun't in gremio Matris ubi lateant*

*Non nisi sic tactis ubi nix tepet illa pruinis,
Castæque non gelido frigore vernat hyems*

*Scilicet iste dies tam pulchro vespere tingi
Dignus, & hos soles sic decet occidere*

*Claudat purpureus qui claudit vesper Olympum,
Puniceo placeas tu tibi (Phœbe) toro,*

*Dum tibi lascivam Thetis auget adultera noctem,
Pone per Hesperias strata pudenda rosas*

*Illas nempe rosas, quas conscia purpura pinxit,
Gulpa pudôrque suus quēis dedit esse rosas*

*Hos soles, niveæ noctes, castlūque cubile,
Quod purum sternet per mare virgo Thetis,*

*Hos, sancti flores, hos, tam sincera decebant
Lilia, quæq̃, sibi non rubuere rosæ*

*Hos, decuit sinus hic, ubi toto sydere proni
Ecce lavant sese lacteo in oceano*

*Atque lavent tandēque suo se mane resolvant,
Ipsa dies ex hoc ut bibat ore diem*

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

JOANN 16 26

Non dico, me rogaturum Patrem pro vobis

AH tamen Ipse roga tibi scilicet ille roganti
Esse nequit durus, nec solet esse, Pater

Ille suos omni facie te figit amores,
Inq tuos toto effunditur ore sinus

Quippe, tuos spectans oculos, se spectat in illis
Inq tuo (Jesu) se fovet ipse sinu

Ex te metitur sese, & sua numina discit
Indè repercussus redditur ipse sibi

Ille tibi se, te ille sibi par nescit utrinque
Tam tuus est, ut nec sit magis ille suus

Ergò roga Ipse roga tibi scilicet ille roganti
Esse nequit durus, nec solet esse, Pater

Illum ut ego rogitem? Hoc (eheu) non ore rogandum
Ore satis puras non faciente preces

Illum ego si rogitem quis scit quibus ille procellis
Surgat, & in miserum hoc quæ tonet ira caput?

Isto etiam forsitan veniet mihi fulmen ab ore
(Sæpe isto certè fulmen ab ore venit)

Ille unà irati forsitan me cuspide verbi,
Uno me nutu figet, & interii

Non ego, non rogitem mihi scilicet ille roganti
Durius esse potest & solet esse, Pater

Immo rogabo nec ore meo tamen immo rogabo
Ore meo (Jesu) scilicet ore tuo

RICHARD CRASHAW

In die Ascensionis Dominicæ.

U^{Sq} *etiam nostros Te (Christe) tenemus amores?*
Heu cœli quantam hinc invidiam patimur!

Invidiam patiamur habent sua sydera cœli,
Quæq̃ comunt tremulas crispa tot ora faces,

Phœbénque & Phœbum, & tot piætæ vellera nubis,
Vellera, quæ roseâ Sol variavit acu

Quantum erat, ut sinerent hâc unâ nos face ferri?
Una sit hîc sunt (& sint) ibi mille faces.

Nil agimus nam tu quia non ascendis ad illum,
*Æther *descendit (Christe) vel ipse tibi*

* Act 1 Nubes susceptum eum abstulit

FINIS

S' T' E P S
TO THE
T' E M P L E,
Sacred Poems

WITH
The Delights of the Muses

By RICHARD CRASHAW, *sometimes of Pembroke Hall, and
late fellow of S Peters Coll
in Cambridge*

*The second Edition wherein are added divers
pieces not before extant*

LONDON,
Printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be
sold at his Shop at the Princes Armes
in St Pauls Church yard

1648

The Preface to the Reader

Learned Reader,

I He Authors friend will not usurpe much upon thy eye
This is onely for those whom the name of our Divine
Poet hath not yet seized into admiration I dare undertake
that what Jamblicus (in vita Pythagore) affirmeth of his
Master, at his Contemplations, these Poems can, viz They
shall lift thee, Reader, some yards above the ground and,
as in Pythagoras Schoole, every temper was first tuned into
a height by severall proportions of Musick, and spiritualiz'd
for one of his weighty Lectures, So maist thou take a Poem
hence, and tune thy soule by it, into a heavenly pitch, and
thus refined and borne up upon the wings of meditation, In
these Poems thou maist talke freely of God, and of that other
state

Here's Herbert's second, but equal, who hath retriev'd
Poetry of late, and return'd it up to its Primitive use, Let
it bound back to heaven gates, whence it came Thinke yee,
St Augustine would have steyned his graver Learning
with a booke of Poetry, had he fancied its dearest end to be
the vanity of Love-Sonnets, and Epithalamiums? No, no,
he thought with this our Poet, that every foot in a high-borne
verse, might helpe to measure the soule into that better world
Divine Poetry, I dare hold it, in position against Suarez
on the subject, to be the Language of the Angels, it is the
Quintessence of Phantasie and discourse center'd in Heaven,
its the very Outgoings of the soule, its what alone our
Author is able to tell you, and that in his owne verse

It were prophane but to mention here in the Preface
those under-headed Poets, Retainers to seven shares and a

RICHARD CRASHAW

halfe ; Madrigall fellowes, whose onely businesse in verse, is to rime a poore six-penny soule a Suburb sinner into hell, May such arrogant pretenders to Poetry vanish, with their prodigious issue of tumorous heats, and flashes of their adulterate braines, and for ever after, may this our Poet fill up the better roome of man. Oh' when the generall arraignment of Poets shall be, to give an accompt of their higher soules, with what a triumphant brow shall our divine Poet sit above, and looke downe upon poore Homer, Virgil, Horace, Claudian? &c who had amongst them the ill lucke to talke out a great part of their gallant Genius, upon Bees, Dung, froggs, and Gnats, &c and not as himself here, upon Scriptures, divine Graces, Martyrs and Angels

Reader, we stile his Sacred Poems, Steps to the Temple, and aptly, for in the Temple of God, under his wing, he led his life, in St Maries Church neere St Peters Colledge There he lodged under Tertullian's roofe of Angels; There he made his nest more gladly than David's Swallow neere the house of God, where like a primitive Saint, he offered more prayers in the night, than others usually offer in the day, There he penned these Poems, Steps for happy soules to climbe heaven by

And those other of his pieces, intituled The Delights of the Muses, (though of a more humane mixture) are as sweet as they are innocent

The praises that follow are but few of many that might be conferr'd on him he was excellent in five Languages (besides his Mother tongue) vid Hebrew, Greek, Latine, Italian, Spanish, the two last whereof he had little helpe in, they were of his own acquisition

Amongst his other accomplishments in Accademick (as well pious as harmlesse arts) he made his skill in Poetry, Musick, Drawing, Limning, Graving, (exercises of his curious invention and sudden fancy) to be but his subservient

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

recreations for vacant houres, not the grand businesse of his soule

To the former Qualifications I might adde that which would crowne them all, his rare moderation in diet (almost Lessian temperance) he never created a Muse out of distempers, nor (with our Canary scribblers) cast any strange mists of surfets before the Intelectuall beames of his mind or memory, the latter of which, he was so much a master of, that he had there under locke and key in readinesse, the richest treasures of the best Greek and Latine Poets, some of which Authors hee had more at his command by heart, than others that onely read their works, to retaine little, and understand lesse

Enough Reader, I intend not a volume of praises larger than his booke, nor need I longer transport thee to think over his vast perfections, I will conclude all that I have impartially writ of this Learned young Gent (now dead to us) as he himselfe doth, with the last line of his Poem upon Bishop Andrews Picture before his Sermons

Verte paginas

—Look on his following leaves, and see him breath

The Authors Motto.

Live Jesus, Live, and let it bee
My Life, to dye for love of thee.

The Teare

I

What bright soft thing is this
Sweet *Mary* thy faire eyes expence?
A moist sparke it is,
A watry Diamond from whence
The very terme I thinke was found,
The water of a Diamond

2

O tis not a teare,
Tis a star about to drop
From thine eye its spheare,
The Sun will stoope and take it up,
Proud will his Sister be to weare
This thine eyes Jewell in her care

3

O tis a teare
Too true a teare for no sad eyne
How sad so ere
Raine so true a teare as thine
Each drop leaving a place so deare,
Weeps for it self, is its owne teare

4

Such a Pearle as this is
(Slipt from *Aurora's* dewy Brest)
The Rose buds sweet lip kisses
And such the Rose it self when next
With ungentle flames does shed,
Sweating in too warme a bed

RICHARD CRASHAW

5

Such the Maiden gem
By the wanton spring put on,
 Peeps from her Parent stem,
And blushes on the watry Sun
This watry blossome of thy Eyne,
Ripe, will make the richer Wine

6

Faire drop, why quak'st thou so?
Cause thou streight must lay thy head
 In the dust? ô no,
The dust shall never be thy bed,
A pillow for thee will I bring,
Stuft with downe of Angels wing.

7

Thus carried up on high,
(For to heaven thou must goe)
 Sweetly shalt thou lye,
And in soft slumbers bath thy woe,
Till the singing Orbes awake thee,
And one of their bright *Chorus* make the

8

There thy selfe shalt bee
An eye, but not a weeping one,
 Yet I doubt of thee,
Whether th' had'st rather there have shone,
An eye of heaven, or still shine here,
In th' Heaven of *Maries* eye a teare

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

Divine Epigrams

On the water of our Lords Baptisme

E Ach blest drop, on each blest limme,
Is wash t it self, in washing him
Tis a gemme while it stayer here,
While it falls hence, tis a Teare

Acts 8

On the baptized Æthiopian

L Et it no longer be a forlorne hope
To wash an Æthiope
Hee s washt, his gloomy skin a peacefull shade
For his white soule is made
And now, I doubt not, the Eternall Dove,
A black fac d house will love

On the miracle of multiplyed Loaves

S Ee here an easie Feast that knowes no wound,
That under Hungers Teeth will needs be found,
A subtle Harvest of unbounded bread,
What would ye more? Here food it selfe is fed

Upon the Sepulcher of our Lord

H Ere where our Lord once laid his head
Now the grave lyes buried

The Widows Mites

T Wo Mites, two drops yet all her house and land
Falls from a steady heart though trembling hand
The others wanton wealth foams high and brave
The other cast away, she onely gave

RICHARD CRASHAW

On the Prodigall.

Tell me bright boy, tell me my golden Lad,
Whither away so frolick? why so glad?
What all thy wealth in counsaile? all thy state?
Are huskes so deare? troth 'tis a mighty rate

Acts 5

The sick implore St Peters shadow

Under thy shadow may I lurke a while,
Death's busie search I'le easily beguile,
Thy shadow, *Peter*, must shew me the Sun
My light's thy shadowes shadow, or 'tis done

On the still surviving marks of our Saviours wounds

What ever storie of their crueltie,
Or Naile, or Thorne, or Speare have writ in thee
Are in another sence,
Still legible,
Sweet is the difference,
Once I did spell
Every red Letter
A wound of thine
Now (what is better)
Balsome for mine

Mark 7

The dumb healed and the people enjoyed silence.

Christ bids the dumb tongue speak, it speakes, the sound
He charges to be quiet, it runs round
If in the first he us'd his fingers touch,
His hands whole strength here could not be too much

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

Mat 28

Come see the place where the Lord lay

S Hew me himself, himself (bright Sir) o show
Which way my poor teares to himself may goe,
Were it enough to show the place and say
Looke *Mary* here, see where thy Lord once lay,
Then could I show these armes of mine, and say
Looke *Mary* here, see where thy Lord once lay

To Pontius washing his hands

T Hy hands are wash t, but o the water s spilt
That labour d to have washt thy guilt,
The flood, if any can, that can suffice,
Must have its fountaine in thine eyes

To the infant Martyrs

G Oe smiling soules, your new built Cages breake,
In heaven you l learne to sing, ere here to speake
Nor let the milkie fonts that bath your thirst
Be your delay,
- The place that calls you hence, is at the worst
Milke all the way

On the miracle of Loaves

N Ow Lord, or never, they l beleeve on thee
Thou to their teeth hast prov d thy Deity

RICHARD CRASHAW

Mark 4.

Why are ye afraid, O ye of little faith?

AS if the storme meant him,
Or 'cause heavens face is dim,
His needs a cloud
Was ever froward wind
That could be so unkind?
Or wave so proud?

The wind had need be angry, and the water black,
That to the mighty *Neptune's* self daie threaten wrack
There is no storme but this
Of your owne Cowardise
That braves you out,
You are the storme that mocks
Your selves, you are the rocks
Of your owne doubt
Besides this feare of danger, ther's no danger here,
And he that here feares danger, does deserve his feare

On the B Virgins bashfullnesse

THat on her lap she casts her humble eye,
'Tis the sweet pride of her humilitie
The faire starre is well fixt, for where, ô where,
Could she have fixt it on a fairer spheare?
'Tis heaven, 'tis heaven she sees, Heaven's God there lyes,
She can see heaven, and ne're lift up her eyes
This new guest to her eyes, new lawes hath given,
'Twas once looke up, 'tis now looke downe to heaven

Upon Lazarus his teares.

RIch *Lazarus*! richer in those Gems thy Teares,
Then *Dives* in the robes he weares
He scorns them now, but ô they'l sute full well
With th' Purple he must weare in hell

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

Two went up into the temple to pray

Two went to pray? ô rather say
One went to brag, th other to pray
One stands up close, and treads on high,
Where th other dares not send his eye
One neerer to God's Altar trod,
The other to the Altars God

Upon the asse that bore our Saviour

H Ath only anger an Omnipotence
in Eloquence?
Within the lips of love and joy doth dwell
No miracle?
Why else had *Balaams* asse a tongue to chide
His masters pride?
And thou (heaven burthen'd beast) hast ne re a word
To praise thy Lord?
That he should find a tongue and vocall thunder
Was a great wonder,
But ô me thinkes tis a farre greater one
That thou find st none

Mat 8

I am not worthy that thou should'st come under my rooffe

Thy God was making hast into thy rooffe
Thy humble faith and feare, keeps him aloofe
Hee'l be thy guest because he may not be
Hee'l come—into thy house? no, into thee

RICHARD CRASHAW

I am the Doore.

And now th'art set wide ope, the spear's sad art
Lo! hath unlockt thee at the very heart
He to himselfe (I feare the worst)
And his owne hope
Hath shut these Doores of heaven, that durst
Thus set them ope

Mat 10.

The blind cured by the word of our Saviour

'Thou speak'st the word (Thy word's a Law)
Thou spak'st and streight the blind man saw
To speake, and make the blind man see,
Was never man Lord spake like thee!
To speake thus was to speake (say I)
Not to his eare, but to his eye

Mat 27

And he answered them nothing

O Mighty Nothing! unto thee,
Nothing, we owe all things that bee
God spake once, when he all things made,
He sav'd all when he Nothing said
The world was made of Nothing then,
'Tis made by Nothing now againe

To our Lord, upon the water made Wine.

'Thou water turn'st to wine (faire friend of life)
Thy foe to crosse the sweet arts of thy reigne
Distills from thence the tears of wrath and strife,
And so turnes wine to water back againe

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

Mat 22

Neither durst any man from that day, aske him any more questions

MId'st all the darke and knotty snares,
 Black wit or malice can, or dares,
 Thy glorious wisdom breaks the Nets,
 And treads with uncontrouled steps
 Thy quell'd foes are not onely now
 Thy triumphs, but thy Trophies too
 They both at once thy Conquests bee,
 And thy Conquests memorie
 Stony amazement makes them stand
 Wayting on thy victorious hand,
 Like statues fixed to the fame
 Of thy renoune, and their own shame,
 As if they onely meant to breath
 To be the life of their own death
 Twas time to hold their peace, when they
 Had ne re another word to say,
 Yet is their silence unto thee,
 The full sound of thy victorie
 Their silence speaks aloud, and is
 Thy well pronounc'd Panegyris
 While they speak nothing, they speak all
 Their share in thy Memoriall
 While they speake nothing, they proclame
 Thee, with the shrillest trump of fame
 To hold their peace is all the wayes
 These wretches have to speake thy praise

Upon our Saviours tombe wherein never man was laid

HOw life and death in thee
 Agree!
 Thou had st a virgin wombe,
 And tombe,
 A Joseph did betroth
 Them both

RICHARD CRASHAW

It is better to goe into heaven with one eye, &c

O Ne eye? a thousand rather, and a thousand more,
To fix those full-fac't glories, ô hee's poore
Of eyes that has but *Argus* store.
Yet if thou'lt fil one poor eye, with thy heaven, & thee,
O grant (sweet goodnesse) that one eye may be
All and every whit of me

Luke 11

*Upon the dumb Devill cast out, and the slanderous Jewes
put to silence*

T'Wo devills at one blow thou hast laid flat,
A speaking Devill this, a dumbe [one] that
Was't thy full victories fairer increase,
That th' one spake, or that th' other held [his] peace?

Luke 10.

*And a certaine Priest comming that way, looked on him
and passed by*

W Hy doest thou wound my wounds, ô thou that
passest by,
Handling & turning them with an unwounded eye?
The calme that cooles thine eye does shipwrack mine, for ô,
Unmov'd to see one wretched is to make him so

Luke 11.

Blessed be the Paps which thou hast sucked

S Upnose he had been tabled at thy Teates,
Thy hunger feels not what he eates
Hee'l have his Teat e're long, a bloody one,
The mother then must suck the son

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

To Pontius washing his blood sta[n]ed hands

S Murther no sin? Or a sin so cheape
That thou didst heape
A Rape upon t^e till thy adult rous touch
Taught her these sullied cheeks, this blubber d face,
She was a Nimph, the meadows knew none such,
Of honest parentage, of unstrin d race,
The daughter of a faire, and well fam d fountaine,
As ever Silver tipt the side of shadie mountaine
See how she weeps, and weepes, that she appears
Nothing but teares,
Each drops a teare, that weeps for her owne wast
Harke how at every touch she does complaine her,
Harke how she bids her frighted drops make hast,
And with sad murmurs, chides the hands that staine her
Leave, leave for shame, or else (good judge) decree
What water shal wash this, when this hath washed thee

Mat 23

Yee build the Sepulchres of the Prophets

THou trim'st a *Prophets* Tombe, and dost bequeath
The life thou tookst from him unto his death
Vaine man! the stones that on his Tombe doe lye
Keep but the score of them that made him dye

Upon the Infant Martyrs

TO see both blended in one flood,
The Mothers milke the Childrens blood,
Makes me doubt if heav'n will gather
Roses hence, or Lillies rather

RICHARD CRASHAW

Joh. 16

Verily I say unto you, we shall weep and lament.

WElcome my Grief, my Joy, how deare's?
To me my Legacie of Teares!
I'le *weepe*, and *weepe*, and will therefore
Weepe, 'cause I can *weepe* no more
Thou, thou (*Dear Lord*) even thou alone,
Giv'st joy, even when thou givest none

John 15.

Upon our Lord's last comfortable discourse with his Disciples

ALL *Hybla's* honey, all that sweetnesse can,
Flowers in thy Song (ô faire, ô dying swan!)
Yet is the joy I take in't small or none,
It is too sweet to be a long-liv'd one

Luke 16

Dives asking a drop

A Drop, one drop, how sweetly one faire drop
Would tremble on my pearle-tipt fingers top?
My wealth is gone, ô goe it where it will,
Spare this one jewell, I'le be *Dives* still

Marke 12

(*Give to Cæsar---*)

(*And to God-----*)

ALL we have is God's, and yet
Cæsar challenges a debt,
Nor hath God a thinner share,
What ever *Cæsar's* payments are,
All is God's, and yet 'tis true
All we have is *Cæsar's* too,
All is *Cæsar's*, and what ods,
So long as *Cæsar's* selfe is Gods?

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

But now they have seen and hated

SEENE? and yet hated thee? they did not see,
They saw thee not, that saw and hated thee
No, no, they saw thee not, O Life, O Love,
Who saw ought in thee that their hate could move

*Upon the Crowne of thornes taken downe from the
head of our B Lord Ihs dy*

KNow st thou this Souldier? tis a much chang'd plant,
which yet
Thy self did st set,
O! who so hard a husbandman did ever find,
A soyle so kind?
Is not the soyle a kind one which returnes
Roses for Thornes?

Luke 7

*She began to wash his feet with teares, and wipe them
with the haire of her head*

HEr eyes flood lickes his feetes faire staine,
Her haire flame lickes up that againe
This flame thus quench't hath brighter beames,
This flood thus stained, fairer streames

On St Peter cutting off Malchus his eare

WELL Peter dost thou wield thy active sword,
Well for thy selfe (I meane) not for thy Lord
To strike at eares, is to take heed there be
No witnesse Peter of thy perjury

Joh 3

But men loved darknesse rather than light

THe world's light shines, shine as it will
The world will love its *Darknesse* still
I doubt though when the World's in Hell,
It will not love its *Darknesse* halfe so well

RICHARD CRASHAW

ACTS. 21.

I am readie not onely to be bound, but to die

COME death, come bands, nor do you shrink, my ears,
At those hard words man's cowardise calls feares
Save those of feare no other bands feare I,
No other feare than this, the feare to dye

On St Peter casting away his Nets at our Saviours call

THOU hast the art on't *Peter*, and canst tell
To cast thy Nets on all occasions well
When Christ calls, and thy Nets would have thee stay,
To cast them well's to cast them quite away.

Our B Lord in his Circumcision to his Father.

TO thee these first fruits of my growing death
(For what else is my life?) lo I bequeath
Tast this, and as thou lik'st this lesser flood
Expect a Sea, my heart shall make it good
Thy wrath that wades here now, e're long shall swim,
The floodgate shall be set wide ope for him
Then let him drinke, and drinke, and doe his worst
To drowne the wantonnesse of his wild thirst
Now's but the Nonage of my paines, my feares
Are yet both in their hopes, not come to yeares
The day of my darke woe is yet but morne,
My teares but tender, and my death new borne
Yet may these unfle[d]g'd griefes give fate some guesse,
These Cradle-torments have their towardnesse
These purple buds of blooming death may bee,
Erst the full stature of a fatall tree
And till my riper woes to age are come,
This Knife may be the speares *Præludium*

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

On the wounds of our crucified Lord

O These wakefull wounds of thine!
Are they Mouthes? or are they eyes?
Be they mouthes, or be they eyne
Each bleeding part some one supplies

Lo, a mouth! whose full bloom'd lips
At too deare a rate are roses
Lo, a blood shot eye! that weeps,
And many a cruell teare discloses

O thou that on this foot hast laid
Many a kisse, and many a teare,
Now thou shalt have all repaid,
What so ere thy charges were

This foot hath got a mouth and lips
To pay the sweet summe of thy kisses,
To pay thy teares, an eye that weeps,
Instead of teares, such gems as this is

The difference onely this appeares,
(Nor can the change offend)
The debt is paid in Ruby teares
Which thou in Pearles didst lend

On our crucified Lord, naked and bloody

They have left thee naked Lord O that they had,
This Garment too, I would they had deny'd
Thee with thy selfe they have too richly clad,
Opening the purple wardrobe of thy side
O never could there be garment [too] good
For thee to weare, but this of thine owne blood

Sampson to his Dalilah

Could not once blinding mee, cruell suffice?
When first I lookt on thee I lost mine eyes

RICHARD CRASHAW

Psalm 23

H Appy me! O happy sheepe!
Whom my God vouchsafes to keepe,
Even my God, even he it is
That points me to these wayes of blisse,
On whose pastures cheerefull spring,
All the yeare doth sit and sing,
And rejoycing smiles to see
Their green backs weare his livenie
Pleasure sings my soule to rest,
Plentie weares me at her brest,
Whose sweet temper teaches me
Nor wanton, nor in want to be
At my feet the blubb'ring Mountaine
Weeping melts into a Fountaine,
Whose soft silver-sweating streames
Make high noone forget his beames
When my way-ward breath is flying,
He calls home my soule from dying,
Strokes, and tames my rabid griefe,
And does wooc me into life
When my simple weakenes strays,
(Tangled in forbidden wayes)
He (my shepheard) is my guide,
Hee's before me, on my side,
And behind me, he beguiles
Craft in all her knottie wiles
He expounds the giddy wonder
Of my weary steps, and under
Spreads a Path as cleare as Day,
Where no churlish rub says nay
To my joy conducted feet,
Whil'st they gladly goe to meet
Grace and Peace, to meet new laies
Tun'd to my great S[h]epheards praise
Come now all ye terrors, sally,
Muster forth into the valley,
Where triumphant darknesse hovers

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

With a sable wing that covers
Brooding horror Come thou Death
Let the damps of thy dull Breath
Over shadow even the shade,
And make darkenes selfe afraid
There my feet, even there, shall find
Way for a resolved mind
Still my Shepheard, still my God
Thou art with me, still thy Rod,
And thy staffe, whose influence
Gives direction, gives defence
At the whisper of thy word
Crown d abundance spreads my boord
While I feast, my foes doe feed
Their ranck malice not their need,
So that with the self same bread
They are starv d and I am fed
How my head in ointment swims !
How my cup orelook's her brims !
So even so still may I move
By the Line of thy deare love,
Still may thy sweet mercy spread
A shady arme above my head,
About my Paths, so shall I find
The faire center of my mind
Thy Temple, and those lovely walls
Bright ever with a beame that falls
Fresh from the pure glance of thine eye,
Lighting to eternity
There I le dwell, for ever there
Will I find a purer aire
To feed my life with, there I le sup
Balme and *Nectar* in my cup
And thence my ripe soule will I breath
Warme into the Armes of Death

RICHARD CRASHAW

Psalm 137.

ON the proud bankes of great *Euphrates* flood,
There we sate, and there we wept.
Our Harpes that now no musick understood,
Nodding on the willowes slept,
While unhappy captiv'd wee
Lovely *Sion* thought on thee
They, they that snatcht us from our countries breast
Would have a song carv'd to their cares
In *Hebrew* numbers, then (ô cruell jest!)
When Harpes and Hearts were drown'd in teares
Come, they cry'd, come sing and play
One of *Sions* Songs to day.
Sing? play? to whom (ah) shall we sing or play
If not *Jerusalem* to thee?
Ah thee *Jerusalem*! ah sooner may
This hand forget the masterie
Of Musicks dainty touch, then I
The Musick of thy memory,
Which when I lose, ô may at once my tongue
Lose this same busie speaking art,
Unpearch't, her vocall Arteries unstrung,
No more acquainted with my heart,
On my dry pallats roof to rest
A wither'd leaf, an idle guest
No, no, thy good *Sion* alone must crowne
The head of all my hope-nurst joyes
But *Edom* cruell thou! thou cryd'st downe, downe
Sinke *Sion*, downe and never rise,
Her falling thou did'st urge, and thrust,
And haste to dash her into dust,
Dost laugh? proud *Babels* daughter! do, laugh on,
Till thy ruine teach thee teares,
Even such as these, laugh, till a venging throng
Of woes, too late doe rouze thy feares
Laugh till thy childrens bleeding bones
Weepe pretious teares upon the stones

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

Upon Easter Day

I

Rise heire of fresh eternity
From thy virgin Tombe,
Rise mighty man of wonders, and thy world with thee,
Thy Tombe the universall East
Natures new wombe
Thy tombe faire immortalities perfumed Nest

2

Of all the glories make Noone gay,
This is the Morne,
This Rock bud's forth the fountaine of the streames of Day,
In joyes white annalls lives this howre
When life was borne
No cloud scoule on his radiant lids, no tempest lower

3

Life, by this light's Nativity
All creatures have,
Death onely by this Dayes just doome is forc't to Dye
Nor is Death forc't for may he ly
Thron'd in thy Grave
Death will on this condition be content to dye

RICHARD CRASHAW

Sospetto d' Herode.

Libro Primo

Argumento

*Casting the times with their strong signes,
Death's Master his owne death diuines
Strugling for helpe, his best hope is
Herod's suspicion may heale his
Therefore he sends a fiend to wake,
The sleeping Tyrant's fond mistake,
Who feares (in vaine) that he whose Birth
Meanes Heav'n, should meddle with his Earth*

I

MUse, now the servant of soft Loves no more,
Hate is thy Theame, and *Herod*, whose unblest
Hand (ô what dares not jealous Greatnesse?) tore
A thousand sweet Babes from their Mothers Brest
The Bloomes of Martyrdome O be a Dore
Of language to my infant Lips, yee best
Of Confessours whose Throates answering his swords,
Gave foith your Blood for breath, spoke soules for words

2

Great *Anthony*! *Spains* well-beseeming pride,
Thou mighty branch of Emperours and Kings,
The Beauties of whose dawne what eye may bide?
Which With the Sun himselfe weigh's equall wings,
Mappe of Heroick worth! whom farre and wide
To the beleaving world Fame boldly sings
Deigne thou to weare this humble Wreath, that bowes
To be the sacred Honour of thy Browes

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

3

Nor needs my Muse a blush, or these bright Flowers
Other than what their owne blest beauties bring
They were the smiling sons of those sweet Bowers,
That drinke the dew of Life, whose deathlesse spring,
Nor *Sirian* flame, nor *Brean* frost deflowers
From whence Heav'n labouring Bees with busie wing,
Suck hidden sweets, which well digested proves
Immortall Honey for the Hive of Loves

4

Thou, whose strong hand with so transcendent worth,
Holds high the reine of faire *Parthenope*,
That neither *Rome*, nor *Athens* can bring forth
A Name in noble deeds Rivall to thee!
Thy Fames full noise, makes proud the patient Earth,
Farre more than matter for my Muse and mee
The *Tyrrhene* Seas, and shores sound all the same,
And in their murmurs keepe thy mighty Name

5

Below the Botome of the great Abyesse,
There where one Center reconciles all things
The worlds profound Heart pants There placed is
Mischiefes old Master, close about him clings
A curld knot of embracing Snakes, that kisse
His correspondent cheekes these loathsome strings
Hold the perverse Prince in eternall Ties
Fast bound, since first he forfeited the skies

6

The judge of Torments and the King of Teares,
He fills a burnisht Throne of quenchlesse fire
And for his old faire Roabes of Light, he weares
A gloomy Mantle of darke flames the Tire
That crownes his hated head on high appears
Where seav'n tall Hornes (his Empires pride) inspire
And to make up Hells Majesty, each Horne
Seav'n crested *Hydras* horribly adorne

RICHARD CRASHAW

7.

His Eyes, the sullen dens of Death and Night,
Startle the dull Ayre with a dismall red
Such his fell glances as the fatall Light
Of staring Comets, that looke Kingdomes dead
From his black nostrills, and blew lips, in spight
Of Hells owne stinke, a worser stench is spread
His breath Hells lightning is and each deepe groane
Disdaines to thinke that Heav'n Thunders alone

8

His flaming Eyes dire exhalation,
Unto a dreadfull pile gives fiery Breath,
Whose unconsum'd consumption preys upon
That never-dying Life of a long Death
In this sad House of slow Destruction,
(His shop of flames) hee fryes himself, beneath
A masse of woes, his Teeth for Torment gnash,
While his steele sides sound with his Tayles strong lash.

9

Three Rigourous Virgins waiting still behind,
Assist the Throne of th' Iron-sceptred King
With whips of Thornes and knotty vipers twin'd
They rouse him, when his ranke thoughts need a sting
Their lockes are beds of uncomb'd snakes that wind
About their shady browes in wanton Rings
Thus reignes the wrathfull King, and while he reignes
His Scepter and himselfe both he disdaines

10

Disdainefull wretch ! how hath one bold sinne cost
Thee all the Beauties of thy once bright Eyes ?
How hath one black Eclipse cancell'd, and crost
The glories that did gild thee in thy Rise ?
Proud Morning of a perverse Day ! how lost
Art thou unto thy selfe, thou too selfe-wise
Narcissus ? foolish *Phaeton* ? who for all
Thy high-aym'd hopes, gaund'st but a flaming fall.

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

II

From Death's sad shades, to the Life breathing Ayre,
This mortall Enemy to mankind's good,
Lifts his Malignant Eyes, wasted with care,
To become beautifull in humane blood
Where *Jordan* melts his Chrystall, to make faire
The fields of *Palestine*, with so pure a flood,
There does he fixe his Eyes and there detect
New matter, to make good his great suspect

12

He calls to mind th' old quarrell, and what sparke
Set the contending Sons of Heaven on fire
Oft in his deepe thought he revolves the darke
Sibills divining leaves he does enquire
Into th' old Prophetesies, trembling to marke
How many present prodigies conspire,
To crowne their past predictions, both he layes
Together, in his pondrous mind both weighs

13

Heavens Golden winged Herald, late he saw
To a poore *Galilean* virgin sent
How low the Bright Youth bow'd and with what awe
Immortall flowers to her faire hand present
He saw th' old *Hebrewes* wombe, neglect the Law
Of Age and Barennesse, and her Babe prevent
His Birth, by his Devotion who began
Betimes to be a Saint, before a Man

14.

He saw rich Nectar thawes release the rigour
Of th' Icy North, from frost bount *Atlas* hands
His Adamantine fetters fall green vigour
Gladding the *Scythian* Rocks, and *Libian* sands
He saw a vernall smile sweetly disfigure
Winters sad face, and through the flowry lands
Of faire *Engaddi* hony sweating Fountaines
With *Manna*, Milk, and Balm, new broach the Mountaines

RICHARD CRASHAW

15

He saw how in that blest Day-bearing Night,
The Heav'n-rebuked shades made hast away,
How bright a Dawne of Angels with new Light
Amaz'd the midnight world, and made a Day
Of which the Morning knew not Mad with spight
He markt how the poore Shepheards ran to pay
Their simple Tribute to the Babe, whose Birth
Was the great businesse both of Heav'n and Earth

16

He saw a threefold Sun, with rich encrease,
Make proud the Ruby portalls of the East
He saw the Temple sacred to sweet Peace,
Adore her Princes Birth, flat on her Brest
He saw the falling Idolls, all confesse
A comming Deity He saw the Nest
Of pois'nous and unnaturall loves, Earth-nurst,
Toucht with the worlds true *Antidote* to burst.

17

He saw Heav'n blossome with a new-borne light,
On which, as on a glorious stranger gaz'd
The Golden eyes of Night whose Beame made bright
The way to *Beth'lem*, and as boldly blaz'd,
(Nor askt leave of the Sun) by Day as Night
By whom (as Heav'ns illustrious Hand-maid) rais'd
Three Kings (or what is more) three Wise men went
Westward to find the worlds true *Orient*

18

Strucke with these great concurrences of things,
Symptomes so deadly, unto Death and him,
Faine would he have forgot what fatall strings,
Eternally bind each rebellious limbe
He shooke himselfe, and spread his spatious wings
Which like two Bosom'd sailes embrace the dimme
Aire, with a dismall shade, but all in vaine,
Of sturdy Adamant is his strong chaine.

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

19

While thus Heavns highest counsails, by the low
Foot steps of their Effects, he trac'd too well,
He tost his troubled eyes, Embers that glow
Now with new Rage, and wax too hot for Hell
With his foule clawes he fenc'd his furrowed Brow,
And gave a gastly shreeke, whose horrid yell
Ran trembling through the hollow vaults of Night,
The while his twisted Tayle he gnaw'd for spight

20

Yet on the other side, faine would he start
Above his feares, and thinke it cannot be
He studies Scripture, strives to sound the heart,
And feele the pulse of every Prophecy
He knows (but knowes not how, or by what Art)
The Heav'n expecting Ages hope to see
A mighty Babe, whose pure, unspotted Birth,
From a chast Virgin wombe, should blesse the Earth

21

But these vast Mysteries his senses smother,
And Reason (for what's Faith to him?) devoure
How she that is a maid should prove a Mother,
Yet keepe inviolate her virgin flower
How Gods eternall Sonne should be mans Brother,
Poseth his proudest intellectuall power
How a pure Spirit should incarnate bee
And life it selfe weare Deaths fraile Livery

22

That the Great Angell blinding light should shrinke
His blaze, to shine in a poore Shepherds eye
That the unmeasur'd God so low should sinke,
As Prisoner in a few poore Rags to lye
That from his Mothers Brest he milke should drinke
Who feeds with Nectar Heavns faire family
That a vile Manger his low Bed should prove,
Who in a Throne of stars Thunders above.

RICHARD CRASHAW

23

That he whom the Sun serves, should faintly peepe
Through clouds of Infant flesh that he the old
Eternall Word should be a Child, and weepe
That he who made the fire, should feare the cold,
That Heav'ns high Majesty his Court should keepe
In a clay cottage, by each blast control'd

That Glories self should serve our Griefs, & feares
And free Eternity, submit to yeares

24.

And further, that the Lawes eternall Giver,
Should bleed in his owne lawes obedience
And to the circumcising Knife deliver
Himselfe, the forfeit of his slaves offence
That the unblemisht Lambe, blessed for ever,
Should take the marke of sin, and paine of sence
These are the knotty Riddles, whose darke doubt
Intangles his lost Thoughts, past getting out

25.

While new Thoughts boyl'd in his enrag'd Brest,
His gloomy Bosomes darkest Character,
Was in his shady forehead seen exprest
The forehead's shade in Griefes expression there,
Is what in signe of joy among the blest
The faces lightning, or a smile is here
Those stings of care that his strong Heart opprest,
A desperate, *Oh mee*, drew from his deepe Brest

26

Oh mee! (thus bellow'd he) *oh mee*! what great
Portents before mine eyes their Powers advance?
And serves my purer sight, onely to beat
Downe my proud Thought, and leave it in a Trance?
Frowne I, and can great Nature keep her seat?
And the gay starrs lead on their Golden dance?
Can his attempts above still prosp'rous be,
Auspicious still, in spight of Hell and me?

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

27

Hee has my Heaven (what would he more?) whose bright
And radiant Scepter this bold hand should beare
And for the never fading fields of Light,
My faire Inheritance, he confines me here,
To this darke House of shades, horror, and Night,
To draw a long liv'd Death, where all my cheere
Is the solemnity my sorrow weares,
That Mankinds Torment waits upon my Teares

28

Darke, dusky Man, he needs would single forth,
To make the partner of his owne pure ray
And should we Powers of Heav'n Spirits of worth,
Bow our bright Heads, before a King of clay?
It shall not be, said I, and clombe the North,
Where never wing of *Angell* yet made way
What though I mist my blow? yet I strooke high,
And to dare something, is some victory

29

Is he not satisfied? meanes he to wrest
Hell from me too, and sack my Territories?
Vile humane Nature means he not to invest
(O my despight!) with his divinest Glories?
And rising with rich spoiles upon his Brest,
With his faire Triumphs fill all future stories?
Must the bright armes of Heav'n, rebuke these eyes?
Mocke me, and dazle my darke Mysteries?

30

Art thou not *Lucifer*? he to whom the droves
Of Stars, that gild the Morne in charge were given?
The nimblest of the lightning winged Loves?
The fairest, and the first borne smile of Heav'n?
Looke in what Pompe the Mistrisse Planet moves
Rev'rently circled by the lesser seaven,
Such, and so rich, the flames that from thine eyes,
Opprest the common people of the skyes

RICHARD CRASHAW

31

Ah wretch ! what bootes thee to cast back thy eyes,
Where dawning hope no beame of comfort shoves ?
While the reflection of thy forepast joyes,
Renders thee double to thy present woes
Rather make up to thy new miseries,
And meet the mischief that upon thee growes
If Hell must mourne, Heav'n sure shall sympathize,
What force cannot effect, fraud shall devise

32.

And yet whose force feare I ? have I so lost
My selfe ? my strength too with my innocence ?
Come try who dares, *Heav'n, Earth*, what ere dost boast,
A borrowed being, make thy bold defence
Come thy Creator too, what though it cost
Me yet a second fall ? wee 'd try our strengths
Heav'n saw us struggle once, as brave a fight
Earth now should see, and tremble at the sight

33

Thus spoke th' impatient Prince, and made a pause,
His foule Hags rais'd their heads, & clapt their hands
And all the Powers of Hell in full applause
Flourisht their Snakes, and tost their flaming brands
We (said the horrid sisters) wait thy lawes,
Th' obsequious handmaids of thy high commands
Be it thy part, Hells mighty Lord, to lay
On us thy dread commands, ours to obey

34

What thy *Aleto*, what these hands can doe,
Thou mad'st bold prooffe upon the brow of Heav'n,
Nor should'st thou bate in pride, because that now,
To these thy sooty Kingdomes thou art driven
Let Heav'ns Lord chide above lowder than thou
In language of his Thunder, thou art even
With him below here thou art Lord alone
Boundlesse and absolute Hell is thine owne.

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

35

If usuall wit, and strength will doe no good,
Vertues of stones, nor herbes use stronger charmes,
Anger, and love, best hookes of humane blood
If all faile wee 'I put on our proudest Armes
And pouring on Heavens face the Seas huge flood
Quench his curld fires, wee 'I wake with our Alarmes
Ruine, where ere she leepes at Natures feet,
And crush the world till his wide corners meet

36

Replyd the proud King, O my Crownes Defence,
Stay of my strong hopes you of whose brave worth,
The frighted stars tooke faint experience
When gainst the Thunders mouth we marched forth
Still you are prodigall of your Loves expence
In our great projects both gainst Heaven and Earth
I thanke you all, but one must single out,
Cruelty, she alone shall cure my doubt

37

Fourth of the cursed knot of Hags is shee,
Or rather all the other three in one
Hells shop of slaughter shee does oversee,
And still assist the Execution
But chiefly there does she delight to be,
Where Hells capacious Cruldron is set on
And while the black soules boile in their own gore,
To hold them down, and looke that none seeth ore

38

Thrice howld the Caves of Night, and thrice the sound,
Thundring upon the bankes of those black lakes
Rung through the hollow vaults of Hell profound
At last her listning Eares the noise ore takes,
She lifts her sooty lampes, and looking round,
A gen rall hisse from the whole Tire of snakes
Rebounding, through Hells inmost Cavernes came
In answer to her formidable Name

RICHARD CRASHAW

39

'Mongst all the Palaces in Hells command,
No one so mercilesse as this of hers
The Adamantine Doors, for ever stand
Impenetrable, both to prai'rs and Teares,
The walls inexorable steele, no hand
Of *Time*, or Teeth of hungry *Ruin* feares.
Their ugly ornaments are the bloody staines,
Of iagged limbs, torne skulls, & dasht out Braines

40

There has the purple *Vengeance* a proud seat,
Whose ever-biandisht Sword is sheath'd in blood
About her *Hate*, *Wrath*, *Warre*, and *Slaughter* sweat,
Bathing their hot limbs in life's pretious flood
There rude impetuous Rage do's storme, and fret
And there, as Master of this murd'ring brood,
Swinging a huge Sith stands impartiall *Death*,
With endlesse businesse almost out of Breath

41

For hangings and for Curtaines, all along
The walls, (abominable ornaments!)
Are tooles of wrath, Anvills of Torments hung,
Fell Executioners of foule intents,
Nailes, hammers, hatchets sharpe, and halters strong,
Swords, Speares, with all the fatall Instruments
Of sin, and Death, twice dipt in the dire staines
Of brothers mutuall blood, and Fathers braines

42

The Tables furnisht with a cursed Feast,
Which *Harpyes*, with leane *Famine* feed upon,
Unfill'd for ever Here among the rest,
Inhumane *Erishi-on* too makes one,
Tantalus, *Atrous*, *Progne*, here are guests
Wolvish *Lycaon* here a place hath won
The cup they drinke in is *Medusa's* scull,
Which mixt with gall & blood they quaffe brim full

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

43

The foule Queens most abhorred Maids of Honour
Medea, *Jezabell*, many a meager Witch,
With *Circe*, *Scylla*, stand to wait upon her
But her best huswives are the *Parcæ*, which
Still worke for her, and have their wages from her
They prick a bleeding heart at every stitch
Her cruell cloathes of costly threds they weave,
Which short cut lives of mured *Infants* leave

44

The house is hers d about with a black wood,
Which nods with many a heavy headed tree
Each flowers a pregnant poyson, try d and good,
Each herbe a Plague The winds sighes timed bee
By a black Fount, which weeps into a flood
Through the thick shades obscurely might you see
*Minotaur*s, *Cyclopes*, with a darke drove
Of *Dragons*, *Hydraes*, *Sphinxes*, fill the Grove

45

Here *Diomed's* Horses, *Phereus* dogs appeare,
With the fierce Lyons of *Therodamas*
Busiris has his bloody Altar here,
Here *Sylla* his severest prison has
The *Lestrigonians* here their Table reare
Here strong *Procrustes* Plants his Bed of Brasse
Here cruell *Scyron* boasts his bloody rockes,
And hatefull *Schinis* his so feared Oakes

46

What ever Schemes of Blood, fantastick frames
Of Death *Mezentius*, or *Geryon* drew
Phalaris, *Oclus* *Ezelinus*, names
Mighty in mischief, with dread *Nero* too
Here are they all Here all the swords or flames
Assyrian Tyrants or *Egyptian* knew
Such was the House, so furnisht was the Hall,
Whence the fourth *Fury*, answer d *Pluto's* call

RICHARD CRASHAW

47

Scaice to this Monster could the shady King,
The horrid summe of his intentions tell,
But shee (swift as the momentary wing
Of lightning, or the words he spoke) left Hell
She rose, and with her to our world did bring,
Pale prooffe of her fell presence, Th' aire too well
With a chang'd countenance witnest the sight,
And poore fowles intercepted in their flight.

48.

Heav'n saw her rise, and saw Hell in the sight
The field's faire Eyes saw her, and saw no more,
But shut their flowry lids, for ever Night,
And Winter strow her way, yea, such a sore
Is she to Nature, that a generall fright,
An universall palsie spreading o're
The face of things, from her dire eyes had run,
Had not her thick Snakes hid them from the Sun

49.

Now had the Night's companion from her den,
Where all the busie day she close doth ly,
With her soft wing wipt from the browes of men
Day's sweat, and by a gentle Tyranny,
And sweet oppression, kindly cheating them
Of all their cares, tam'd the rebellious eye
Of sorrow, with a soft and downy hand,
Sealing all brests in a *Lethæan* band

50.

When the *Erinnys* her black pineons spread,
And came to *Bethlem*, where the cruell King
Had now retyr'd himselfe, and borrowed
His Brest a while from care's unquiet sting,
Such as at *Thebes* dire feast she shew'd her head,
Her sulphur-breathed Torchés brandishing,
Such to the frighted Palace now she comes,
And with soft feet searches the silent roomes

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

51

By *Hercd* now was borne
 The Scepter, which of old great *David* swaid
 Whose right by *David's* image so long worne,
 Himselfe a stranger to, his owne had made
 And from the head of *Judah's* house quite torne
 The Crowne, for which upon their necks he laid
 A sad yoake, under which they sigh d in vaine,
 And looking on their lost state sigh d againe

52

Up, through the spatious Pallace passed she,
 To where the Kings proudly reposed head
 (If any can be soft to *Tyranny*
 And selfe tormenting sin) had a soft bed
 She thinkes not fit such he her face should see,
 As it is scene by Hell and seen with dread
 To change her faces stile she doth devise,
 And in a pale Ghost's shape to spare his Eyes

53

Her selfe a while she layes aside, and makes
 Ready to personate a mortall part
Joseph the Kings dead Brothers shape she takes
 What he by Nature was, is she by Art
 She comes toth' King and with her cold hand slakes
 His Spirits, the Sparkes of Life, and chills his heart,
 Lifes forge fain d is her voice and false too, be
 Her words sleep st thou fond man? sleep st thou? said she

54

So sleeps a Pilot, whose poore Barke is prest
 With many a mercylesse ore mastring wave
 For whom (as dead) the wrathfull winds contest,
 Which of them deep st shall digge her watry Grave
 Why dost thou let thy brave soule lye suppress
 In Death like slumbers while thy dangers crave
 A waking eye and hand? looke up and see
 The fates ripe, in their great conspiracy

RICHARD CRASHAW

55

Know'st thou not how of th' Hebrewes royall stemme
(That old dry stocke) a despair'd branch is sprung
A most strange Babe¹ who here conceal'd by them
In a neglected stable lies, among
Beasts and base straw Already is the streame
Quite turn'd th' ingratefull Rebels this their young
Master (with voyce free as the Trumpe of *Fame*)
Their new King, and thy Successour proclame

56.

What busy motions, what wild Engines stand
On tiptoe in their giddy Braynes? th' have fire
Already in their Bosomes, and their hand
Already reaches at a sword, They hire
Poysons to speed thee, yet through all the Land
What one comes to reveale what they conspire?
Goe now, make much of these, wage still their wars
And bring home on thy Brest more thanklesse scarrs

57

Why did I spend my life, and spill my Blood,
That thy firme hand for ever might sustaine
A well-pois'd Scepter? does it now seeme good
Thy brothers blood be-spilt, life spent in vaine?
'Gainst thy owne sons and Biotheis thou hast stood
In Armes, when lesser cause was to complaine
And now crosse Fates a watch about thee keepe,
Can'st thou be carelesse now? now can'st thou sleep?

58

Where art thou man? what cowardly mistake
Of thy great selfe, hath stolne King *Herod* from thee?
O call thy selfe home to thy self, wake, wake,
And fence the hanging sword Heav'n throws upon thee
Redeeme a worthy wrath rouse thee, and shake
Thy selfe into a shape that may become thee
Be *Herod*, and thou shalt not misse from mee
Immortall stings to thy great thoughts, and thee

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

59

So said her richest snake, which to her wrist
For a beseeing bracelet she had tyd
(A speciall Worme it was as ever kist
The foamy lips of *Cerberus*) she applyd
To the Kings Heart, the Snake no sooner hist,
But vertue heard it, and away she hyd,
Dire flames diffuse themselves through every veine,
This done, Home to her Hell she hyd amaine

60

He wakes, and with him (ne re to sleepe) new feares
His Sweat bedewed Bed hath now betrayd him,
To a vast field of thornes, ten thousand Speares
All pointed in his heart seemd to invade him
So mighty were th amazing Characters
With which his feeling Dreame had thus dismayd him,
He his owne fancy framed foes defies
In rage, *My armes, give me my armes*, he cryes

61

As when a Pile of food preparing fire,
The breath of artificiall lungs embraves
The Caldron prison'd waters streight conspire
And beat the hot Brasse with rebellious waves
He murmurs, and rebukes their bold desire
Th impatient liquor frets, and foames and raves
Till his ore flowing pride suppresses the flame,
Whence all his high spirits, and hot courage came

62

So boyles the fired *Herods* blood swolne brest,
Not to be slakt but by a Sea of blood
His faithlesse Crowne he feesles loose on his Crest
Which on false Tyrants head ne re firmly stood
The worme of jealous envy and unrest
To which his gnaw'd heart is the growing food
Makes him impatient of the lingring light
Hate the sweet peace of all-composing Night

RICHARD CRASHAW

63

A Thousand Prophecies that talke strange things,
Had sowne of old these doubts in his deepe brest.
And now of late came tributary Kings,
Bringing him nothing but new feares from th' East,
More deepe suspicions, and more deadly stings,
With which his feav'rous cares their cold increast
And now his dream (Hels firebrand) stil more bright,
Shew'd him his feares, and kill'd him with the sight

64.

No sooner therefore shall the Morning see
(Night hangs yet heavy on the lids of Day)
But all his Counsellours must summon'd bee,
To meet their troubled Lord Without delay
Heralds and Messengers immediately
Are sent about, who poasting every way
To th'heads and Officers of every band,
Declare who sends, and what is his command

65

Why art thou troubled *Herod*? what vaine feare
Thy blood-revolving Brest to rage doth move?
Heavens King, who doffs himselfe weak flesh to weare,
Comes not to rule in wrath, but serve in love
Nor would he this thy fear'd Crown from thee Teare,
But give thee a better with himselfe above
Poore jealousie! why should he wish to prey
Upon thy Crowne, who gives his owne away?

66

Make to thy reason man, and mock thy doubts,
Looke how below thy feares their causes are,
Thou art a Souldier *Herod*, send thy Scouts,
See how hee's furnish't for so fear'd a warre?
What armour does he weare? A few thin clouts
His Trumpets? tender cries, his men to dare
So much? rude Shepherds, What his steeds? Alas
Poore [Beasts]! a slow Oxe, and a simple Asse

Il fine del primo Libro

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

Votivæ Domus Petrensis Pro Domo Dei

UT magis in Mundi votis, Aviumq; querelis
 Jam veniens solet esse Dies, ubi cuspide primâ
 Palpitat, & roseo Lux prævia ludit ab ortu
 Cum nec abest Phœbus, nec Eois lætus habenis
 Totus adest, volucrumq; procul vaga murmura mulcet

Nos ita quos nuper radius afflavit honestis
 Religiosa Dies, nostrig per atria Cæli
 (Sacra Domus nostrum est Cælum) jam luce tenellâ
 Libat adhuc trepidæ Fax nondum firma Diei
 Nos ita jam exercet nimis impatientia Voti,
 Spêg sui propiore premit

Quis pectora tanti

Tendit amor Cæpti! Desiderio quàm longo
 Lentæ spes inbiant! Domus o dulcissima rerum!
 Plena Deo Domus! Ah, Quis erit Quis (dicimus) Ille,
 (O Bonus, o Ingens meritis, o Proximus ipsi,
 Quem vocat in sua Dona, Deo!) quo vindice totas
 Excutiant Tenebras hæc Sancta Crepuscula?

Quando,

Quando erit, ut tremulæ Flos heu tener ille Diei,
 Qui velut ex Oriente suo jam Altaria circum
 Lambit, & ambiguo nobis procul annuit astro,
 Plenis se pandat foliis, & Lampade tota
 Lætus (ut è medio cum Sol micat aureus axe)
 Attonitam penetrare Domum bene possit adulto
 Sidere, nec dubio Pia Mœnia mulceat ore?
 Quando erit, ut Convexa suo quoque pulchra sereno
 Florescant, rosebg tremant Laquearia risu?
 Quæ nimum informis tanq[u]am sibi conscia frontis
 Perpetuis jam se lustrant lacrymantia guttis

Quando erit, ut claris meliori luce Fenestris
 Plurima per vitreos vivat Pia Pagina vultus?

Quando erit, ut Sacrum nobis celebrantibus Hymnum
 Organicos facili, & nunquam fallente susurro
 Nobile murmur agat nervos pulmonis iniqui
 Fistula ne monitus nec faciat male fida sinistros?

RICHARD CRASHAW

Denique, *quicquid id est, quod Res hîc Sacra requirit,*
Fausta illa, & felix (sitq̃ ô Tua) Dextia, suam cui
Debeat hæc Auroa Diem Tibi supplicat Ipsa,
Ipsa Tibi facit Ara preces. Tu jam Illius audi,
Audiet Illa tuas Dubium est (modò porrige dextram)
Des magis, an capias aude tantum esse beatus,
Et danum hoc lucrare Tibi.

Scis Ipse volucres

Quæ Rota volvat opes, has ergò hîc fige perennis
Fundamenta Domûs Petrensi in Rupe, suamq̃
Fortunæ sic deme Rotam. Scis Ipse procaces
Divitias quàm prona vagos vebat ala per Euros,
Divitis illas, agè, deme volucris alas,
Fecit suus Nostras illis sit nidus ad Aras
Remigii ut tandem pennas melioris adeptæ,
Se rapiant Dominumq, suum super æthera secum

Proverb 23 5 *Felix ô qui sic potuit bene providus uti*
Fortunæ pennis & opum levitate suarum,
Devitisque suis Aquilæ sic addidit Alas

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

EJUSDEM

In cæterorum Operum difficili

Parturitione

GEMITUS

O Felix nimis Illa, & nostræ nobile Nomen
Invidiæ Volucris! facili q[u]æ funere surgens
Mater odora sui nitidæ nova fila juventæ,
Et festinatos peragit sibi fata per ignes
Illæ, haud natales tot tardis mensibus hæras
Tam miseris tenuata moris, salutu velut uno
In nova secla rapit sese, & caput omne decoras
Explicat in frondes, roseq[ue] repullulat ortu
Cinnameos simul Illa ro[sa]s conscenderit, omnem
Læta bibit Phœbum, & jani jam victricibus alis
Plaudit humum, Cinerasque suos

Heu! dispare Fato

Nos ferimur, Seniorq[ue] suo sub Apolline Phœnix
Petrensis Mater, dubias librata per auras
Pendet adhuc quæritq[ue] sinum in quo ponat inertes
Exuvias, spoliisq[ue] suæ Reparata Senectæ
Ore Pari surgat Similiq[ue] per omnia Vultu
At nunc heu nixu secli melioris in ipso
Deliquum patitur! —

At nunc heu Lentæ longo in molimine Vitæ
Interea moritur! Dubio stant Mœnia vultu
Parte sui Pulchra, & fratres in fadera Muros
Invitant fr[u]stra, nec respondentia Saxis
Saxa suis Mœrent Opera intermissa, manusq[ue]
Implorant

Succurre Piæ, succurre Parenti,

O Quisquis pius es Illi succurre Parenti,
Quam sibi tot sanctæ Matres habuere Parentem
Quisquis es o Tibi, crede Tibi tot hiantia ruptis
Mœnibus Ora loqui! Matrem Tibi, crede, verendam
Muros tam longo laceros sensiq[ue] situque
Ceu Canos monstrare suos Succurre roganti
Per Tibi Plena olim, per jam Sibi Sicca precatur
Ubera, ne desis Senio Sic longa Juventus
Te foveat, querulæ nunquam cessura Senectæ

RICHARD CRASHAW

*On Mr George Herberts booke intituled the Temple of
Sacred Poems, sent to a Gentle-woman.*

K Now you faire on what you looke,
Divinest love lyes in this booke
Expecting fier from your eyes,
To kindle this his sacrifice
When your hands untie these strings,
Think yo'have an Angell by the wings.
One that gladly will be nigh,
To waite upon each morning sigh.
To flutter in the balmy aire,
Of your well-perfumed praier,
These white plumes of his hee'l lend you,
Which every day to heaven will send you
To take acquaintance of the *sphaere*,
And all the smooth-fac'd kindred there
And though *Herbert's* name doe owe
These devotions, fairest, know
That while I lay them on the shrine
Of your white hand, they are mine.

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

On a treatise of Charity

Rise then, immortall maid! *Religion* rise!
Put on thy self in thine owne lookes t our eyes
Be what thy beauties, not our blots have made thee,
Such as (ere our darke sinnes to dust betrayed thee)
Heav'n set thee down new drest when thy bright birth
Shot thee like lightning to th astonisht earth
From th dawn of thy faire eye lids wipe away,
Dull mists, and melancholy clouds, take day
And thine owne beames about thee, bring the best
Of what so ere perfum'd thy *Eastern Nest*
Girt all thy glories to thee then sit down,
Open thy booke, faire Queen, and take thy crowne
These learned leaves shall vindicate to thee,
Thy holiest, humblest, hand maid *Charitie*
She'l dresse thee like thy self, set thee on high,
Where thou shall reach all hearts, command each eye,
Lo where I see thy off rings wake, and rise,
From the pale dust of that strange sacrifice
Which they themselves were each one putting on
A majestie that may besee me thy throne
The Holy youth of Heav'n whose golden rings
Girt round thy awfull altars, with bright wings
Fanning thy faire locks (which the world beleeves,
As much as sees) shall with these sacred leaves
Trick their tall plumes, and in that garbe shall go,
If not more glorious, more conspicuous tho
Be it enacted then
By the faire lawes of thy firm pointed pen,
God's services no longer shall put on
A *sluttishnesse*, for *pure religion*
No longer shall our Churches frighted stones
Lie scatter'd like the burnt and martyr'd bones
Of dead *Devotion* nor faint marbles weep
In their sad ruines nor Religion keep
A melancholy mansion in those cold
Urns Like God's Sanctuaries they look t of old

RICHARD CRASHAW

Now seeme they Temples consecrate to *none*,
Or to a *new God desolation*
No more the *Hypocrite* shall th' *upright* bee
Because he's stiffe, and will confesse no knee
While others bend their knee, no more shalt thou
(Disdainefull dust and ashes) bend thy brow,
Nor on God's Altar cast *two scorching* eyes
Bak't in hot scorn, for a *burnt sacrifice*
But (for a *Lambe*) thy tame and tender *heart*
New struck by love, still trembling on his dart,
Or (for two *Turtle Doves*) it shall suffice
To bring a paire of meek and humble *eyes*
This shall from henceforth be the masculine theme
Pulpits and pens shall sweat in, to redeeme
Veitue to action, that life-feeding flame
That keepes Religion warme, not swell a *name*
Of faith, a *mountaine word*, made up of aie,
With those deare spoiles that wont to dresse the faire
And fruitfull Charities full breasts (of old)
Turning her out to tremble in the cold
What can the poore hope from us, when we bee
Uncharitable ev'n to *Charitie*?

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

Fides qua sola justificat, non est sine
Spe & Dilectione

Nam neq. tam sola est O quis malè censor amarus
 Tam so las negat in mutua sceptrâ manus?
 Deme Fidem nec aget, nec erit jam nomen Amoris
 Et vel erit, vel aget quid sine Amore Fides?
 Ergò Amor, I, morere, I magnas, Puer alme, per umbras
 Elysus non tam numen inane locis
 O bene, quidd pharetra hoc saltem tua præstat & arcus,
 Nè tibi in extremos sit pyra nulla rogos!
 O bene, quidd tuus has saltem tibi providet ignis,
 In tu aquas possis funera ferre, faces!
 Durus es, ah, quisquis tam dulcia vincula solvis
 Quæ ligat, & quibus est ipse ligatus Amor
 O bene junctarum divortia sæva sororum,
 Tam penitus mixtas quæ tenuere manus!
 Nam quæ (tam varia) in tam mutua viscera vivunt?
 Aut ubi, quæ duo sunt, tam propè sunt eadem?
 Alternis sese circum amplectuntur in ulnis
 Extrâque & suprâ, subter & intus eunt
 Non tam Nympha tenax, Baccho jam mista marito,
 Abdidit in liquidos mascula vina sinus
 Compare jam dempto saltem sua murmura servat
 Turtur, & in viduos vivit amara mædos
 At Fidei sit demptus Amor non illa dolebit,
 Non erit impatiens, ægrâque jam moritur
 Palma, marem cui tristis hÿems procul abstulit umbram,
 Protinus in viridem procubuit faciem?
 Undique circumfert caput omnibus annuit Euri
 Siqua maritalem misceat aura comam
 Ab misera, expectat longum, lentumque expirat,
 Et demum totis excutitur foliis
 At sine Amore Fides, nec tantum vivere perstat
 Quo dici possit vel moritura Fides
 Mortua jam nunc est nisi demum mortua non est
 Corporea hæc, animâ deficiente, domus

RICHARD CRASHAW

*Corpore ab hoc Fidei hanc animam si demis Amoris,
Jam tua sola quidem est, sed malè sola Fides
Hæſtore ab hoc, curius quem jam nunc sentit Achillis,
Hæſtore eum ſperes quem modò ſenſit herus?
Tristes exuvias, Oetæi frusta furoris,
(Vanus) in Alcidæ nomen & æſta vocas?
Vel ſatis in monſtra hæc, plùs quàm Nemeæa, malorum
Hoc Fidei torvum & triſte cadaver erit?
Immo, Fidem uſquè ſuos velut ipſe Amor ardet amores,
Sic in Amore fidem comprobât ipſa Fides*

ERGO

*Illâ Fides vacuâ quæ ſola ſuberbiet aulâ,
Quam Spes deſperet, quam nec amabit Amor,
Sola Fides hæc, tam miſerè, tam deſolatè
Sola, (quod ad nos eſt) ſola ſit uſque licet
A ſociis quæ ſola ſuis, à ſe quoque ſola eſt.
Quæ ſibi tam nimia eſt, ſit mihi nulla Fides*

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

Baptismus non tollit futura peccata

Quisquē es ille tener modò quem tuā* mater Achilles
In Stygis æthereæ provida tinxit aquis,
Sanus, sed non securus dimitteris illinc
In nova non tutus vulnera vivis adhuc
Mille patent aditus, Et plūs quam calce peterdus
Ad nigri metues spicula mille dei
Qudd si est vera salus, veterem meminisse salutem
Si nempe hoc verè est esse, fuisse pium
Illa tibi veteres navis quæ vicerat Austros,
Si manet in medius usquē superstes aquis
Ac dum tu miseros in littore visis amicos,
Et peccatorum triste sodalitiū,
Illa tibi interea tutus trahet otia velis,
Expectans donec tu redusse queas
Quin igitur da vina, puer, da vivere vitæ
Mitte suum senibus, mitte supercilium
Donemus timidæ, o socii, sua frigora brumæ
Æternæ teneant hic nova regna rosæ
Ab non tam tetricos sic eluētabimur Euros
Effractam non est sic revocare ratem

Has undas alius decet ergò extinguere in undis
Naufragium hoc alio immergere naufragio
Possit ut ille malis oculus modò naufragus undis,
Jam lacrymis melius naufragus esse suis

* Ecclesia

FINIS

THE
DELIGHTS
OF THE
MUSES.
OR,
Other Poems written on
severall occasions

*By Richard Crashaw, sometimes of Pembroke
Hall, and late Fellow of St Peters Col-
ledge in Cambridge*

Mart Dic mihi quid melius desiderius agas

LONDON,
Printed by *T W* for *H Moseley*, at
the Princes Armes in S *Pauls*
Church-yard, 1648

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

Musicks Duell

NOW Westward *Sol* had spent the richest Beams
Of Noons high Glory, when hard by the streams
Of *Tiber* on the sceane of a greene plat,
Under protection of an Oake there sate
A sweet Lutes master in whose gentle aires
He lost the Dayes heat, and his owne hot cares
Close in the covert of the leaves there stood
A Nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood
(The sweet inhabitant of each glad Tree,
Their Muse their *Syren*, harmlesse *Syren* she)
There stood she listning, and did entertaime
The Musicks soft report and mold the same
In her owne murmures, that what ever mood
His curious fingers lent her voyce made good
The man perceiv'd his Rivall and her Art,
Dispos'd to give the light foot Lady sport
Awakes his Lute and gainst the fight to come
Informes it, in a sweet *Prælude*
Of closer straines, and ere the warre begin,
He lightly skirmishes on every string
Charg'd with a flying touch and streightway she
Carves out her dainty voyce as readily
Into a thousand sweet distinguish'd Tones,
And reckons up in soft divisions,
Quicke volumes of wild Notes to let him know
By that shrill taste, she could do something too
His nimble hands instinct then taught each string
A capring cheerefullnesse and made them sing
To their owne dance now negligently rash
He throwes his Arme, and with a long drawne dash
Blends all together then distinctly tripps
From this to that then quicke returning skipps
And snatches this again, and pauses there
Shee measures every measure, every where
Meets art with art sometimes as if in doubt,
Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out,

RICHARD CRASHAW

Trayles her plaine Ditty in one long-spun note,
 Through the sleeke passage of her open throat,
 A cleare unwrinckled song, then doth shee point it
 With tender accents, and severely joynt it
 By short diminutives, that being rear'd
 In controverting waibles evenly shar'd,
 With her sweet selfe shee wrangles Hee amazed
 That from so small a channell should be rais'd
 The torrent of a voyce, whose melody
 Could melt into such sweet variety,
 Straines higher yet, that tickled with rare art
 The tatling strings (each breathing in his part)
 Most kindly doe fall out, the grumbling Base
 In surly groans disdaines the Trebles Grace,
 The high-perch't treble chirps at this, and chides,
 Untill his finger (Moderatour) hides
 And closes the sweet quarrell, rowsing all
 Hoarce, shrill, at once, as when the Trumpets call
 Hot *Mars* to th'Harvest of Deaths field, and woo
 Mens hearts into their hands this lesson too
 Shee gives him back, her supple Biest thrills out
 Sharpe Aies, and staggers in a warbling doubt
 Of dallying sweetnesse, hovers o're her skill,
 And folds in wav'd notes with a trembling bill
 The plyant Series of her shippery song,
 Then starts shee suddenly into a Throng
 Of short thicke sobs, whose thunding volleyes float,
 And roule themselves over her lubrick throat
 In panting murmurs, still'd out of her Breast,
 That ever-bubbling spring, the sugred Nest
 Of her delicious soule, that there does lye
 Bathing in streames of liquid Melodie,
 Musicks best seed-plot, where in ripen'd Aires
 A Golden-headed Harvest fairely reares
 His Honey-dropping tops, plow'd by her breath
 Which there reciprocally laboureth
 In that sweet soyle, it seemes a holy quire
 Founded to th' Name of great *Apollo's* lyre,
 Whose silver-roofe rings with the sprightly notes
 Of sweet-lipp'd Angell-Imps, that swill their throats

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

In creame of Morning *Helicon* and then
 Preferre soft Anthems to the Eares of men,
 To woo them from their Beds, still murmuring
 That men can sleepe while they their Mattens sing
 (Most divine service) whose so early lay,
 Prevents the Eye lidds of the blushing day!
 There you might heare her kindle her soft voyce,
 In the close murmur of a sparkling noyse,
 And lay the ground worke of her hopefull song,
 Still keeping in the forward streame, so long
 Till a sweet whirle wind (striving to get out)
 Heaves her soft Bosome wanders round about,
 And makes a pretty Earthquake in her Breast,
 Till the fledgd Notes at length forsake their Nest,
 Fluttering in wanton shoales and to the Sky
 Wingd with their owne wild *Eccho*s prating fly
 Shee opes the floodgate, and lets loose a Tide
 Of streaming sweetnesse, which in state doth ride
 On the wavd backe of every swelling straine,
 Rising and falling in a pompous traine
 And while she thus discharges a shrill peale
 Of flashing Aires she qualifies their zeale
 With the coole Epode of a graver Noat,
 Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
 Would reach the brasen voyce of wars hoarce Bird
 Her little soule is ravisht and so pourd
 Into loose extasies, that shee is plac t
 Above her selfe, Musicks *Enthusiast*

Shame now and anger mixt a double staine
 In the Musitians face yet once againe
 (Mistresse) I come now reach a straine my Lute
 Above her mocke, or be for ever mute
 Or tune a song of victory to me,
 Or to thy selfe, sing thine owne Obsequie,
 So said, his hands sprightly as fire he flings,
 And with a quavering coyresse tasts the strings
 The sweet lip t sisters musically frighted,
 Singing their feares are fearefully delighted
 Trembling as when *Appollo*s golden haire
 Are fan d and frizled, in the wanton ayres

RICHARD CRASHAW

Of his own breath which mirrored to his lyre
 Doth tune the *Sylvesters*, and make Heaven selfe looke higher
 From this to that, from that to this he flye,
 Feeles Musicks pulse in all her Arterye,
 Caught in a net which there *Aspall* spread,
 His fingers struggle with the vocell threads,
 Following those little rills, he sinkes into
 A Sea of *Helicon*, his hand doe goe
 Those parts of sweetnesse which with *Nectar* drop,
 Softer then that which pinte in *Hebe's* cup
 The humourous strings compound his learned touch,
 By various Glosses, now they seeme to grutch,
 And murmur in a buzzing dinne, then gingle
 In shrill tongu'd accents striving to be single
 Every smooth turne, every delicious stroke
 Gives life to some new Grace, thus doth h'invoke
 Sweetnesse by all her Names, thus, bravely thus
 (Fraught with a fury so harmonious)
 The Lutes light *Ginnys* now does proudly rise,
 Heav'd on the surges of swolne Rapsodies
 Whose flourish (Meteor-like) doth curl the aire
 With flash of high-borne fancies here and there
 Dancing in lofty measures, and anon
 Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone
 Whose trembling murmurs melting in wild aires
 Runs to and fro, complaining his sweet cares
 Because those pretious mysteryes that dwell,
 In musick's ravish't soule he dares not tell,
 But whisper to the world thus doe they vary
 Each string his Note, as if they meant to carry
 Their Masters blest soule (snatcht out at his Eares
 By a strong Extasy) through all the sphæares
 Of Musicks heaven, and scat it there on high
 In th' *Empyræum* of pure Harmony
 At length (after so long, so loud a strife
 Of all the strings, still breathing the best life
 Of blest variety attending on
 His fingers furest revolution
 In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall)
 A full-mouth *Diapason* swallowes all

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

This done, he lists what she would say to this,
And she although her Breaths late exercise
Had dealt too roughly with her tender throate,
Yet summons all her sweet powers for a Noate
Alas! in vaine! for while (sweet soule) she tries
To measure all those wild diversities
Of chatt ring strings by the small size of one
Poore simple voyce, rais d in a naturall Tone
She failes, and failing grieves and grieving dyes
She dyes and leaves her life the Victors prise,
Falling upon his Lute o fit to have
(That liv d so sweetly) dead, so sweet a Grave!

RICHARD CRASHAW

Ad Reginam

I T' verò jam tempus erat tibi, maxima Mater,
 Dulcibus his oculis accelerare diem
 Tempus erat, nè qua tibi basia blanda vacarent,
 Sarcina ne collo sit minùs apta tuo
 Scilicet ille tuus, timor & spes ille suorum,
 Quo primum es fœlix pignore facta parens,
 Ille ferox iras jam nunc meditatur & enses,
 Jam patris magis est, jam magis ille suus
 Indolis O stimulos! Vix dum illi transiit infans,
 Jamque sibi impatiens arripit ille virum
 Improbus ille suis adèò negat ire sub annis
 Jam nondum puer est, major & est puero
 Si quis in aulæis pietas animatus in iras
 Stat leo, quem doctâ cuspide lusit acus,
 Hostis (io!) est, neq; enim ille alium dignabitur hostem,
 Nempe decet tantas non minor ira manus.
 Tunc hastâ gravis adversùm fuit, hasta bacillum est
 Mox falsum vero vulnere pectus hiat
 Stat leo, ceu stupeat tali bene fixus ab hoste,
 Ceu quid in his oculis vel timeat vel amet,
 Tam torvum, tam dulce micant nescire fatetur
 Mars ne sub his oculis esset, an esset Amor
 Quippe illic Mars est, sed qui bene possit amari,
 Est & Amor certè, sed metuendus Amor
 Talis Amor, talis Mars est ibi cernere, qualis
 Seu puer hic esset, sive vin ille deus
 Hic tibi jam scitus succedit in oscula fratris,
 Res (ecce!) in lusus non operosa tuos
 Basia jam veniant tua quantacunque caterva,
 Jam quocunque tuus mui mure ludat amor,
 En! Tibi materies tenera & tractabilis hic est
 Hic ad blanditias est tibi cœra satis
 Salve infans, tot basiolis, molle argumentum,
 Maternis labiis dulce negotiolum,
 O salve! Nam te nato, puer auree, natus
 Et Carolo & Mariæ tertius est oculus

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

Out of Martiall

FOUR Teeth thou hadst that ranck'd in goodly state
Kept thy Mouthes Gate

The first blast of thy cough left two alone,
The second, none

This last cough *Ælia*, cougth out all thy feare,
Th hast left the third cough now no businesse here

RICHARD CRASHAW

Out of Virgil,

In the praise of the Spring

ALL Trees, all leavy Groves confesse the Spring
Their gentle friend, then, then the lands begin
To swell with forward pride, and seed desire
To generation, Heavens Almighty Sire
Melts on the Bosome of his Love, and powres
Himselfe into her lap in fruitfull showers.
And by a soft insinuation, mixt
With earths large Masse, doth cherish and assist
Her weake conceptions, No lone shade, but rings
With chatting Birds delicious murmurings
Then *Venus* mild instinct (at set times) yields
The Heids to kindly meetings, then the fields
(Quick with warme *Zephyres* lively breath) lay forth
Their pregnant Bosomes in a fragrant Birth
Each body's plump and juky, all things full
Of supple moisture no coy twig but will
Trust his beloved bosome to the Sun
(Growne lusty now,) No Vine so weake and young
That feares the foule-mouth'd Auster or those stormes
That the Southwest-wind hurries in his Armes,
But hasts her forward Blossomes, and layes out
Freely layes out her leaves Nor doe I doubt
But when the world first out of *Chaos* sprang
So smil'd the Dayes, and so the tenor ran
Of their felicity A spring was there,
An everlasting spring, the jolly yeare
Led round in his great circle, No winds Breath
As then did smell of Winter, or of Death
When Lifes sweet Light first shone on Beasts, and when
From their hard Mother Earth, sprang hardy men,
When Beasts tooke up their lodging in the Wood,
Starres in their higher Chambers never cou'd
The tender growth of things endure the sence
Of such a change, but that the Heav'ns Indulgence
Kindly supplyes sick Nature, and doth mold
A sweetly temper'd meane, nor hot nor cold

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

With a Picture sent to a Friend

I Paint so ill my peece had need to be
Painted againe by some good Poesie
I write so ill, my slender Line is scarce
So much as th Picture of a well lim d verse
Yet may the love I send be true, though I
Send nor true Picture, nor true Poesie
Both which away I should not need to feare,
My Love, or *Feign d* or *painted* should appeare

The beginning of Helidorus

THE smiling Morne had newly wak t the Day,
And tipt the Mountaines with a tender ray
When on a hill (whose high Imperious brow
Lookes downe, and sees the humble Nile below
Licke his proud feet, and hūste into the seas
Through the great mouth that s nam d from *Hercules*)
A band of men, rough as the Armes they wore
Look t round, first to the sea, then to the shore
The shore that shewed them what the sea deny d,
Hope of a prey There to the maine lind ty d
A ship they saw, no men she had, yet prest
Appear d with other lading, for her brest
Deep in the groaning waters wallow'd
Up to the third Ring ore the shore was spread
Deaths purple triumph, on the blushing ground
Lifes late forsaken houses all lay drown d
In their owne bloods deare deluge, some new dead,
Some panting in their yet warme ruines bled
While their affrighted soules now wing d for flight
Lent them the last flash of her glimmering light
Those yet fresh streames which crawled every where
Shew d that sterne warre had newly bath d him there
Nor did the face of this disaster show
Markes of a fight alone, but feasting too,
A miserable and a monstrous feast,
Where hungry warre had made himself a Guest
And comming late had eat up Guests and all,
Who prov d the feast to their owne funerall, &c

RICHARD CRASHAW

Out of the Greeke

Cupid's Cryer.

I Ove is lost, noi can his Mother
Her little fugitive discover
She seekes, she sighes, but no where spyes him,
Love is lost, and thus shee cryes him
O yes! if any happy eye,
This roaving wanton shall descry,
Let the finder surely know
Mine is the wagge, Tis I that owe
The winged wand'rer, and that none
May thinke his labour vainely gone,
The glad descryer shall not misse,
To tast the *Nectar* of a kisse
From *Venus* lipps, But as for him
That brings him to me, he shall swim
In riper joyes more shall be his
(*Venus* assures him) than a kisse
But lest your eye discerning slide,
These markes may be your judgements guide,
His skin as with a fiery blushing
High-colour'd is, His eyes still flushing
With nimble flames, and though his mind
Be ne're so curst, his Tongue is kind
For never were his words in ought
Found the pure issue of his thought
The working Bees soft melting Gold,
That which their waxen Mines enfold,
Flow not so sweet as doe the Tones
Of his tun'd accents, but if once
His anger kindle, presently
It boyles out into cruelty,
And fraud He makes poor mortalls hurts
The objects of his cruell spoits
With dainty curles his froward face
Is crown'd about, But ô what place,
What farthest nooke of lowest Hel!
Feeles not the strength, the reaching spell

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

Of his small hand? Yet not so small
 As tis powerfull therewithall
 Though bare his skin, his mind he covers,
 And like a saucy Bird he hovers
 With wanton wing, now here, now there,
 Bout men and women, nor will spare
 Till at length he perching rest,
 In the closet of their brest
 His weapon is a little Bow,
 Yet such a one as (*Love* knows how)
 Ne re suffred, yet his little Arrow,
 Of Heavens high st Archies to fall narrow
 The Gold that on his Quiver smiles,
 Deceives mens feares with flattering wiles
 But o (too well my wounds can tell)
 With bitter shafts tis sauc t too well
 He is all cruell, cruell all,
 His Torch Imperious though but small
 Makes the Sunne (of flames the fire)
 Worse then Sun burnt in his fire
 Wheresoe re you chance to find him
 Cea[z]e him, bring him, (but first bind him)
 Pitty not him, but feare thy selfe
 Though thou see the crafty Elfe,
 Tell down his Silver drops unto thee,
 They r counterfeit, and will undoe thee
 With baited smiles if he display
 His fawning cheeks, looke not that way
 If he offer sugred kisses,
 Start, and say, The Serpent hisses
 Draw him, drag him, though he pray
 Wooe, intreat, and crying say
 Prethee, sweet now let me go,
 Here's my Quiver Shafts and Bow,
 Ile give thee all, take all, take heed
 Lest his kindnesse make thee bleed
 What e re it be Love offers, still presume
 That though it shines, tis fire and will consume

RICHARD CRASHAW

On Nanus mounted upon an Ant.

I Igh mounted on an Ant *Nanus* the tall
Was thrown alas, and got a deadly fall
Under th'unruly Beasts proud feet he lies
All torne, with much adoe yet e're he dyes,
Hee straines these words, Base Envy, doe, laugh on
Thus did I fall, and thus fell *Phaethon*

Upon Venus putting on Mars his Armes.

W Hat? *Mars* his sword? faire *Cytherea* say,
Why art thou arm'd so desperately to day?
Mars thou hast beaten naked, and ô then
What need'st thou put on arms against poore men?

Upon the same

P *Allas* saw *Venus* arm'd, and streight she cry'd,
Come if thou dar'st, thus, thus let us be try'd
Why foole! saies *Venus*, thus provok'st thou mee,
That being nak't, thou know'st could conquer thee?

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

In Se[ren]issimæ Reginæ p[ri]mum hyemalem

Serta, puer (quis nunc flores non præbeat hortus?)

Texte mihi facili pollice sarta, puer

Quid tu nescio quos narras mihi, stulte, Decembres?

Quid mihi cum nivibus? da mihi sarta, puer

Nix? & hyems? non est nostras quid tale per oras,

Non est vel si sit, non tamen esse potest

Ver agitur quæcunque truce[m] dat larva Decembrem,

Quid fera cuncta fremant frigora, ver agitur

Nonne vides quali se palmitæ regia vitis

Prodit, & in sacris quæ sedet uva jugis?

Tam lætis quæ bruma solet ridere racemis?

Quas hyemis pingit purpura tanta genas?

O Maria! O divum soboles, genitrixque Deorum!

Siccine nostra tuus tempora ludus erunt?

Siccine tu cum vere tuo nihil horrida brumæ

Sydera, nil madidos sola morare notos?

Siccine sub mediâ poterunt tua surgere brumâ,

Atque suas solum lilia nôsse nives?

Ergo vel invitis nivibus, freudentibus Austris,

Nostra novis poterunt regna tumere rosas?

O bona turbatrix anni, quæ limite noto

Tempora sub signis non sinis ire suis!

O pia prædatrix hyemis, quæ tristitia mundi

Murmura tam dulci sub ditione tenes!

Perge precor nostris vim pulchram ferre Calendis

Perge precor menses sic numerare tuos

Perge intempestiva atq[ue] importuna videri

Inq[ui]d, uteri titulos sic rape cuneta tui

Sit nobis, sit sæpe hyemes sic cernere nostras

Exhæredatas floribus ire tuis

Sæpe sit has vernas hyemes Maiosq[ue] Decembres,

Has per te roseas sæpe videre nives

Alterâ gens varium per sydera computet annum,

Atq[ue] suos ducant per vaga signa dies

Nos deceat nimis tantum permittere nimbis?

Tempora tam tetricas ferre Britannia vices?

Quin nostrum tibi nos omnem donabimus annum

In partus omnem expende, Maria, tuos

RICHARD CRASHAW

*Sit tuus ille uterus nostri bonus arbiter anni
 Tempus & in titulos transeat omne tuos
 Nam quæ alia indueret tam dulcia nomina mensis ?
 Aut quâ tam posset candidus ire togâ ?
 Hanc laurum Janus sibi vertice vellet utroq̃,
 Hanc sibi vel tota Chloride Maus emet
 Tota suam (vere expulso) respublica florum
 Regnam cuperent te, sobolémve tuam
 O bona sors anni, cùm cunçtî ex ordine menses
 Hic mihi Carolides, hic Marianus erit !*

Epitaphium in Dominum Herrisium

*S*iste te paulum (viator) ubi longum sisti
 Necesse erit, huc tempe properare te scias
 quocunque properas
 Moriæ prætium erit
 Et Lacrimæ,
 Si jacere hic scias
 Guilielmum
 Splendidæ Herrisiorum familiæ
 Splendorem maximum
 Quem cum talem vixisse intellexeris,
 Et vixisse tantum,
 Discas licet
 In quantas spes possit
 Assurgere mortalitas,
 De quantis cadere
 Quem { Infantem, Essexia
 Juvenem, Cantabrigia } vidit
 Senem, ah infælix utraq̃,
 Quod non vidit.
 Qui
 Collegi Christi Alumnus,
 Aulæ Pembrokianæ socius,
 Utriq̃, ingens amoris certamen fuit

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

Donce
Dulciss Lites elusit Deus,
Eumque cœlestis Collegi
Cujus semper Alumnus fuit
socium fecit,
Qui & ipse Collegium fuit,
In quo
Musæ omnes & gratiæ,
Nullibi magis sorores,
Sub præcide religione
In tenacissimum sodalitium coaluere
Quem { *Oratoriæ* *Pœtam*
Pœtica *Oratorem*
Utraque *Philosophum*
Christianum *Omnes* } *Agnovere*
Qui { *Fide* *Mundum*
Spe *Cælum*
Charitate *Proximum*
Humilitate *Seipsum* } *Superavit*
Cujus
Sub verna fronte senilis animus,
Sub morum [f]acilitate, [s]everitas virtutis
Sub plurima indole, pauci anni
Sub majore modestia, maxima indoles
adeo se occuluerunt
ut vitam ejus
Pulchram dixeris & pudicam dissimulationem
Imo vero & morte,
Ecce enim in ipso funere
Dissimulari se passus est,
Sub tantillo marmore tantum hospitem,
Eo numerum majore monumento
quo minore tumulo
Eo ipso die occubuit quo Ecclesia
Anglica nec ad vesperas legit,
Raptus est ne militia mutaret Intellectum ejus
Scilicet Id Octobris, Anno Sal 1631

RICHARD CRASHAW

In Picturam Reverendissimi Episcopi, *D Andrews.*

IÆc charta monstrat, Fama quem monstrat magis,
 Sed & ipsa quem dum fama quem non monstrat satis,
 Ille, ille solus totam implevit Tubam,
 Tot ora solus domuit & famam quoque
 Fecit modestam mentis igneæ pater
 Agiliq̃ radio Lucis æternæ vigil,
 Per alta rerum pondera indomito Vagus
 Cucurrit Animo, Quippe naturam ferox
 Exhaustit ipsam, mille Fœtus artibus,
 Et mille Linguis ipse se ingentes procul
 Variavit omnes, fuitq̃ toti simul
 Cognatus orbi sic sacrum & solidum jubar
 Saturumq̃ cœlo pectus ad patrios Libens
 Porrexit ignes hac eum (Lector) vides
 Hac (ecce) charta O utinam & audires quôq̃,

Upon Bishop Andrews Picture before his Sermons.

I'His reverend shadow cast that setting Sun,
 Whose glorious course through our Horrizon run,
 Left the dimme face of this du[l]l Hemisphæare,
 All one great eye, all drown'd in one great Teare
 Whose faire illustrious soule, led his free thought
 Through Learnings Universe, and (vainly) sought
 Room for her spacious selfe, untill at length
 Shee found the way home, with an holy strength
 Snatch't her self hence to Heaven fill'd a bright place,
 'Mongst those immortall fires, and on the face
 Of her great Maker fixt her flaming eye,
 There still to read true pure divinity
 And now that grave aspect hath deign'd to shrinke
 Into this lesse appearance, If you thinke,
 'Tis but a dead face, art doth here bequeath
 Looke on the following leaves, and see him breath

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

Upon the Death of a Gentleman

Faithlesse and fond Mortality¹
Who will ever credit thee?
Fond and faithlesse thing¹ that thus,
In our best hopes beguilest us
What a reckoning hast thou made,
Of the hopes in him we laid?
For Life by volumes lengthened,
A Line or two, to speake him dead
For the Laurell in his verse,
The sullen Cypresse o're his Herse
For a silver crowned Head,
A durty pillow in Death's Bed
For so deare, so deep a trust,
Sad requitall, thus much dust¹
Now though the blow that snatch him hence,
Stopt the Mouth of Eloquence,
Though shee be dumbe e're since his Death,
Not us'd to speake but in his Breath,
Yet if at least shee not denies,
The sad language of our eyes,
Wee are contented for then this
Language none more fluent is
Nothing speake our Griefe so well
As to speak Nothing Come then tell
Thy mind in Teares who e're Thou be,
That ow'st a Name to misery
Eyes are vocall, Teares have Tongues,
And there be words not made with lungs
Sententious showers, o' let them fall,
Their cadence is Rhetoricall
Here's a Theame will drinke th' expence,
Of all thy watry Eloquence
Weepe then, onely be exprest
Thus much, *Hee's Dead*, and weep the rest

RICHARD CRASHAW

Upon the Death of Mr Herrys.

A Plant of noble stemme, forward and faire,
As ever whisper'd to the Morning Aire,
Thriv'd in these happy Grounds, the Earth's just pride,
Whose rising Glories made such haste to hide
His head in Cloudes, as if in him alone
Impatient Nature had taught motion
To start from time, and cheerfully to fly
Before, and seize upon Maturity
Thus grew this gracious plant, in whose sweet shade,
The Sunne himselfe oft wisht to sit, and made
The Morning Muses perch like Birds, and sing
Among his Branches yea, and vow'd to bring
His owne delicious Phoenix from the blest
Arabia, there to build her Virgin nest,
To hatch her selfe in, 'mongst his leaves the Day
Fresh from the Rosie East rejoyc't to play
To them shee gave the first and fairest Beame
That waited on her Birth she gave to them
The purest Pearles, that wept her evening Death
The balmy *Zephirus* got so sweet a Breath
By often kissing them, and now begun
Glad Time to ripen expectation
The timorous Maiden-Blossomes on each Bough,
Peep't forth from their first blushes so that now
A Thousand ruddy hopes smil'd in each Bud,
And flatter'd every greedy eye that stood
Fixt in Delight, as if already there
Those rare fruits dangled, whence the Golden Yeare
His crowne expected, when (ô Fate, ô Time
That seldome lett'st a blushing youthfull Prime
Hide his hot Beames in shade of silver Age,
So rare is hoary vertue) the dire rage
Of a mad storme these bloomy joyes all tore,
Ravisht the Maiden Blossoms, and downe bore
The trunk Yet in this Ground his pretious Root
Still lives, which when weake Time shall be pour'd out

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

Into Eternity, and circular joyes
Dance in an endlesse round, again shall rise
The faire son of an ever-youthfull Spring,
To be a shade for Angels while they sing,
Meane while who ere thou art that passest here,
O doe thou water it with one kind Feare

In Lundem Scizon

H *Uc hospes, oculos flecte, sed lacrimis cæcos,
Legit optime læc, Quem legere non sinit flectus
Ars nuper & natura, forma, virtusq,
Æmulatione fervidæ, paciscuntur
Probare in uno juvene quid queant omnes,
Fuere tantæ terra nuper fuit liti
Ergo hic ab ipso Judicem manent cælo*

RICHARD CRASHAW

Upon the Death of the most desired Mr. Henrys

DEath, what dost? ô hold thy Blow,
 What thou dost, thou dost not know
 Death thou must not here be cruell,
 This is Natures choycest Jewell
 This is hee in whose rare frame,
 Nature labour'd for a Name,
 And meant to leave his pretious feature,
 The patterne of a perfect Creature
 Joy of Goodnesse, Love of Art,
 Vertue weares him next her heart
 Him the Muses love to follow,
 Him they call their vice-*Apollo*
Apollo golden though thou bee,
 Th'art not fairer then is hee
 Nor more lovely lift'st thy head,
 Blushing from thine Easterne Bed
 The Glories of thy Youth ne're knew,
 Brighter hopes then he can shew
 Why then should it e're be seen,
 That his should fade, while thine is Green?
 And wilt Thou, (ô cruell boast!)
 Put poore Nature to such cost?
 O 'twill undoe our common Mother,
 To be at charge of such another
 What? thinke we to no other end,
 Gracious Heavens do use to send
 Earth her best perfection,
 But to vanish and be gone?
 Therefore onely give to day,
 To morrow to be snatcht away?
 I've seen indeed the hopefull bud,
 Of a ruddy Rose that stood
 Blushing, to behold the Ray
 Of the new-saluted Day,
 (His tender toppe not fully spread)
 The sweet dash of a shower now shead,

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

Invited him no more to hide
Within himselfe the purple pride
Of his forward flower, when lo
While he sweetly gan to show
His swelling Glories, *Auster* spide him,
Cruell *Auster* thither hy d him,
And with the rush of one rude blast,
Sham'd not spitefully to wast
All his leaves, so fresh, so sweet,
And lay them trembling at his feet
I've seen the Mornings lovely Ray,
Hover o're the new borne Day,
With rosie wings so richly Bright,
As if he scorn'd to thinke of Night
When a ruddy storme whose scoule
Made Heavens radiant face looke soule,
Call'd for an untimely Night,
To blot the newly blossom'd Light
But were the Roses blush so rare,
Were the Mornings smile so faire
As is he, nor cloud, nor wind
But would be courteous, would be kind
Spare him Death, o spare him then,
Spare the sweetest among men
Let not pittie with her Teares,
Keepe such distance from thine Lares
But o thou wilt not, canst not spare,
Haste hath never time to heare
Therefore if he needs must go,
And the Fates will have it so,
Softly may he be possest,
Of his monumentall rest
Safe, thou darke home of the dead,
Safe o hide his loved head
For Pitties sake o hide him quite,
From his Mother Natures sight
Lest for Griefe his losse may move
All her Births abortive prove

RICHARD CRASHAW

Another

IF ever Pitty were acquainted
With sterne Death, if e're he fainted,
Or forgot the cruell vigour
Of an Adamantine rigour,
Here, ô here we should have knowne it,
Here or no where hee'd have showne it.
For hee whose pretious memory,
Bathes in Teares of every eye
Hee to whom our sorrow brings,
All the streames of all her springs
Was so rich in Grace and Nature,
In all the gifts that blesse a Creature,
The fresh hopes of his lovely Youth,
Flourisht in so faire a growth,
So sweet the Temple was, that shrin'd
The Sacied sweetnesse of his mind,
That could the Fates know to relent,
Could they know what mercy meant,
Or had ever learnt to beare,
The soft tincture of a Teare
Teares would now have flow'd so deepe,
As might have taught Griefe how to weepe
Now all their steely operation,
Would quite have lost the cruell fashion
Sicknesse would have gladly been,
Sick himselfe to have sav'd him
And his Feaver wish'd to prove,
Burning onely in his Love
Him when wrath it selfe had seen,
Wrath its selfe had lost his spleen
Grim Destruction here amaz'd,
In stead of striking would have gaz'd
Even the Iron-pointed pen,
That notes the Tragick Doomes of men
Wet with teares still'd from the eyes,
Of the flinty Destinies,

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

Would have learnt a softer style,
And have been ashamed to spoyle
His lives sweet story, by the hast,
Of a cruell stop ill plac't
In the darke volume of our fate,
Whence each lease of Life hath date,
Where in sad particulars,
The totall summe of Man appears
And the short clause of mortall Breath,
Bound in the period of Death,
In all the Booke if any where
Such a tearme as this, *spare here*
Could have been found twould have been read,
Writ in white Letters o're his head
Or close unto his name annex,
The faire glosse of a fairer Text
In briebe, if any one were free,
Hee was that one, and onely he
But he, alas! even hee is dead,
And our hopes faire harvest spread
In the dust Pitty now spend
All the teares that griefe can lend
Sad mortality may hide
In his ashes all her pride
With this inscription o're his head
All hope of never dying, here lyes dead

RICHARD CRASHAW

His Epitaph

PAssenger who e're thou art,
Stay a while, and let thy Heart
Take acquaintance of this stone,
Before thou passest further on
This stone will tell thee that beneath,
Is entomb'd the Crime of Death,
The ripe endowments of whose mind
Left his Yeares so much behind,
That numbring of his vertues praise,
Death lost the reckoning of his Daycs,
And believing what they told,
Imagin'd him exceeding old
In him perfection did set forth
The strength of her united worth
Him his wisdomes pregnant growth
Made so reverend, even in Youth,
That in the Center of his brest
(Sweet as is the Phænix nest)
Every reconciled Grace
Had their Generall meeting place
In him Goodnesse joy'd to see
Learning learne Humility
The splendor of his Birth and Blood
Was but the glosse of his owne Good
The flourish of his sober Youth
Was the Pride of Naked Truth
In composure of his face,
Liv'd a faire, but manly Grace
His mouth was Rhetoricks best mold,
His tongue the Touchstone of her Gold
What word so e're his Breath kept warme,
Was no word now but a charme
For all persuasive Graces thence
Suck't their sweetest Influence
His vertue that within had root,
Could not chuse but shine without
And th'heart-bred lustre of his worth,
At each corner peeping forth,

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

Pointed him out in all his wayes,
Circled round in his owne Rayes
That to his sweetnesse, all mens eyes
Were vow'd Loves flaming Sacrifice
Him while fresh and fragrant Time
Cherisht in his Golden Prime
Ere *Hebe's* hand had overlaid
His smooth cheekes with a downy shade,
The rush of Deaths unruly wave,
Swept him off into his Grave
Enough, now (if thou canst) passe on,
For now (alas) not in this stone
(Passenger who ere thou art)
Is he entomb'd, but in thy Heart

An Epitaph

Upon Doctor Brooke

A *Brooke* whose streame so greit, so good,
Was lov'd, was honour'd, as a flood
Whose Bankes the Muses dwelt upon,
More than their owne *Helicon*,
Here at length, hath gladly found
A quiet passage under ground
Meane while his loved bankes now dry,
The Muses with their teares supply

Upon Ford's two Tragedies

Loves Sacrifice

and

The Broken Heart

Thou cheat'st us *Ford*, mak'st one seeme two by Art
What is *Loves Sacrifice*, but *The broken Heart*

RICHARD CRASHAW

On a foule Morning, being then to take a journey

WHere art thou *Sol*, while thus the blind fold Day
Staggers out of the East, loses her way
Stumbling on night? Rouze thee Illustrious Youth,
And let no dull mists choake the Lights faire growth.
Point here thy beames, ô glance on yonder flocks,
And make their fleeces Golden as thy locks.
Unfold thy faire front, and there shall appeare
Full glory, flaming in her owne free sphcare
Gladnesse shall cloath the Earth, we will instile
The face of things, an universall smile
Say to the Sullen Morne, thou com'st to court her,
And wilt command proud *Zephus* to sport her
With wanton gales his balmy breath shall licke
The tender drops which tremble on her cheeke,
Which rarified, and in a gentle raine
On those delicious bankes distill'd againe,
Shall rise in a sweet Harvest, which discloses
To every blushing Bed of new-borne Roses.
Hee'l fan her bright locks, teaching them to flow,
And friske in curl'd *Mæanders*, Hee will throw
A fragrant Breath suckt from the spicy nest
O'th' pretious *Phœnix*, warme upon her Breast.
Hee with a dainty and soft hand will trim,
And brush her Azure Mantle, which shall swim
In silken Volumes, wheresoe're shee'l tread,
Bright clouds like Golden fleeces shall be spread
Rise then (faire blew-ey'd Maid) rise and discover
Thy silver brow, and meet thy Golden lover.
See how hee runs, with what a hasty flight,
Into thy bosome, bath'd with liquid Light
Fly, fly prophane fogs, farre hence fly away,
Taint not the pure streames of the springing Day,
With your dull influence, it is for you,
To sit and scoule upon Nights heavy brow,
Not on the fresh cheekes of the virgin Morne,
Where nought but smiles, and ruddy joyes are woine.
Fly then, and doe not thinke with her to stay,
Let it suffice, shee'l weare no maske to day

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

Upon the faire Ethiopian sent to a Gentlewoman

L O here the faire *Charicia*! in whom strove
So false a Fortune, and so true a Love
Now after all her toyles by Sea and Land,
O may she but arrive at your white hand,
Her hopes are crown'd, onely she feares that than,
Shee shall appeare true Ethiopian

On Marriage

I Would be married, but I de have no Wife,
I would be married to a single Life

RICHARD CRASHAW

To the Morning

Satisfaction for sleepe

What succour can I hope the Muse will send
Whose drowsinesse hath wrong'd the Muses friend?
What hope *Aurora* to propitiate thee,
Unlesse the Muse sing my Apologie?

O in that morning of my shame¹ when I
Lay folded up in sleepes captivity,
How at the sight did'st Thou draw back thine Eyes,
Into thy modest veyle? how did'st thou rise
Twice dy'd in thine own blushes, and did'st run
To draw the Curtaines, and awake the Sun?
Who rowzing his illustrious tresses came,
And seeing the loath'd object, hid for shame
His head in thy faire Bosome, and still hides
Mee from his Patronage, I pray, he chides
And pointing to dull *Morpheus*, bids me take
My owne *Apollo*, try if I can make
His *Lethe* be my *Helicon*, and see
If *Morpheus* have a Muse to wait on mee
Hence 'tis my humble fancie findes no wings,
No nimble rapture starts to Heaven and brings
Enthusiasticke flames, such as can give
Marrow to my plumpe *Genius*, make it live
Drest in the glorious madnesse of a Muse,
Whose feet can walke the milky way, and chuse
Her starry Throne, whose holy heats can warme
The grave, and hold up an exalted arme
To lift me from my lazy Urne, to climbe
Upon the stooping shouldeis of old Time,
And trace Eternity But all is dead,
All these delicious hopes are buried
In the deepe wrinckles of his angry brow,
Where mercy cannot find them but ô thou

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

Bright Lady of the Morne, pittie doth lye
 So warme in thy soft Brest it cannot dye
 Have mercy then, and when He next shall rise
 O meet the angry God, invade his Eyes,
 And stroake his radiant Cheekes one timely kisse
 Will kill his anger, and revive my blisse
 So to the treasure of thy pearly dew,
 Thrice will I pay three Teares, to show how true
 My grieve is, so my wakefull lay shall knocke
 At th Orientall Gates and duly mocke
 The early Larkes shrill Orizons, to be
 An Anthem at the Dayes Nativitie
 And the same rosie finger d hand of thine,
 That shuts Nights dying eyes, shall open mine
 But thou, faint God of sleepe, forget that I
 Was ever known to be thy votary
 No more my pillow shall thine Altar be,
 Nor will I offer any more to thee
 My selfe a melting sacrifice, I me borne
 Againe a fresh Child of the Buxome Morne,
 Heire of the Suns first Beames why threatst thou so?
 Why dost thou shake thy leaden Scepter? goe,
 Bestow thy Poppy upon wakefull woe,
 Sicknesse, and sorrow, whose pale lidds ne re know
 Thy downie finger, dwell upon their Eyes,
 Shut in their Teares, Shut out their miseries

Upon the Powder day

How fit our well rank d Feasts do follow!
 All mischief comes after *All Hallow*

RICHARD CRASHAW

Loves Horoscope

T Ove, brave Vertues younger Brother,
Erst hath made my Heart a Mother,
Shee consults the conscious Spheares,
To calculate her young sons yeares.
Shee askes if sad, or saving powers,
Gave Omen to his infant howers,
Shee askes each starre that then stood by,
If poore Love shall live or dy.

Ah my Heart, is that the way?
Are these the Beames that rule thy Day?
Thou know'st a Face in whose each looke,
Beauty layes ope Loves Fortune-booke,
On whose faire revolutions wait
The obsequious motions of Loves fate,
Ah my Heart, her eyes and shee,
Have taught thee new Astrologie
How e're Loves native houres were set,
What ever starry Synod met,
'Tis in the meicy of her eye,
If poore Love shall live or dye

If those sharpe Rayes putting on
Points of Death bid Love be gon,
(Though the Heavens in counsell sate,
To crowne an uncontroled Fate,
Though their best Aspects twin'd upon
The kindest Constellation,
Cast amorous glances on his Birth,
And whisper'd the confederate Earth
To pave his pathes with all the good
That warms the Bed of youth and blood,)
Love ha's no plea against her eye,
Beauty frownes, and Love must dye.

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

But if her milder influence move,
And gild the hopes of humble Love
(Though heavens inauspicious eye
Lay blacke on Loves Nativitie,
Though every Diamond in *Joves* crowne
Fixt his forehead to a frowne,)
Her Eye a strong appeale can give,
Beauty smiles and Love shall live

O if Love shall live, o where,
But in her Eye, or in her Ear,
In her Brest, or in her Breath,
Shall I hide poore Love from Death?
For in the life ought else can give,
Love shall dye, although he live

Or if Love shall dye, ô where
But in her Eye, or in her Ear,
In her Breath, or in her Breast,
Shall I Build his funerall Nest?
While Love shall thus entomb'd lye,
Love shall live, although he dye

RICHARD CRASHAW

Principi recens natae omen maternae indolis

C Resce, ô dulcibus imputanda Divis,
O cresce, & prospera, puella Princeps,
In matris prospera venire partis
Et cum par breve fulminum mirorum,
Illinc Carolus, & Jacobus inde,
In patris faciles subire famam,
Ducent fata furoribus decoris,
Cum terrior sacer, Angliciâ, magnum
Murmur nominis increpabit omnem
Latè Bosphoron, Ottomanicâsque
Non picto quatiet tremore Lunas,
Te tunc altera, nec timenda pau,
Poscent praelia Tu potens pudici
Vibratrix oculi, pios in hostes
Latè dulcia fata dissipabis
O cum flos tener ille, qui recenti
Prius sidere jam sub ora ludit,
Olim fortior omne cuspidatos
Evolvet latus aucum per ignes,
Quiq; imbellis adhuc, adultus olim,
Puris expatiabitur genarum
Campis imperiosior Cupido,
O quàm certa superbiore pennâ
Ibunt spicula, melleæque mortes,
Exultantibus hinc & inde turmis,
Quoquò jusseris, impigriè volabunt!
O quot corda calentium deorum
De te vulnera delicata discent!
O quot pectora Principum magistris
Fient molle negotium sagittis!
Nam quæ non poteris per arma ferri,
Cui matris sinus atque utrumque sidus
Magnorum patet officina Amorum?
Hinc sumas licet, ô puella Princeps,
Quantacunque opus est tibi pharetrâ.
Centum sume Cupidines ab uno
Matris lumine, Gratiâsque centum,
Et centum Veneres adhuc manebunt
Centum mille Cupidines, manebunt
Ter centum Veneresque Gratiæque
Puro fonte superstites per ævum.

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

Out of the Italian

A Song

*To thy Lover,
Deere, discover
That sweet blush of thine that shameth
(When those Roses
It discloses)
All the flowers that Nature nameth*

*In free Ayre,
Flow thy Haire
That no more Summers best dresses,
Bee beholden
For their Golden
Locks, to Phœbus flaming Tresses*

*O deliver
Love his Quiver,
From thy Eyes he shoots his Arrowes,
Where Apollo
Cannot follow
Featherd with his Mothers Sparrowes*

*O envy not
(That we dye not)
Those deere lips whose doore encloses
All the Graces
In their places,
Brother Pearles, and sister Roses*

*From these treasures
Of ripe pleasures
One bright smile to cleere the weather
Earth and Heaven
Thus made even,
Both will be good friends together*

RICHARD CRASHAW

*The air does wooe thee,
Winds cling to thee,
Might a word once flye from out thee,
Storme and Thunder
Would sit under,
And keepe silence round about thee*

*But if Natures
Common Creatures,
So deare Glories dare not borrow
Yet thy Beauty
Owes a Duty,
To my loving, lingering, sorrow*

*When to end mee
Death shall send mee
All his Terrors to affright mee
Thine eyes Graces
Gild their faces,
And those Terrors shall delight mee.*

*When my dying
Life is flying,
Those sweet Aires that often slew mee
Shall revive mee,
Or reprove mee,
And to many Deaths renew mee*

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

Out of the Italian

L Ove now no fire hath left him,
We two betwixt us have divided it
Your Eyes the Light hath rest him,
The heat commanding in my *Heart* doth sit
O! that poore Love be not for ever spoyled,
Let my *Heat* to your *Light* be reconciled

So shall these flames, whose worth
Now all obscured lyes,
(Drest in those Beames) start forth
And dance before your eyes

Or else partake my flames
(I care not whither)
And so in mutuall Names
Of Love, burne both together

Out of the Italian

W Ould any one the true cause find
How Love came nak t, a Boy, and blind?
Tis this listning one day too long,
To th Syrens in my Mistris Song,
The extasie of a delight
So much ore mastring all his might,
To that one Sense made all else thrall,
And so he lost his Clothes, eyes, heart and all

RICHARD CRASHAW

In faciem Augustiss Regis à morbillis integram.

M Usa ridi, vocat alma parens Academia. Noster
En redit, ore suo noster Apollo redit.
Vultus adhuc suus, & vultu sua purpura tantum
Vivit, & admixtas pergit amare nives
Time illas violare genas? time illa profanis,
Morbe ferox, tentas ne per ora notis?
Tu Phœbi faciem tentas, vanissime? Nostria
Nec Phœbe maculas novit habere suas
Ipsa sui vindex facies morbum indignatur,
Ipsa sedet radius ô bene tuta suis
Quippe illuc deus est, cœlumque & sanctius astrum,
Quippe sub his totus ridet Apollo genis
Quod facie Rex tutus erat, quod cœtera tactus
Hinc hominem Rex est fassus, & inde deum.

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

[*On the Frontispiece of Isaacsons Chronologie explained*

IF with distinctive Eye, and Mind, you looke
 Upon the *Front*, you see more than one Booke
Creation is *Gods Booke*, wherein he writ
 Each Creature, as a Letter filling it
History is *Creations Booke* which shoves
 To what effects the *Series* of it goes
Chronologie s the Booke of *Historie*, and beares
 The just account of *Dayes*, *Moneths*, and *Yeares*
 But *Resurrection*, in a Later Presse,
 And *New Edition*, is the summe of these
 The Language of these Bookes had all been one,
 Had not th *Aspiring Tower of Babylon*
 Confus'd the Tongues, and in a distance hurl'd
 As farre the speech, as men, oth new fill'd world
 Set then your eyes in method, and behold
 Times embleme, *Saturne*, who, when store of Gold
 Coynd the first age, *Devour'd* that *Birth* he fear'd
 Till *History*, Times eldest Child appear'd
 And *Phoenix* like, in spite of *Saturnes* rage,
 Forc'd from her *Ashes*, Heyres in every age
 From th *rising Sunne*, obtaining by just Suit,
 A *Spring* Ingender, and an *Autumnes Frust*
 Who in those *Volumes* at her motion pend,
 Unto *Creations Alpha* doth extend
 Againe ascend, and view *Chronology*,
 By *Optick Skill* pulling farre *History*
 Neerer whose *Hand* the piercing *Eagles Eye*
 Strengthens, to bring remotest Objects nigh
 Under whose *Feet*, you see the *Setting Sunne*,
 From the darke *Gnomon*, ore her *Volumes* runne,
 Drown'd in eternall night, never to rise,
 Till *Resurrection* show it to the eyes
 Of *Earth-worne men* and her shrill *Trumpets* sound
 Affright the *Bones* of Mortals from the ground
 The *Columnes* both are crown'd with either *Sphere*,
 To show *Chronology* and *History* beare,
 No other *Culmen* than the double Art,
Astronomy, *Geography*, impart]

RICHARD CRASHAW

Or Thus

Let hoary *Time's* vast Bowels be the Grave
To what his Bowels birth and being gave,
Let Nature die, (*Phœnix*-like) from death
Revived Nature takes a second breath,
If on *Times* right hand, sit faire *History*,
If, from the seed of emptie Ruine, she
Can raise so faire an *Harvest* Let Her be
Ne're so farre distant, yet *Chronologi*
(Sharp-sighted as the Eagles eye, that can
Out-stare the broad-beam'd Dayes Meridian)
Will have a *Perspicill* to find her out,
And, through the *Night* of error and dark doubt,
Discerne the *Dawne* of Truth's eternall ray,
As when the rosie *Morne* buds into Day
Now that *Time's* Empire might be amply fill'd,
Babells bold *Artists* strive (below) to build
Ruine a Temple, on whose fruitfull fall
History reares her *Pyramids* more tall
Than were th'*Ægyptian* (by the life these give,
Th'*Ægyptian Pyramids* themselves must live)
On these she lifts the *World*, and on their base
Shewes the two termes and limits of *Time's* race
That, the *Creation* is, the *Judgement*, this,
That, the *World's Morning*, this her *Midnight* is

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

An Epitaph

Upon Mr Ashton a conformable Citizen

THE modest front of this small floore,
Beleeve me, Reader, can say more
Than many a braver Marble can,
Here lyes a truly honest man
One whose Conscience was a thing,
That troubled neither Church nor King
One of those few that in this Towne,
Honour all Preachers, heare their owne
Sermons he heard, yet not so many
As left no time to practise any
He heard them reverendly, and then
His practise preach d them o re agen
His *Parlour-Sermons* rather were
Those to the Eye, then to the Eare
His prayers took their price and strength,
Not from the lowdnesse, nor the length
He was a Protestant at home,
Not onely in despight of *Rome*
He lov d his *Father* yet his zeale
Tore not off his Mothers veile
To th Church he did allow her Dresse,
True *Beauty*, to true *Holinesse*
Peace, which he lov d in Life, did lend
Her hand to bring him to his end
When age and death call d for the score,
No surfets were to reckon for
Death tore not (therefore) but sans strife
Gently untwind his thread of Life
What remaines then, but that Thou
Write these lines, Reader, in thy Brow,
And by his faire Examples light,
Burne in thy Imitation bright
So while these Lines can but bequeath
A Life perhaps unto his Death
His better Epitaph shall bee,
His Life still kept alive in Thee

RICHARD CRASHAW

Rex Redux

Ille redit, redit *Hoc populi bona murmura volvunt,*
Publicus hoc (audin'?) plausus ad astra refert
Hoc omni sedet in vultu commune serenum,
Omnibus hinc una est lætitiæ facies
Rex noster, lux nostra redit, redeuntis ad ora
Arridet totis Anglia lata genis
Quisque suos oculos oculis accendit ab istis,
Atque novum sacro sumit ab ore diem
Fortè roges tanto quæ digna pericula plausu
Evadat Carolus, quæ mala, quòsve metus.
Anne pererrati malè fida volumina ponti
Ausa illum terris penè negare suis
Hospitis an nimis rursus sibi conscia, tellus
Vix bene speratum reddat Ibera Caput
Nil horum, nec enim malè fida volumina ponti,
Aut sacrum tellus vidit Ibera caput
Verus amor tamen hæc sibi falsa pericula fingit.
(Falsa peric'la solet fingere verus amor)
At Carolo qui falsa timet, nec vera timeret
(Vera peric'la solet temnere verus amor)
Illi falsa timens, sibi vera pericula temnens,
Non solùm est fidus, sed quoque fortis amor
Interea nostri satis ille est causa tri[u]mphì
Et satis (ab!) nostri causa doloris erat
Causa doloris erat Carolus, sospes licèt esset,
Anglia quodd saltem dicere posset, Abest
Et satis est nostri Carolus nunc causa triumphì,
Dicere quodd saltem possumus, Ille redit

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

Out of Catullus

Come and let us live my Deare,
Let us love and never feare,
What the sowrest Fathers say
Brightest *Sol* that dyes to day
Lives againe as blith to morrow
But if we darke sons of sorrow
Set, ô then, how long a Night
Shuts the Eyes of our short light!
Then let amorous kisses dwell
On our lips begin and tell
A thousand, and a Hundred score,
An Hundred, and a Thousand more,
Till another Thousand smother
That, and that wipe off[f] another
Thus at last when we have numbred
Many a Thousand, many a Hundred,
Weel confound the reckoning quite,
And lose our selves in wild delight
While our joyes so multiply,
As shall mocke the envious eye

Ad Principem nondum natum

*N*Ascere nunc o nunc! quid enim, puer alme, moraris?
Nulla tibi dederit ductor hora diem
Ergone tot tardos (o lente!) morabere menses?
Rex redit Ipse veni, & dic bone, Gratus ades
Nam quid Ave nostrum? quid nostri verba triumph?
Vagitu melius dixeris ista tuo
At maneat tamen & nobis nova causa triumph
Sic demum fueris, nec nova causa tamen
Nam, quoties Carolo novus aut nova nascitur inf[an]s,
Revera toties Carolus ipse redit

RICHARD CRASHAW

Wishes.

To his (supposed) Mistresse.

W Ho ere she be,
That not impossible she
That shall command my heart and me,

Where ere she lye,
Lock't up from mortall Eye,
In shady leaves of Destiny,

Till that ripe Birth
Of studied fate stand forth,
And teach her faire steps to our Earth,

Till that Divine
Idæa, take a shrine
Of Chrystall flesh, through which to shine,

Meet you her my wishes,
Bespeake her to my blisses,
And be ye call'd my absent kisses

I wish her Beauty,
That owes not all his Duty
To gaudy Tire, or glistring shoo-ty

Something more than
Taffata or Tissew can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fan

More than the spoyle
Of shop, or silkwormes Toyle,
Or a bought blush, or a set smile

A face thats best
By its owne beauty drest,
And can alone command the rest

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

A face made up,
Out of no other shop
Than what natures white hand sets ope

A cheeke where Youth,
And Blood, with Pen of Truth
Write, what the Reader sweetly ru th

A Cheeke where growes
More than a Morning Rose
Which to no Boxe his being owes

Lipps, where all Day
A lovers kisse may play,
Yet carry nothing thence away

Lookes that oppresse
Their richest Tires, but dresse
And cloath their simplest Nakednesse

Eyes, that displaces
The Neighbour Diamond, and out faces
That Sunshine, by their own sweet Graces

Tresses, that weare
Jewells, but to declare
How much themselves more pretious are

Whose native Ray,
Can tame the wanton Day
Of Gems, that in their bright shades play

Each Ruby there,
Or Pearle that dare appeare,
Be its own blush, be its own Teare

A well tam d Heart
For whose more noble smart
Love may be long chusing a Dart

Eyes, that bestow
Full quivers on loves Bow
Yet pay lesse Arrowes than they owe

RICHARD CRASHAW

Smiles, that can warme
The blood, yet teach a charme,
That Chastity shall take no harme

Blushes, that bin
The burnish of no sin,
Nor flames of ought too hot within.

Joyes, that confesse,
Vertue their Mistresse,
And have no other head to dresse

Feares, fond and flight,
As the coy Brides, when Night
First does the longing Lover right.

Teares, quickly fled,
And vaine, as those are shed
For a dying Maydenhead

Dayes, that need borrow,
No part of their good Morrow,
From a fore spent night of sorrow

Dayes, that in spight
Of Darkenesse, by the Light
Of a cleere mind are Day all Night

Nights, sweet as they,
Made short by Lovers play,
Yet long by th' absence of the Day

Life, that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes say *Welcome Friend*

Sydnean showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can Crown old Winters head with flowers

Soft silken Hours,
Open sunnes, shady Bowers,
'Bove all, Nothing within that lowers

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

What ere Delight
Can make Dayes forehead bright,
Or give Downe to the Wings of Night

In her whole frame,
Have Nature all the Name,
Art and ornament the shame

Her flattery,
Picture and Poesy,
Her counsell her owne vertue be

I wish, her store
Of worth may leave her poore
Of wishes, And I wish No more

Now if Time knowes
That her whose radiant Browes
Weave them a Garland of my vowes,

Her whose just Bayes,
My future hopes can raise,
A trophie to her present praise

Her that dares be,
What these Lines wish to see
I seeke no further, it is she

Tis she, and here
Lo I uncloath and cleare,
My wishes cloudy Character

May she enjoy it,
Whose merit dare apply it,
But modestly dares still deny it

Such worth as this is
Shall fixe my flying wishes
And determine them to kisses

Let her full Glory
My fancies, fly before ye
Be ye my fictions But her story

RICHARD CRASHAW

Ad Reginam,

Et sibi & Academïæ pa[r]turientem

I *Uc ô sacris circumflua cœtibus,
Huc ô frequentem, Musa, choris pedem
Fer, annuo doctum labore
Purpureas agitare cunas.
Fœcunditatem provocat, en, tuam
Maria partu nobilis altero,
Prolèmque Musarum ministram
Egregius sibi pascit Infans.
Nempe Illa nunquam pignore simplici
Sibiue soli facta puerpera est
Partu repperusso, vel absens,
Perpetuos procreat gemellos
Hos Ipsa partus scilicet efficit,
Inq, ipsa vires carmina suggerit,
Quæ spiritum vitæque donat
Principibus simul & Camænis
Possit Camænas, non sine Numine,
Lassare nostras Diva puerpera,
Et gaudis siccare totam
Perpetuus Heliconis undam.
Quin experiri pergat, & in vices
Certare sanctis conditionibus
Lis dulcis est, nec indecoro
Pulvere, sic potuisse vinci*

*Alternis Natura Diem meditatur & Umbras,
Hinc atro, hinc albo pignore facta parens
Tu melior Natura tuas, dulcissima, servas
(Sed quam dissimili sub ratione!) vices
Candida Tu, & partu semper Tibi concolor omni
Hinc Natam, hinc Natum das, sed utrinque Diem.*

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

To the Queen

An Apologie for the length of the following Panegyrick

WHen you are Mistresse of the song,
Mighty Queen, to thinke it long,
Were treason gainst that Majesty
Your vertue wears Your modesty
Yet thinks it so But ev n that too
(Infinite, since part of You)
New matter for our Muse supplies,
And so allowes what it denies
Say then Dread Queen how may we doe
To mediate twixt your self and You?
That so our sweetly temper d song
Nor be [too] short, nor seeme [too] long
Needs must your Noble prayses strength
That made it long excuse the length

RICHARD CRASHAW

To the Queen,

Upon her numerous Progenie,

A Panegyrick

BRITAIN! the mighty Oceans lovely bride!
Now stretch thy self, fair Isle, and grow, spread wide
Thy bosome, and make roome Thou art opprest
With thine own glories, and art strangely blest
Beyond thy self For (lo) the Gods, the Gods
Come fast upon thee, and those glorious ods
Swell thy full honours to a pitch so high
As sits above thy best capacitie.

Are they not ods? and glorious? that to thee
Those mighty Genii throng, which well might be
Each one an ages labour? that thy dayes
Are gilded with the union of those rayes
Whose each divided beam would be a Sunne
To glad the sphere of any nation?
Sure, if for these thou mean'st to find a seat
Th' hast need, O Britain, to be truly *Great*

And so thou art, their presence makes thee so
They are thy greatnesse Gods, where-e're they go,
Bring their Heav'n with them their great footsteps place
An everlasting smile upon the face
Of the glad earth they tread on While with thee
Those beames that amplate mortalitie,
And teach it to expatiate, and swell
To majestie and fulnesse, deign to dwell,
Thou by thy self maist sit, blest Isle, and see
How thy great mother Nature dotes on thee
Thee therefore from the rest apart she hurl'd,
And seem'd to make an Isle, but made a World

Time yet hath dropt few plumes since Hope turn'd Joy,
And took into his armes the princely Boy,
Whose birth last blest the bed of his sweet Mother,
And bad us first salute our Prince a brother

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

The Prince and Duke of York

Bright *Charles*! thou sweet dawn of a glorious day!
Centre of those thy Grandsires (shall I say,
Henry and *James*? or, *Mars* and *Phæbus* rather?
If this were Wisdomes God, that Wars stern father,
Tis but the same is said *Henry* and *James*
Are *Mars* and *Phæbus* under diverse names)
O thou full mixture of those mighty souls
Whose vast intelligences tun'd the Poles
Of peace and war thou for whose manly brow
Both lawrels twine into [one] wreath, and woo
To be thy garland see, sweet Prince, O see,
Thou, and the lovely hopes that smile in thee,
Art ta'n out and transcrib'd by thy great Mother
See, see thy reall shadow see thy Brother,
Thy little self in lesse trace in these eyne
The beams that dance in those full stars of thine
From the same snowy Alabaster rock
Those hands and thine were hewn, those cherries mock
The corall of thy lips Thou wert of all
This well wrought copie the fair *principall*

Lady Mary

Justly, great Nature, didst thou brag and tell
How ev'n th' hadst drawn that faithfull parallel,
And matcht thy master piece O then go on,
Make such another sweet comparison
Seest thou that *Marie* there? O teach her Mother
To shew her to her self in such another
Fellow this wonder too, nor let her shine
Alone light such another star, and twine
Their rosie beams, that so the morn for one
Venus may have a Constellation

Lady Elizabeth

These words scarce waken'd Heaven, when (lo) our vows
Sat crown'd upon the noble Infants brows
Th' art pair'd, sweet Princesse In this well writ book
Read o're thy self peruse each line, each look

RICHARD CRASHAW

And when th'hast summ'd up all those blooming blisses,
Close up the book, and clasp it with thy kisses

So have I seen (to dresse their mistresse May)
Two silken sister-flowers consult, and lay
Their bashfull cheeks together newly they
Peep't from their buds, show'd like the garden's Eyes
Scarce wak't like was the crimson of their joyes,
Like were the tears they wept, so like, that one
Seem'd but the others kind reflexion

The new-borne Prince.

And now 'twere time to say, Sweet Queen, no more
Fair source of Princes, is thy pretious store
Not yet exhaust? O no. Heavens have no bound,
But in their infinite and endlesse Round
Embrace themselves Our measure is not theirs,
Nor may the pov'rtie of mans narrow prayers
Span their immensitie More Princes come.
Rebellion, stand thou by, Mischief, make room
War, Blood, and Death (Names all averse from Joy)
Heare this, We have another bright-ey'd Boy
That word's a warrant, by whose vertue I
Have full authority to bid you Dy

Dy, dy, foul misbegotten Monsters, Dy
Make haste away, or e'r the world's bright Eye
Blush to a cloud of blood O farre from men
Fly hence, and in your Hyperborean den
Hide you for evermore, and murmur there
Where none but Hell may heare, nor our soft aire
Shrink at the hatefull sound Mean while we bear
High as the brow of Heaven, the noble noise
And name of these our just and righteous joyes,
Where Envie shall not reach them, nor those eares
Whose tune keeps time to ought below the spheres

But thou, sweet supernumerary Starre,
Shine forth, nor fear the threats of boyst'rous Warre
The face of things has therefore frown'd a while
On purpose, that to thee and thy pure smile
The world might ow an universall calm,
While thou, fair Halcyon, on a sea of balm

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

Shalt flote where while thou layst thy lovely head,
The angry billows shall but make thy bed
Storms when they look on thee, shall straight relent,
And Tempests, when they tast thy breath, repent
To whispers soft as thine own slumbers be,
Or souls of Virgins which shall sigh for thee

Shine then, sweet supernumerary Starre
Nor feare the boysterous names of Bloud and Warre
Thy Birthday is their Deaths Nativitie,
They ve here no other businesse but to die

To the Queen

But stay what glimpse was that? why blusht the day?
Why ran the started aire trembling away?
Whos this that comes circled in rayes that scorn
Acquaintance with the Sun? what second morn
At midday opes a presence which Heavens eye
Stands off and points at? Is t some Deity
Stept from her throne of starres, deignes to be seen?
Is it some Deity? or ist our Queen?

Tis she, tis she Her awfull beauties chase
The Days abashed glories, and in face
Of noon wear their own Sunshine O thou bright
Mistresse of wonders! Cynthia's is the night,
But thou at noon dost shine, and art all day
(Nor does thy Sun deny t) our Cynthia

Illustrious sweetnesse! in thy faithfull wombe,
That nest of Heroes, all our hopes find room
Thou art the Mother Phenix, and thy brest
Chast as that Virgin honour of the East,
But much more fruitfull is nor does, as she,
Deny to mighty Love a Deitie

Then let the Eastern world brag and be proud
Of one coy Phenix, while we have a brood,
A brood of Phenixes while we have Brother
And Sister Phenixes, and still the Mother

And may we long! Long mayst Thou live t increase
The house and family of Phenixes
Nor may the life that gives their eye-lids light
Ere prove the dismall morning of thy night

RICHARD CRASHAW

Ne're may a birth of thine be bought so dear
To make his costly cradle of thy beer

O mayst thou thus make all the year thine own,
And see such names of joy sit white upon
The brow of every month! And when th'hast done,
Mayst in a son of His find every son
Repeated, and that son still in another,
And so in each child often prove a Mother
Long mayst Thou, laden with such clusters, lean
Upon thy Royall Elm, fair Vine! And when
The Heav'ns will stay no longer, may thy glory
And name dwell sweet in some Eternall story!

Pardon, bright Excellence, an untun'd string,
That in thy eares thus keeps a murmuring
O speake a lowly Muses pardon, speake
Her pardon, or her sentence, onely breake
Thy silence Speake, and she shall take from thence
Numbers, and sweetnesse, and an influence
Confessing Thee Or if too long I stay,
O speake Thou, and my Pipe hath nought to say
For see *Apollo* all this while stands mute,
Expecting by thy voice to tune his Lute

But Gods are gracious, and their Altars make
Pretious the offerings that their Altars take
Give then this rurall wreath fire from thine eyes,
This rurall wreath dares be thy Sacrifice

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

Bulla

Quid tibi cara sis effert res bulla tur res?
 Quid facit ad ventum? plus inire meum?
 Exspectat r' istos lures i t' ga f' r' r, ista
 En r' ca t' illa, lares en tua dextra r' il:

Quid tul' que r' a r' a lina,
 Que tari fructus gl' to
 In vitam preperas tre em?
 Qualis virgine i adhuc
 Cypris concutens sinus,
 Cypris jam n' ra, jam recers,
 I' t' spurnis media in suis,
 Premittit purpureum litus
 Concl' i de patria r' icat,
 Pulchreg' exilis impetu,
 Statim & nullius ebria
 Ducens terga c' l' ritus
 Exolus tumid' i sinus
 Sphæra plena v' l' l' i
 Cujus per r' arsum latus,
 Cujus per teretem gl' bum
 Iris lubrica cursitans
 Centum per species r' agas,
 Et p' l' i facies clori
 Circum regnat, & undiq'
 Et se Diva volatilis
 Jucundo levis impetu
 Et vertigine perfidâ
 Lascivâ sequitur fugâ
 Et pulchre dubitat, fluit
 Tam fallax toties novis,
 Tot se per reduces vias,
 Errorisq'ue reciprocos
 Spargit vena Coloribus,
 Lt pompâ natat ebridâ
 Tali militiâ micans
 Agmen se rude dividit,
 Campus quippe volantibus,

RICHARD CRASHAW

*Et campi levis aquore
 Ordo insanus obambulans
 Passim se fugit, & fugat,
 Passim perdit, & invenit.
 Pulchrum spargitur hîc Chaos.
 Hîc viva, hîc vaga flumina
 Ripâ non propriâ meant,
 Sed miscent socias vias,
 Communiq, sub alveo
 Stipant delicias suas.
 Quorum proximitas vaga
 Tam discrimine lubrico,
 Tam subtilibus arguit
 Functuram tenuem notis,
 Pompa ut florida nullibi
 Sinceras habeat vias,
 Nec vultu niteat suo
 Sed dulcis cumulus novos
 Miscens purpureus sinus
 Flagrant divitiis suis,
 Privatum renuens jubar
 Floris diluvio vagi,
 Floris Sydere publico
 Latè vei subit aureum,
 Atque effunditur in suæ
 Vires undique Copiæ
 Nempe omnis quia cernitur,
 Nullus cernitur hîc color,
 Et vicina contumax
 Allidit species vagas.
 Illic contiguus aquis
 Marcent pallidulæ faces
 Undæ hîc vena tenellulæ,
 Flammis ebria proximis
 Discit purpureas vias,
 Et rubro salit alveo
 Ostri Sanguineum jubar
 Lambunt lactea flumina,
 Suasu cærulei maris
 Mansuescit seges aurea,*

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

*Et lucis faciles genæ
 Vanas ad nebulas stupent,
 Subq; uvis rubicundulis
 Flagrant sobria lilia
 Vicinis adeo rosis
 Vicinæ invigilant nives,
 Ut sint & nivæ rosæ,
 Ut sint & rosæ nives,
 Accenduntq; rosæ nives,
 Extinguuntq; nives rosas
 Illic cum viridi rubet,
 Hic & cum rutilo viret
 Lascivi facies chori
 Et quicquid rota lubrica
 Caudæ stelligeræ notat,
 Pulchrum pergit & in ambitum
 Hic cæli implicitus labor,
 Orbis orbibus obvi
 Hic grex velleris aurei
 Grex pellucidus ætheris
 Qui noctis nigra pascua
 Puris morsibus atterit
 Hic quicquid nitidum et vagum
 Cæli vibrat arenula
 Dulci pingitur in joco
 Hic mundus tener impedit
 Sese amplexibus in suis
 Succinētiq; sinu globi
 Errat per proprium decus
 Hic niēlant subitæ faces,
 Et ludunt tremulum diem
 Mox se surripiunt sui &
 Quærunt teēta supercili,
 Atq; abdunt petulans jubar,
 Subsiduntq; proterviter
 Atq; hæc omnia quam brevis
 Sunt mendacia machinæ!
 Currunt scilicet omnia
 Sphærâ, non vitreâ quidem,
 (Ut quondam sculus globus)*

RICHARD CRASHAW

*Sed vitro nitidâ magis,
Sed vitro fragili magis,
Et vitro vitreâ magis.*

*Sum venti ingenium breve
Flos sum, scilicet, aeris,
Sidus scilicet æquoris,
Naturæ jocus aureus,
Naturæ vaga fabula,
Naturæ breve somnium.
Nugarum decus & dolor,
Dulcis, doctaq; vanitas
Aniæ filia perfidæ,
Et risus facilis parens
Tantum gutta superbior,
Fortunatius & lutum*

*Sum fluxæ pretium spei,
Una ex Hesperidum insulis
Formæ pyxis, amantium
Clari cæcus ocellulus,
Vanæ & cor leve gloriæ*

*Sum cæcæ speculum Deæ
Sum fortunæ ego tessera,
Quam dat militibus suis,
Sum fortunæ ego symbolum,
Quo sancit fragilem fidem
Cum mortalibus Ebris
Obsignatq; tabellulas*

*Sum blandum, petulans, vagum,
Pulchrum, purpureum, et decens,
Comptum, floridulum, et recens,
Distinctum nivibus, iosis,
Undis, ignibus, aere,
Pietum, gemmeum, & aureum,
O sum, (scilicet, O nihil)*

*Si piget, et longam traxisse in tædia pompam
Vivax, & nimium Bulla videtur anus,
Tolle tuos oculos, pensum leve defluet, illam
Parca metet facili non operosa manu
Vixit adhuc Cur vixit? adhuc tu nempe legebas,
Tempe fuit tempus tum potuisse mori.*

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

Upon two greene Apricockes sent to Cowley

by Sir Crashaw

TAke these, times tardy truants, sent by me,
To be chastis'd (*sweet friend*) and chide by thee
Pale sons of our *Pomona*¹ whose wan cheekes
Have spent the patience of expecting weekes,
Yet are scarce ripe enough at best to show
The redd, but of the blush to thee they ow
By thy comparrison they shall put on
More summer in their shames reflection,
Than ere the fruitfull *Phæbus* flaming kisses
Kindled on their cold lips O had my wishes
And the deare merits of your Muse their due,
The yeare had found some fruit early as you
Ripe as those rich composures time computes
Blossoms, but our blest tast confesses fruits
How does thy April-Autumne mocke these cold
Progressions twixt whose termes poor time grows old?
With thee alone he weares no beard, thy braine
Gives him the morning worlds fresh gold againe
'Twas only Paradise, tis onely thou,
Whose fruit and blossoms both blesse the same bough
Proud in the patterne of thy pretious youth,
Nature (methinks) might easily mend her growth
Could she in all her births but coppie thee,
Into the publick yeares proficiencie,
No fruit should have the face to smile on thee
(Young master of the worlds maturitie)
But such whose sun borne beauties what they borrow
Of beames to day, pay back againe to morrow,
Nor need be double gilt How then must these
Poore fruites looke pale at thy Hesperides!
Faine would I chide their slownesse, but in their
Defects I draw mine owne dull character
Take them, and me in them acknowledging,
How much my summer waites upon thy spring

RICHARD CRASHAW

Thesaurus malorum fœmina

Quis deus, O quis erat qui te, mala fœmina, finxit?
Proh! Crimen superûm, noxa pudenda delûm!
Quæ divûm manus est adeo non dextera mundo?
In nostras clades ingeniosa manus!
Parcite, peccavi nec enim pia numina possunt
Tam crudele semel vel voluisse nefas.
Vestrum opus est pietas, opus est concordia vestrum
Vos equidem tales haud reor artifices
Heus inferna cohors! fœtus cognoscite vestros
Num pudet hanc vestrum vincere posse scelus?
Plaudite Tartarei Proceres, Erebiq; potentes
(Næ mirum est tantum vos potuisse malum)
Jam vestras Laudate manus Si forte tacetis,
Artificum laudes grande loquetur opus
Quàm bene vos omnes speculo contemplor in isto?
Pectus in angustum cogitur omne malum
Quin dormi Pluto Rabidas compesce sorores,
Jam non poscit opem nostra ruina tuam
Hæc satis in nostros fabricata est machina muros,
Mortal[e]s Furias Tartara nostra dabunt

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

In Apollinem depereuntem Daphnen

S Tulte Cupido,
Quid tua flamma parat?
Annon sole sub ipso
Accensæ pereunt faces?
Sed fax nostra potentior istis,
Flammas inflammare potest, ipse uritur ignis,
Ecce flammarum potens
Majore sub flammâ gemit
Eheu! quid hoc est? En Apollo
Lyrâ tacente (ni sonet dolores)
Comâ jacente squallet æternus decor
Oris, en! dominæ quod placeat magis,
Languido tardum jubar igne promit
Pallente vultu territat æthera
Mundi oculus lacrymis senescit,
Et solvit pelago debita, quodq; hauserat ignibus,
His lacrymis rependit
Noctis adventu properans se latebris recondit,
Et opacas tenebrarum colit umbras,
Namq; suos odit damnans radios, nocensq; lumen
An lateat tenebris dubitat, an educat diem,
Hinc suadet hoc luctus furens, inde repugnat amor

RICHARD CRASHAW

Ænæas Patris sui bajulus.

M *Ænia Troiæ* *Hostis & ignis*
Hostes inter & ignes *Ænæas spolum primum*
Atq; humeris venerabile pondus
Excipit, & sævæ nunc ô nunc parcite flammæ,
Parcite haud (clamat) mihi,
Sacræ favete sarcinæ,
Quod si negatis, nec licebit
Vitam juvare, sed juvabo funus,
Rogusq; fiam patris ac bustum mei
His dictis acies pervolat hostium,
Gestit, & partis veluti trophæis
Ducit triumphos Nam furor hostium
Jam stupet & pietate tantâ
Victor vincitur, imò & moritur
Troja libenter Funeribusq; gaudet,
Ac faces admittit ovans, ne lateat tenebras
Per opacas opus ingens pietatis
Debita sic patri solvis tua, sic pari rependis
Officio. Dederat vitam tibi, tu reddis huic,
Felix¹ parentis qui pater diceris esse tui.

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

In Pigmahona

Pænitet Artis
Pigmahona suæ
Quod felix opus esset
Infelix erat artifex
Sentit vulnera, nec videt ictum
Quis credit? gelido veniunt de marmore flammæ
Marmor ingratum nimis
Incendit autorem suum
Concepit hic vanos furores,
Opus suum miratur atq; adorat
Prius creavit, ecce nunc colit manus,
Tentantes digitos molliter applicat
Decipit molles caro dura tactus
An virgo vera est, an sit eburnea,
Reddat an oscula quæ dabantur
Nescit Sed dubitat, Sed metuit, munere supplicat,
Blanditiasq; miscet
Te, miser, pœnas dare vult hos Venus, hos triumphos
Capit à te, quiddam amorem fugis omnem
Cur fugis heu vivos? mortua te necat puella
Non erit innocua hæc, quamvis tuâ fingas manu,
Ipsa heu nocens erit nimis, cujus imago nocet

RICHARD CRASHAW

Arion.

S Quammea vivæ
*L*ubrica terga ratis
*J*am conscendit *Arion*.
*M*erces tam nova solvitur
*N*avis quàm nova scanditur. *Illa*
*A*ërea est merces, hæc est & aquatica navis.
*P*erdidere illum viri
*M*ercede magnâ, servat hic
*M*ercede nullâ piscis & sic
*S*alute plus ruina constat illi,
*M*inoris & servatur hinc quàm perditur.
*H*ic dum findit aquas, findit hic aëra
*C*ursibus, piscis, digitis, *Arion*
*E*t sternit undas, sternit & aëra
*C*arminis hoc placido *Tridente*
*A*bjurat sua jam murmura, ventusq; modestior
*A*uribus ora mutat
*O*ra dediscit, minimos & metuit susurros
(Sonus alter restat, ut fit sonus illis)
*A*ura strepens circum muta sit lateri adjacente pennâ,
*A*mbit & ora viri, nec vela ventis hîc egent,
*A*ttendit hanc ventus ratem non trahit, at trahitur.

Phænicis { *Genethliacon*
 &
 Epicedion

P Hænix alumna mortis,
*Q*uàm mira tu puerpera!
Tu scandis haud nidos, sed ignes
Non parere sed perire ceu parata
Mors obstetrix, atq; ipsa tu teipsam paris,
 Tu Tuiq; mater ipsa es,
 Tu tuiq; filia
Tu sic odora messis
Surgis tuorum funerum,
Tibiq; per tuam ruinam
Reparata, te succedis ipsa. *Mors* ô
Fœcunda! *Sancta* ô *Lucra* pretiosæ necis!
 Vive (monstrum dulce) *vive*
 Tu tibiq; suffice.

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

Elegia

I *Te meæ lacrymæ (nec enim moror) iste Sed oro*
Tantum ne miseræ claudite vocis iter
O liceat querulos verbis animare dolores,
Et saltem ab perit dicere noster amor
Ecce negant tamen, ecce negant, lacrymæq, rebelles
Indomita pergunt, præcipitantq, viâ
Visne (& care) igitur Te nostra silentia dicant?
Vis fleat assiduo murmure mutus amor?
Flebit, & urna suos semper bibit humida rores,
Et fidas semper, semper habebit aquas
Interea, quicumq, estis ne credite mirum
Si veræ lacrymæ non didicere loqui

Epitaphium

Q *uisquis nectareo serenus ævo*
Et spe lucidus aureæ juventæ
Nescis purpureos abire soles,
Nescis vincula, ferreamq, noctem
Imi carceris, horridumq, Ditem,
Et spectas tremulam procul senectam,
Hinc discas lacrymas, & hinc repones
Hic, o scilicet hic brevi sub antro
Spes & gaudia mille mille longam
(Heu longam nimis) induere noctem
Flammantem nitidæ facem juventæ,
Submersit Stygiæ paludis unda
Ergo si lacrymas neges doloris
Huc certe lacrymas feres timoris

RICHARD CRASHAW

Damno affici sæpe fit lucrum

Damna adsunt multis taciti compendia lucri
Feliciq̃ docent plus properare morâ,
Luxuriam annorum positâ sic pelle redemit
Atq̃ sagax serpens in nova sæcla subit
Cernis ut ipsa sibi replicato suppetat ævo,
Seq̃ iteret, multâ morte perennis avis.
Succrescat generosa sibi, facilesq̃ per ignes
Perq̃ suos cineres, per sua fata ferax
Quæ sollers jactura sui? quis funeris usus?
Flammarumq̃ fides, ingeniumq̃ rogi?
Siccine fraude subis? pretiosaq̃ funera ludis?
Siccine tu mortem, ne moriaris, adis?
Felix cui medicæ tanta experientia mortis,
Cui tam Parcarum est officiosa manus

Humanæ vitæ descriptio

O Vita, tantum lubricus quidam furor
Spoliumq̃ vitæ! scilicet longi brevis
Erroris hospes! Error ô mortalium!
O certus error! qui sub incerto vagum
Suspendit ævum, mille per dolos viæ
Fugacis, & proterva per volumina
Fluidi laboris, ebrios lætat gradus,
Et irretitos ducit in nihilum dies
O fata! quantum perfidæ vitæ fugit
Umbri quod imputemus atq̃ auris, ibi
Et umbra & aura serias partes agunt
Miscentq̃ scenam, volvitur ludibrio
Procacis æstus, ut per incertum mare
Fragilis protervo cymba com nutat freto
Et ipsa vitæ, fila, quæ nentes Deæ
Ævi severa texta producant manu,
Hæc ipsa nobis implicant vestigia
Retrahunt trahuntq̃ donec everso gradu
Ruina lassos alta deducat pedes.
Felix, fugaces quisquis excipiens dies
Gressus serenos fixit, insidius sui
Nec servit ævi, vita inoffensis huic
Feretur auris, atq̃ claudâ rariùs
Titubabit horâ vortices anni vagi
Hic extricabit, sanus Assertor sui.

THE DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES

Tranquillitas animi, similitudine ducta ab ave
captiva & canora tamen

UT cum delicias leves, loquacem
 Convivam nemoris, vagamq; musam
 Observans dubiâ viator arte
 Prendit desuper horridusve ruris
 Eversor, malè persido paratu
 (Heu durus!) rapit, atq; io triumphans
 Vadit protinus & sagace nisu
 Evolvens digitos, opus tenellum
 Ducens pollice lenis erudito,
 Virgarum implicat ordinem severum,
 Angustam meditans domum volucris
 Illa autem, hospitium licet vetustum
 Mentem sollicitet nimis nimisq;
 Et suetum nemus, hinc opaca mitis
 Umbræ frigora & hinc aprica puri
 Solis fulgura, Patriæq; sylvæ
 Nunquam muta quies, ubi illa dudum
 Totum per nemus, arborem per omnem,
 Hospes libera liberis querelis
 Cognatum bene provocabat agmen
 Quamquam ipsum nemus, arboresq; alumnæ
 Implorant profugam, atq; amata multum
 Quærant murmura, lubricumq; carmen
 Blandi gutturi & melos serenum
 Illa autem, tamen, illa jam relicta
 (Simplex!) haud meminit domus, nec ultra
 Sylvas cogitat at brevi sub antro,
 Ab pennâ nimium brevis recisa,
 Ab ritu viduo sibiq; sola
 Privata heu fidicen! canit, vagog
 Exercens querulam domum susurro
 Fallit vincula, carceremq; mulcet
 Ne pugnans placidæ procax quieti
 Luctatur gravis, orbe sed reduto

RICHARD CRASHAW

*Discursu vaga saltitans tenello,
 Metitur spatia invidæ cavernæ.
 Sic in se pia mens reposta, secum
 Altè tuta sedet, nec ardet extrà,
 Aut ullo solet æstuarè fato.
 Quamvis cuncta tumultuentur, atræ
 Sortis turbine non movetur illa
 Fortunæ furias onusq̃ triste
 Non tergo minus accipit quieto,
 Quàm vētrix Veneris columba blando
 Admittit juga delicata collo
 Torvæ si quid inhorruit procellæ,
 Si quid sæviat & minetur, illa
 Spernit, nescit, & obviis furorem
 Fallit blanditus, amatq̃ & ambit
 Ipsum, quo malè vulnèratur, ietum
 Curas murmure non fatetur ullo,
 Non lambit lacrymas dolor, nec atræ
 Mentis nubila frons iniqua prodit.
 Quod si lacryma pervicax rebellè
 Eriumpit tamen evolatq̃ guttâ,
 Invitis lacrymis, negante luctu,
 Ludunt perspicui per ora risus.*

CARMEN
DEO NOS'I'RO,
TE DECET HYMNUS
SACRED POEMS,
COLLECTED,
CORRECTED,
AUGMENTED,
Most humbly Presented
TO
MY LADY
THE COUNTSSE OF
DENBIGH
BY
Her most devoted Servant
R C

IN hea[r]ty acknowledgment of his immortall
obligation to her Goodnes & Charity

AT PARIS,
By PETER TARGA, Printer to the Arch
bishope [o]f Paris, in S Victors streete at
the golden sunne

M DC LII

CRASHAWE,
THE
ANAGRAMME
HE WAS CAR

WAS CAR then Crashawe or WAS Crashawe CAR,
Since both within one name combined are?
Yes, CAR s Crashawe, he CAR, t is love alone
Which melts two harts, of both composing one
So Crashawe s still the same so much desired
By strongest witts, so honor d so admired
CAR WAS but HE that enter d as afriend
With whom he shar d his thoughtes, and did commend
(While yet he liv d) this worke, they lov d each other
Sweete Crashawe was his friend he Crashawes brother
So CAR hath Title then t was his intent
That what his riches pend, poore CAR should print
Nor feares he checke praying that happie one
Who was belov d by all, disprayed by none
To witt, being pleas d with all things, he pleas d all
Nor would he give, nor take offence befall
What might, he would possesse himselfe and live
As deade (devoyde of interest) t all might give
Desease t his well composed mynd forestal d
With heavenly riches which had wholly call d
His thoughtes from earth, to live above in th aire
A very bird of paradise No care
Had he of earthly trashe What might suffice
To fitt his soule to heavenly exercise
Sufficed him and may we guesse his hart
By what his lipps brings forth, his onely part
Is God and godly thoughtes Leaves doubt to none
But that to whom one God is all all s one

RICHARD CRASHAW

What he might eate or weare he tooke no thought.
His needfull foode he rather found then sought.
He seekes no downes, no sheetes, his bed's still made
If he can find, a chaire or stoole, he's layd,
When day peepes in, he quitts his restlesse rest.
And still, poore soule, before he's up he's dres't
Thus dying did he live, yet lived to dye
In th-virgines lappe, to whom he did applye
His virgine thoughtes and words, and thence was styld
By foes, the chaplaine of the virgine myld
While yet he lived without His modestie
Imparted this to some, and they to me.
Live happie then, deare soule, enjoy the rest
Eternally by paynes thou purchacedest,
While Car must live in care, who was thy friend
Nor cares he how he live, so in the end,
He may enjoy his dearest Lord and thee,
And sitt and singe more skilfull songs eternally.

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

AN

EPIGRAMME

*Upon the pictures in the following Poemes which the
Aubour first made with his owne hand, admirably
well, as may be seene in his Manuscript dedicated to
the right Honorable Lady the L Denbigh*

I wixt pen and pensill rose a holy strife
Which might draw vertue better to the life
Best witts gave votes to that but painters swore
They never saw peeces so sweete before
As thes frutes of pure nature where no art
Did lead the untaught pensill, nor had part
In th worke
The hand growne bold, with witt will needes contest
Doth it prevayle? ah wo say each is best
This to the eare speakes wonders that will trye
To speake the same, yet lowder, to the eye
Both their aymes are holy, both conspire
To wound, to burne the hart with heavenly fire
This then s the Doome, to doe both parties right
This, to the eare speakes best that, to the sight

THOMAS CAR

NON VI.

*'Tis not the work of force but skill
To find the way into man's will
'Tis love alone can hearts unlock
Who knowes the WORD, he needs not knock.*

TO THE
Noblest & best of Ladyes, the
Countesse of Denbigh.

Perswading her to Resolution in Religion,
& to render her selfe without further
delay into the Communion of
the Catholick Church

W^Hat heav'n-intreated HEART is This?
Stands trembling at the gate of blisse,
Holds fast the door, yet dares not venture
Fairly to open it, and enter
Whose DEFINITION is à doubt
Twixt life & death, twixt in & out
Say, lingring fair! why comes the birth
Of your brave soul so slowly forth?
Plead your pretences (o you strong
In weaknes!) why you choose so long
In labor of your selfe to ly,
Nor daring quite to live nor dy?
Ah linger not, lov'd soul! à slow
And late consent was a long no,
Who grants at last, long time tryd
And did his best to have deny'd,
What magick bolts, what mystick Barres
Maintain the will in these strange warres!

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

What fatall, yet fantastick, bands
Keep The free Heart from it s own hands!
So when the year takes cold, we see
Poor waters their owne prisoners be
Fetter d, & lockt up fast they ly
In a sad selfe captivity
The astonisht nymphs their flood s strange fate deplore,
To see themselves their own severer shore
Thou that alone canst thaw this cold,
And fetch the heart from it s strong Hold
Allmighty LOVE! end this long warr,
And of a meteor make ʾ starr
O fix this fair INDEFINITE
And mongst thy shafts of soveraign light
Choose out that sure decisive dart
Which has the Key of this close heart,
Knowes all the corners of't, & can controul
The self shutt cabinet of an unsearcht soul
O let it be at last, love s houre
Raise this tall Trophée of thy Powre
Come once the conquering way, not to confute
But kill this rebell wo[r]ld, IRRESOLUTE
That so, in spite of all this peevish strength
Of weaknes, she may write RESOLV'D AT LENGTH,
Unfold at length, unfold fair flowre
And use the season of love s showre,
Meet his well meaning Wounds, wise heart!
And hast to drink the wholesome dart
That healing shaft, which heavn till now
Hath in love s quiver hid for you
O Dart of love! arrow of light!
O happy you, if it hitt right,
It must not fall in vain, it must
Not mark the dry regardless dust
Fair one, it is your fate and brings
Æternall worlds upon it s wings
Meet it with wide spread armes & see
It s seat your souls just center be
Disband dull feares give faith the day
To save your life, kill your delay

RICHARD CRASHAW

It is love's seege, and sure to be
Your triumph, though his victory.
'Tis cowardise that keeps this feild
And want of courage not to yeild.
Yeild then, ô yeild. that love may win
The Fort at last, and let life in
Yeild quickly. Lest perhaps you prove
Death's prey, before the prize of love.
This Fort of your fair selfe, if't be not won,
He is repulst indeed, But you're vndone.

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

TO

THE NAME

ABOVE EVERY NAME,

THE

NAME OF

JESUS

A HYMN

I Sing the NAME which None can say
 But touch t with An interiour RAY
 The Name of our New PEACE our Good
 Our Blisse & Supernaturall Blood
 The Name of All our Lives & Loves
 Hearken, And Help ye holy Doves!
 The high born Brood of Day you bright
 Candidates of blissefull Light,
 The HEIRS Elect of Love whose Names belong
 Unto The everlasting life of Song
 All ye wise SOULES, who in the wealthy Brest
 Of This unbounded NAME build your warm Nest
 Awake, MY glory SOUL, (if such thou be,
 And That fair WORD at all referr to Thee)
 Awake & sing
 And be All Wing
 Bring hither thy whole SELF & let me see
 What of thy Parent HEAVN yet speakes in thee
 O thou art Poore
 Of noble POWRES, I see,
 And full of nothing else but empty ME,
 Narrow, & low, & infinitely lesse
 Then this GREAT mornings mighty Busynes
 One little WORLD or two
 (Alas) will never doe

RICHARD CRASHAW

We must have store
Goe, SOUL, out of thy Self, & seek for More.
Goe & request
Great NATURE for the KEY of her huge Chest
Of Heavns, the self involving Sett of Sphears
(Which dull mortality more Feeles then heares)
Then rouse the nest
Of nimble ART, & traverse round
The Aery Shop of soul-appeasing Sound
And beat a summons in the Same
All-soveraign Name
To warn each severall kind
And shape of sweetnes, Be they such
As sigh with supple wind
Or answer Artfull Touch,
That they convene & come away
To wait at the love-crowned Doores of
Th[is] Illustrious DAY.
Shall we dare This, my Soul? we'l doe't and bring
No Other note for't, but the Name we sing.
Wake LUTE & HARP
And every sweet-lipp't Thing
That talkes with tunefull string,
Start into life, And leap with me
Into a hasty Fitt-tun'd Harmony
Nor must you think it much
T'obey my bolder touch,
I have Authority in LOVE's name to take you
And to the worke of Love this morning wake you,
Wake, In the Name
Of HIM who never sleeps, All Things that Are,
Or, what's the same,
Are Musically,
Answer my Call
And come along,
Help me to meditate mine Immortall Song
Come, ye soft ministers of sweet sad mirth,
Bring All your houshold stuffe of Heavn on earth,
O you, my Soul's most certain Wings,
Complaining Pipes, & prattling Strings,

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

Bring All the store
Of SWEETS you have, And murmur that you have no more
Come, nere to part,
NATURE & ART!
Come, & come strong,
To the conspiracy of our Spatious song
Bring All the Powres of Praise
Your Provinces of well united WORLDS can raise
Bring All [your] LUTES & HARPS of HEAVN & EARTH,
What ere cooperates to The common mirth
Vessells of vocall Joyes,
Or You, more noble Architects of Intellectual Noise,
Cymballs of Heav n, or Humane spears,
Solliciters of SOULES or EARES
And when you are come, with All
That you can bring or we can call
O may you fix
For ever here, & mix
Your selves into the long
And everlasting series of a deathlesse SONG,
Mix All your many WORLDS, Above,
And loose them into ONE of Love
Chear thee my HEART!
For Thou too hast thy Part
And Place in the Great Throng
Of This unbounded All embracing SONG
Powres of my Soul, be Proud!
And speake lowd
To All the dear bought Nations This Redeeming Name,
And in the wealth of one Rich WORD proclaim
New Similes to Nature
May it be no wrong
Blest Heavns, to you, & your Superiour song,
That we, dark Sons of Dust & Sorrow,
A while Dare borrow
The Name of Your Dilights & our Desires,
And fitt it to so farr inferior LYRES
Our Murmurs have their Musick too,
Ye mighty ORBES, as well as you,
Nor yeilds the noblest Nest

RICHARD CRASHAW

Of warbling SERAPHIM to the care of Love,
A choicer Lesson then the joyfull BRIDE
Of a poor pining Turtle-Dove
And we, low Wormes have leave to doe
The Same bright Busynes (ye Third HEAVENS) with you.
Gentle SPIRITS, doe not complain
We will have care
To keep it fair,
And send it back to you again.
Come, lovely NAME! Appare from forth the Bright
Regions of peacefull Light,
Look from thine own Illustrious Home,
Fair KING of NAMES, & come
Leave All thy native Glories in their Gorgeous Nest,
And give thy Self a while The gracious Guest
Of humble Soules, that seek to find
The hidden Sweets
Which man's heart meets
When Thou art Master of the Mind
Come, lovely Name, life of our hope!
Lo we hold our HEARTS wide ope!
Unlock thy Cabinet of DAY
Dearest Sweet, & come away
Lo how the thirsty Lands
Gasp for thy Golden Showres! with longstretch't Hands.
Lo how the laboring EARTH
That hopes to be
All Heaven by THEE,
Leapes at thy Birth.
The' attending WORLD, to wait thy Rise,
First turn'd to eyes,
And then, not knowing what to doe,
Turn'd Them to TEARES, & spent Them too
Come ROYALL Name, & pay the expence
Of All this Pretious Patience.
O come away
And kill the DEATH of This Delay.
O see, so many WORLDS of barren yeares
Melted & measur'd out in Seas of TEARES
O see, The WEARY liddes of wakefull Hope

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

(LOVE'S Eastern windowes) All wide ope
 With Curtains drawn,
 To catch The Day break of Thy DAWN
 O dawn, at last, long look t for Day!
 Take thine own wings, & come away
 Lo, where Aloft it comes! It comes, Among
 The Conduct of Adoring SPIRITS, that throng
 Like diligent Bees, And swarm about it
 O they are wise,
 And know what SWEETES are suckt from out it
 It is the Hive,
 By which they thrive,
 Where All their Hoard of Hony lyes
 Lo where it comes, upon The snowy DOVES
 Soft Back, And brings a Bosom big with Loves
 WELCOME to our dark world, Thou
 Womb of Day!
 Unfold thy fair Conceptions, And display
 The Birth of our Bright Joyes
 O thou compacted
 Body of Blessings spirit of Soules extracted!
 O dissipate thy spicy Powres
 (Clowd of condensed sweets) & break upon us
 In balmy showers
 O fill our senses, And take from us
 All force of so Prophane a Fallacy
 To think ought sweet but that which smells of Thee
 Fair, flowry Name In none but Thee
 And Thy Nectareall Fragrancy,
 Hourly there meetes
 An universall SYNOD of All sweets,
 By whom it is defined Thus
 That no Perfume
 For ever shall presume
 To passe for Odoriferous,
 But such alone whose sacred Pedigree
 Can prove it Self some kin (sweet name) to Thee
 SWEET NAME, in Thy each Syllable
 A Thousand Blest ARABIAS dwell
 A Thousand Hills of Frankincense

RICHARD CRASHAW

Mountains of myrrh, & Beds of species,
And ten Thousand PARADISES,
The soul that tastes thee takes from thence
How many unknown WORLDS there are
Of Comforts, which Thou hast in keeping!
How many Thousand Mercyes there
In Pitty's soft lap ly a sleeping!
Happy he who has the art
 To awake them,
 And to take them
Home, & lodge them in his HEART
O that it were as it was wont to be!
When thy old Freinds of Fire, All full of Thee,
Fought against Frowns with smiles, gave Glorious chase
To Persecutions, And against the Face
Of DEATH & feircest Dangers, durst with Brave
And sober pace march on to meet A GRAVE
On their Bold BRESTS about the world they bore thee
And to the Teeth of Hell stood up to teach thee,
In Center of their inmost Soules they wore thee,
Where Rackes & Torments striv'd, in vain, to reach thee
 Little, alas, thought They
Who tore the Fair Brests of thy Freinds,
 Their Fury but made way
For Thee, And serv'd them in Thy glorious ends
What did Their weapons but with wider pores
Inlarge thy flaming-brested Lovers
 More freely to transpire
 That impatient Fire
The Heart that hides Thee hardly covers.
What did their Weapons but sett wide the Doores
For Thee Fair, purple Doores, of love's devising,
The Ruby windowes which enrich't the EAST
Of Thy so oft repeated Rising
Each wound of Theirs was Thy new Morning,
And reinthron'd thee in thy Rosy Nest,
With blush of thine own Blood thy day adorning,
It was the witt of love oreflowd the Bounds
Of WRATH, & made thee way through All Those WOUNDS.
Wellcome dear, All-Adored Name!

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

For sure there is no Kne
That knowes not THEE
Or if there be such sonns of shame,
Alas what will they doe
When stubborn Rocks shall bow
And Hills hang down their Heavn saluting Heads
To seek for humble Beds
Of Dust, where in the Bashfull shades of night
Next to their own low NOTHING they may ly,
And couch before the dazeling light of thy dread majesty
They that by Love's mild Dictate now
Will not adore thee,
Shall Then with Just Confusion, bow
And break before thee

IN
'THE HOLY
NATIVITY
OF
OUR LORD GOD
A
HYMN
SUNG AS BY THE
SHEPHERDS.

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

THE HYMN

CHORUS

Come we shepheards whose blest Sight
Hath mett love's Noon in Nature's night
Come lift we up our loftyer Song
And wake the SUN that lyes too long

To all our world of well stoln joy
He slept and dreamt of no such thing
While we found out Heav'n's fairer ey
And kist the Cradle of our KING
Tell him He rises now, too late
To show us ought worth looking at

Tell him we now can show Him more
Then He ere shew'd to mortall Sight
Then he Himselfe ere saw before
Which to be seen needs not His light
Tell him, Tityrus, where thou hast been
Tell him, Thy[r]sis, what thou hast seen

Tityrus Gloomy night embract the Place
Where The Noble Infant lay

The BABE lookt up & shew'd his Face,
In spite of Darknes, it was DAY

It was THY day, SWEET! & did rise
Not from the EAST, but from thine EYES

Chorus It was THY day, Sweet

Thyrs WINTER chidde aloud & sent
The angry North to wage his warres

The North forgott his fierce Intent,
And left perfumes in stead of scarres

By those sweet eye[s] persuasive powrs
Where he meant frost, he scatter'd flowrs

Chorus By those sweet eyes

RICHARD CRASHAW

Both. We saw thee in thy baulmy Nest,
Young dawn of our æternall DAY!

We saw thine eyes break from their EA[s]TE
And chase the trembling shades away

We saw thee, & we blest the sight,
We saw thee by thine own sweet light

Tity. Poor WORLD (said I) what wilt thou doe
To entertain this starry STRANGER?

Is this the best thou canst bestow?
A cold, and not too cleanly, manger?

Contend, the powres of heav'n & earth
To fitt à bed for this huge birthe.

Cho Contend the powers

Tby[r] Proud world, said I, cease your contest
And let the MIGHTY BABE alone.

The Phænix builds the Phænix' nest
Lov's architecture is his own.

The BABE whose birth embraves this morn,
Made his own bed e're he was born.

Cho. The BABE whose.

Ti[t]. I saw the curl'd drops, soft & slow,
Come hovering o're the place's head,

Offering their whitest sheets of snow
To furnish the fair INFANT's bed

Forbear, said I, be not too bold.
Your fleece is white But t'is too cold

Cho Forbear, sayd I

Thyr. I saw the obsequious SERAPHIMS
Their rosy fleece of fire bestow

For well they now can spare their wing
Since HEAVN it self lyes here below

Well done, said I but are you sure
Your down so warm, will passe for pure?

Cho Well done sayd I

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

Tit No no, your **KINGS** not yet to seeke
Where to repose his Royall **HEAD**

See see, how soon his new bloom d **CHEEK**
Twixt s mother s breasts is gone to bed

Sweet choise, said we! no way but so
Not to ly cold, yet slep in snow

Cho Sweet choise, said we

Both We saw thee in thy baulmy nest,
Bright dawn of our æternall **Day!**

We saw thine eyes break from thir **EAST**
And chase the trembling shades away

We saw thee & we blest the sight
We saw thee, by thine own sweet light

Cho We saw thee, &c

FULL CHORUS

Wellcome, all **WONDERS** in one sight!
Æternity shutt in a span

Sommer in Winter Day in Night
Heaven in earth, & **GOD** in **MAN**

Great little one! whose all embracing birth
Lifts earth to heaven, stoopes heav n to earth

WELLCOME Though nor to gold nor silk,
To more then Cæsar s birth right is ,

Two sister seas of Virgin Milk,
With many a rarely temper d kisse

That brea[t]hes at once both **MAID** & **MOTHER**,
Warmes in the one, cooles in the other

WELCOME, though not to those gay flies
Guided ith Beames of earthly kings

Slippery soules in smiling eyes
But to poor Shepherds, home spun things

Whose **Wealth** s their flock whose witt, to be
Well read in their simplicity

RICHARD CRASHAW

Yet when young April's husband shows
Shall blesse the fruitfull Maia's bed

We'l bring the First-born of her flowrs
To kisse thy FEET & crown thy HEAD

To thee, dread lamb ! whose love must keep
The shepheards, more then they the sheep

To THEE, meek Majesty ! soft KING
Of simple GRACES & sweet LOVES

Each of us his lamb will bring
Each his pair of sylver Doves,

Till burnt at last in fire of Thy fair eyes,
Our selves become our own best SACRIFICE.

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

NEW YEAR'S DAY

Rise, thou best & brightest morning!
Rosy with a double Red
With thine own blush thy cheeks adorning
And the dear drops this day were shed

All the purple pride that laces
The crimson curtains of thy bed,
Gilds thee not with so sweet graces
Nor setts thee in so rich a red

Of all the fair cheek'd flowrs that fill thee
None so fair thy bosom strowes,
As this modest maiden lilly
Our sins have sham'd into a rose

Bid thy golden God, the Sun,
Burnisht in his best beames rise,
Put all his red ey'd Rubies on
These Rubies shall putt out their eyes

Let him make poor the purple east,
Search what the world's close cabinets keep,
Rob the rich births of each bright nest
That flaming in their fair beds sleep,

Let him embrace his own bright tresses
With a new morning made of gemmes,
And wear, in those his wealthy dresses,
Another Day of Diadems

When he hath done all he may
To make *himselfe rich in his rise*,
All will be darknes to the Day
That breakes from one of these bright eyes

RICHARD CRASHAW

And soon this sweet truth shall appear
Dear BABE, ere many dayes be done,
The morn shall come to meet thee here,
And leave her own neglected Sun.

Here are Beautyes shall bereave him
Of all his eastern Paramours.

His Persian Lovers all shall leave him,
And swear faith to thy sweeter Powres.

IN
THE GLORIOUS
EPIPHANIE
OF OUR LORD
GOD,
A HYMN
SUNG AS BY THE
THREE KINGS

RICHARD CRASHAW

(I. KINGE.)

BRight BABE! Whose awfull beautyes make
The morn incurr a sweet mistake,

(2) For whom the'officious heavns devise
To disinheritt the sun's rise,

(3) Delicately to displace
The Day, & plant it fairer in thy face,

[1] O thou born KING of loves,

[2] Of lights,

[3.] Of joyes!

(Cho) Look up, sweet BABE, look up & see
For love of Thee

Thus farr from home

The EAST is come

To seek her self in thy sweet Eyes

(1) We, who strangely went astray,

Lost in a bright

Meridian night,

(2) A Darkenes made of too much day,

(3.) Becken'd from farr

By thy fair starr,

Lo at last have found our way

(Cho) To THEE, thou DAY of night! thou east of west!

Lo we at last have found the way

To thee, the world's great universal east,

The Generall & indifferent DAY

(1) All-circling point All centring sphear

The world's one, round, Æternall year.

(2) Whose full & all-unwrinkled face

Nor sinks nor swells with time or place,

(3.) But every where & every while

Is One Consistent solid smile,

(1.) Not vext & tost

(2) 'Twixt spring & frost,

(3.) Nor by alternate shreds of light

Sordidly shifting hands with shades & night

(Cho) O little all! in thy embrace

The world lyes warm, & likes his place.

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

Nor does his full Globe fail to be

Kist on Both his cheeks by Thee

Time is too narrow for thy YEAR

Nor makes the whole WORLD thy half sp[h]ear

(1) To Thee, to Thee

From him we flee

(2) From HIM, whom by a more illustrious ly,

The blindnes of the world did call the eye

(3) To HIM, who by These mortall clouds hast made

Thy self our sun, though thine own shade

(1) Farewell, the wo[r]ld's false light

Farewell, the white

Ægypt! a long farewell to thee

Bright IDOL, black IDOLATRY

The dire face of inferior DARKNES, kis t

And courted in the pompus mask of a more specious mist

(2) Farewell, farewell

The proud & misplac t gates of hell,

Pertch t, in the mornings way

And double gilded as the doores of DAY

The deep hypocrisy of DEATH & NIGHT

More desperately dark, Because more bright

(3) Welcome, the world's sure Way!

HEAVN's wholsom ray

(Cho) Wellcome to us and we

(SWEET) to our selves, in THEE

(1) The deathles HEIR of all thy FATHER's day!

(2) Decently Born

Embosom d in a much more Rosy MORN,

The Blushes of thy All unblemish t mother

(3) No more that other

Aurora shall sett ope

Her ruby casements, or hereafter hope

From mortall eyes

To meet Religious welcomes at her rise

(Cho) We (Pretious ones!) in you have won

A gentler MORN, a juster sun

(1) His superficial Beames sun burn t our skīn,

(2) But left within

(3) The night & winter still of death & sin

RICHARD CRASHAW

(*Cho*) Thy softer yet more certaine DARTS
Spare our eyes, but pierce our HARTS.

(1) Therefore with His proud persian spoiles

(2.) We court thy more concerning smiles.

(3) Therefore with his Disgrace
We guild the humble cheek of this chast place,

(*Cho*) And at thy FEET powr forth his FACE

(1) The doating nations now no more

Shall any day but THINE adore

(2) Nor (much lesse) shall they leave these eyes
For cheap Ægyptian Deities.

(3) In whatsoe're more Sacred shape

Of Ram, He-goat, or reverend ape,

Those beauteous ravishers opprest so sore

The too-hard-tempted nations

(1) Never more

By wanton heyfer shall be worn

(2) A Garland, or a gilded horn

The altar-stall'd ox, fatt OSYRIS now

With his fair sister cow,

(3) Shall kick the clouds no more, But lean & tame,

(*Cho*) See his horn'd face, & dy for shame

And MITHRA now shall be 'no name

(1) No longer shall the immodest lust

Of Adulterous GODLES dust

(2) Fly in the face of heav'n, As if it were

The poor world's Fault that he is fair.

(3) Nor with perverse loves & Religious RAPES

Revenge thy Bountyes in their beauteous shapes,

And punish Best Things worst, Because they stood

Guilty of being much for them too Good

[1] Proud sons of death! that durst compell

Heav'n it self to find them hell,

[2] And by strange witt of madnes wrest

From this world's EAST the other's WEST

[3] All-Idolizing wormes! that thus could crowd

And urge Their sun into thy cloud,

Forcing his sometimes eclips'd face to be

A long deliquium to the light of thee.

[*Cho*] Alas with how much heavyer shade

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

The shamefaced lamp hung down his head
 For that one eclipse he made
 Then all those he suffered!

[1] For this he lookt so bigg & every morn
 With a red face confest this scorn
 Or hiding his vext cheeks in a hird mist
 Kept them from being so unkindly kis't

[2] It was for this the day did rise
 So oft with blubber'd eyes
 For this the evening wept, and we nere knew
 But call'd it deaw

[3] This dayly wrong
 Silenc't the morning sons, & damp't their song
 [Cho] Nor was't our deafnes, but our sins, that thus
 Long made th Harmonious orbes all mute to us

[1] Time has a day in store
 When this so proudly poor

And self-oppressed spark, that has so long
 By the love sick world bin made
 Not so much their sun as SHADE,
 Weary of this Glorious wrong
 From them & from himself shall flee

For shelter to the shadow of thy TREE,
 [Cho] Proud to have gain'd this pretious losse
 And chang'd his false crown for thy CROSSE

[2] That dark Day's clear doom shall define
 Whose is the Master FIRE, which sun should shine
 That sable [j]udgment seat shall by new lawes
 Decide & settle the Great cause

Of controverted light,
 [Cho] And natur's wrongs rejoyce to doe thee Right

[3] That forfeiture of noon to night shall pay
 All the idolatrous thefts done by this night of day,
 And the Great Penitent presse his own pale lipps
 With an elaborate love eclipse

To which the low world's lawes
 Shall lend no cause

[Cho] Save those domestick which he borrowes
 From our sins & his own sorrowes

[1] Three sad hour[s] sackcloth then shall show to us

RICHARD CRASHAW

His penance, as our fault, conspicuous

[2] And he more needfully & nobly prove
The nation's terror now then erst their love.

[3] Their hated loves changd into wholsom feares,

[Cho] The shutting of his eye shall open Theirs.

[1] As by a fair-ey'd fallacy of day
Miss-ledde before they lost their way,
So shall they, by the seasonable fright
Of an unseasonable night,

Loosing it once again, stumble'on true LIGHT

[2] And as before his too-bright eye
Was Their more blind idolatry,
So his officious blindines now shall be
Their black, but faithfull perspective of thee ,

[3] His new prodigious night,
Their new & admirable light ,
The supernaturall DAWN of Thy pure day.

While wondring they
(The happy converts now of him
Whom they compell'd before to be their sin)

Shall henceforth see
To kisse him only as their rod
Whom they so long courted as GOD,
[Cho] And their best use of him they worship't be
To learn, of Him at lest, to worship Thee

[1] It was their Weaknes woo'd his beauty ,
But it shall be

Their wisdome now, as well as duty,
To'injoy his Blott , & as a large black letter
Use it to spell Thy beautyes better ,
And make the night i[t] self their [t]orch to thee

[2] By the oblique ambush of this close night
Couch't in that conscious shade

The right-ey'd Areopagite
Shall with a vigorous guesse invade
And catche thy quick reflex , and sharply see
On this dark Grou[n]d
To d[e]scant THEE

[3] O prize of the rich SPIRIT^l with that feirce chase
Of this strong soul, shall he

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

Leap at thy lofty FACE,
 And s[e]ize the swift Flash, in rebound
 From this o[b]sequious cloud,
 Once call'd a sun,
 Till dearly thus undone,
 [Cho] Till thus triumphantly tam'd (o ye two
 Twinne SUNNES!) & taught now to negotiate you
 [1] Thus shall that reverend child of light,
 [2] By being scholler first of that new night,
 Come forth Great master of the mystick day,
 [3] And teach obscure MANKIND a more close way
 By the frugall negati[v]e light
 Of a most wise & well abused Night
 To read more legible thine originall Ray,
 [Cho] And make our Darknes serve THY day
 Maintaining twixt thy world & ours
 A commerce of contrary powres,
 A mutuall trade
 Twixt sun & SHADE,
 By confederat BLACK & WHITE
 Borrowing day & lending night
 [1] Thus we who when with all the noble powres
 That (at thy cost) are call'd, not vainly, ours
 We vow to make brive way
 Upwards, & presse on for, the pure intelligentiall Prey
 [2] At lest to play
 The amorous Spyes
 And peep & proffer at thy sparkling Throne,
 [3] In stead of bringing in the blissfull PRIZE
 And fastening on Thine eyes,
 Forfeit our own
 And nothing gain
 But more Ambitious losse at lest of brain
 [Cho] Now by abased liddes shall learn to be
 Eagles, and shutt our eyes that we may see

RICHARD CRASHAW

The Close

Therefore to THEE & thine Auspicious ray
 (Dread sweet!) lo thus
 At lest by us,
The delegated EYR of DAY
Does first his Scepter, then HIMSELF in solemn Tribute pay.
 Thus he undresses
 His sacred unshorn tresses,
At thy adored FRET, thus, he layes down
 [1] His gorgeous tire
 Of flame & fire,
[2] His glittering ROBE, [3] his sparkling CROWN,
[1.] His GOLD, [2] his MIRRH, [3] his FRANKINCENCE,
[Cho] To which He now has no pretence
For being show'd by this day's light, how farr
He is from sun enough to make THY starr,
His best ambition now, is but to be
Somthing a brighter SHADOW (sweet) of thee.
Or on heavn's azure forehead high to stand
Thy golden index, with a duteous Hand
Pointing us Home to our own sun
The world's & his HYPERION

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

TO THE QUEEN'S MAJESTY

MADAME

'Mongst those long rowes of c[r]ownes that guild your race,
These Royall sages sue for decent place
The day break of the nations, their first ray
When the *Dark WORLD* dawn'd into *Christian DAY*
And smild ith *BABES* bright face, the purpling Bud
And Rosy dawn of the right Royall blood,
Fair first fruits of the *LAMB* Sure *KINGS* in this,
They took a kingdom while they gave a kisse
But the world's Homage scarce in These well blown,
We read in you (*Rare Queen*) ripe & full grown
For from this day's rich seed of *Diadems*
Does rise a radiant croppe of *Royalle stemms*,
A *Golden harvest* of crown'd heads, that meet
And crowd for kisses from the *LAMB's* white feet
In this *Illustrious throng*, your lofty floud
Swells high, fair *Confluence* of all highborn *Bloud*!
With your bright head whose groves of scepters bend
Their wealthy tops, & for these sect contend
So swore the *LAMB's* dread fire And so we see t
Crownes, & the *HEADS* they kisse, must court these *FEET*
Fix here, fair Majesty! May your Heart nere misse
To reap new *CROWNES* & *KINGDOMS* from that kisse
Nor may we misse the joy to meet in you
The aged honors of this day still new
May the great time, in you, still greater be
While all the *YEAR* is your *EPHANY*,
While your each day's devotion duly brings
Three *KINGDOMES* to supply this day's three *KINGS*

THE
OFFICE
OF
THE HO
LY
CROSSE

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

THE HOWRES FOR THE HOUR OF MATINES

The Versicle

LORD, by thy Sweet & Saving SIGN,

The Responsory

Defend us from our foes & Thine

Y Thou shalt open my lippes, O LORD

R And my mouth shall shew forth thy Prayse

Y O GOD make speed to save me

R O LORD make hast to help me

GLORY be to the FATHER,

and to the SON,

and to the H GHOST

As it was in the beginning, is now, & ever shall be, world
without end Amen

THE HYMN

THE wakefull Matines hast to sing
The unknown sorrows of our king,
The FATHER [s] word & wisdom, made
MAN, for man, by man's betraid,
The world's price sett to sale, & by the bold
Merchants of Death & sin, is bought & sold
Of his Best Freinds (yea of himself) forsaken,
By his worst foes (because he would) besieged & taken

RICHARD CRASHAW

The Antiphona

All hail, fair TREE
Whose Fruit we be.
What song shall raise
Thy seemly praise.
Who broughtst to light
Life out of death, Day out of night

The Versicle

Lo, we adore thee,
Dread LAMB! And bow thus low before thee,

The Responsor

'Cause, by the covenant of thy CROSSE,
Thou'hast sav'd at once the whole world's losse

The Prayer

O Lord JESU-CHRIST, son of the living GOD! interpose,
I pray thee, thine own pretious death, thy CROSSE &
Passion, betwixt my soul & thy judgment, now & in the hour
of my death. And vouchsafe to graunt unto me thy grace &
mercy, unto all quick & dead, remission & rest, to thy church
peace & concord, to us sinners life & glory everlasting Who
livest and reignest with the FATHER, in the unity of the HOLY
GHOST, one GOD, world without end Amen

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

FOR THE HOUR OF
PRIME

The Versicle

Lord by thy sweet & saving SIGN

The Responsor

Defend us from our foes & thine

Y Thou shalt open
R And my mouth
Y O GOD make speed
R O LORD make hast
Glory be to
As it was in

THE HYMN

THE early PRIME blushes to say
She could not rise so soon, as they
Call d Pilat up to try if He
Could lend them any cruelty

Their hands with lashes arm d, their touns with lyes
And loathsom spittle blott those beauteous eyes,
The blissfull springs of joy from whose all chearing Ray
The fair starrs fill their wakefull fires the sun himselfe drinks
Day

The Antipho[n]a

VICTORIOUS SIGN
That now dost shine,
Transcrib d above
Into the land of light & love,

RICHARD CRASHAW

O let us twine
Our rootes with thine,
That we may rise
Upon thy wings, & reach the skyes.

The Versicle

Lo we adore thee
Dread LAMB^l and fall
Thus low before thee

The Responsor.

'Cause by the Covenant of thy CROSSE
Thou'hast sav'd at once the whole world's losse.

The Pray[e]r.

O L[or]d JESU-CHRIST son of the living[G]OD^l interpose,
I pray thee, thine own pretious death, thy CROSSE &
Passion, betwixt my soul & thy judgment, now & in the hour
of my death And vouchsafe to graunt unto me thy grace &
mercy, unto all quick & dead, remission & rest, to thy church
peace & concord, to us sinners life & glory everlasting. Who
livest and reignest with the FATHER, in the unity of the HOLY
GHOST, one GOD, world without end. Amen.

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

THE THIRD

The Versicle

Lord, by thy sweet & saving SIGN

The Responsor

Defend us from our foes & thine

V Thou shalt open

R And my mouth

V O GOD make speed

R O LORD make hast

V Glory be to

R As it was in the

THE HYMN

THE Third hour s deafen d with the cry
Of crucify him, crucify
So goes the vote (nor ask them, Why?)
Live Barabbas! & let GOD dy
But there is witt in wrath, and they will try
A HAIL more cruell the[n] their crucify
For while in sport he weares a spitefull crown,
The serious showres along his decent
Face run sadly down

The Antiphona

CHRIST when he dy d
Deceivd [t]he CROSSE
And on death s side
Threw all the losse
The captive world awak t, & found
The prisoners loose, the Ja[y]lor bound

The Versicle

Lo we adore thee
Dread LAMB, & fall
thus low before thee

The Responsor

Cause by the covenant of thy CROSSE
Thou hast sav d at once the whole wor[l]d s losse

RICHARD CRASHAW

The Prayer

O Lord JESU-CHRIST, son of the living God! interpose, I pray thee, thine own pretious death, thy CROSSE & Passion, betwixt my soul & thy judgment, now & in the hour of my death. And vouchsafe to graunt unto me thy grace & mercy, unto all quick & dead, remission & rest, to thy church peace & concord, to us sinners life & glory everlasting Who livest and reignest with the FATHER, in the unity of the HOLY GHOST, one GOD, [w]ould without end Amen.

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

THE SIXT

The Versicle

Lord by thy sweet & saving SIGN,

The Responsor

Defend us from our foes & thine

Y Thou shalt open

R And my mouth

Y O GOD make speed

R O LORD make hast

Y Glory be

R As it was in

THE HIMN

NOW is The noon of sorrow's night
High in his patience, as their spite
Lo the faint LAMB, with weary limb
Beares that huge tree which must bear Him
That fatall plant, so great of fame
For fruit of sorrow & of shame,
Shall swell with both for HIM & mix
All woes into one CRUCIFIX
Is tortur'd Thirst, it selfe too sweet a cup?
GALL, & more bitter mocks, shall make it up
Are NAILES blunt pens of superficial smart?
Contempt & scorn can send sure wounds to search the inmost
Heart

The Antiphona

O deare & sweet Dispute
Twixt death's & Love's farr different FRUIT!
Different as farr
As antidotes & poysons are
By that first fatall TREE
Both life & liberty
Were sold and slain
By this they both look up, & live again

RICHARD CRASHAW

The Versicle

Lo we adore thee
Dread LAMB! & bow thus low before thee,

The Responsor.

'Cause by the covenant of thy CROSSE
Thou'hast sav'd the world from certain losse.

The Prayer.

O Lord JESU-CHRIST, son of the living GOD! interpose,
I pray thee, thine own pretious death, thy CROSSE &
Passion, betwixt my soul & thy judgment, now & in the hour
of my death And vouchsafe to graunt unto me thy grace &
mercy, unto all quick & dead, remission & rest, to thy church
peace & concord, to us sinners life & glory everlasting Who
livest and reignest with the FATHER, in the unity of the HOLY
GHOST, one GOD, world without end Amen

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

THE NINTH

The Versicle

Lord by thy sweet & saving SIGN

The Responsor

Defend us from our foes & thine

Y Thou shalt open

R And my mouth

Y O GOD make speed

R O LORD make hast

Glory be to

As it was in

THE HYMN

THE ninth with awfull horror hearkened to those groanes
Which taught attention ev n to ro[c]ks & stones
Hear, FATHER, hear! thy LAMB (at last) complaines
Of some more painfull thing then all his paines
Then bowes his all obedient head, & dyes
His own lov s & our sin s GREAT SACRIFICE
The sun saw That And would have seen no more
The center shook Her uselesse veil th inglorious Temple
tore

The Antiphona

O strange mysterious strife
Of open DEATH & hidden LIFE!
When on the crosse my king did bleed,
LIFE seem d to dy, DEATH dy d indeed

The Versicle

Lo we adore thee
D[rea]d LAMB! and fall
thus low before thee

The Responsor

Cause by the covenant of thy CROSSE
Thou hast sav d at once the whole wor[l]d s losse

RICHARD CRASHAW

The Prayer.

O Lord JESU-CHRIST, son of the living GOD^l interpose, I pray thee, thine own pretious death, thy CROSSE & Passion, betwixt my soul & thy judgment, now & in the hour of my death And vouchsafe to graunt unto me thy grace & mercy, unto all quick & dead, remission & rest, to thy church peace & concord, to us sinners life & glory everlasting Who livest and reignest with the FATHER, in the unity of the HOLY GHOST, one GOD, world without end. Amen.

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

EVENSONG

The Versicle

Lord, by thy sweet & saving SIGN

The Responsor

Defend us from our foes & thine

V Thou shalt open

R And my mouth

V O GOD make speed

R O LORD make hast

V Glory be to

R As it was in the

THE HYMN

BUT there were Rocks would not relent at This
Lo, for their own hearts, they rend his
Their deadly hate lives still, & hath
A wild reserve of wanton wrath
Superfluous SPEAR! But there s a HEART stands by
Will look no wounds be lost, no deaths shall dy
Gather now thy Greif s ripe FRUIT Great mother maid!
Then sitt thee down, & sing thine Ev nsong in the sad
TREE s shade

The Antiphona

O sad, sweet TREE!

Wofull & joyfull we

Both weep & sing in shade of thee

When the dear NAILES did lock

And graft into thy gracious Stock

The hope the health

The worth, the wealth

Of all the ransom d WORLD, thou hadst the power

(In that propitious Hour)

To poise each pretious limb,

And prove how light the World was, when it weighd with
HIM

RICHARD CRASHAW

Wide maist thou spred
Thine Armes, And with thy bright & blisfull head
O'relook all Libanus Thy lofty crown
The king himself is, Thou his humble THRONE.
Where yeilding & yet conquering he
Prov'd a new path of patient Victory
When wondring death by death was slain,
And our Captivity his Captive ta'ne

The Versicle

Lo we adore thee
Dread LAMB¹ & bow thus low before thee,

The Responsor

'Cause by the covenant of thy CROSSE
Thou'hast sav'd the world from certain losse

The Prayer

O lord JESU-CHRIST, son of the living, &c

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

COMPLINE

The Versicle

Lord by thy sweet & saving SIGN,

The Responsor

Defend us from our foes & thine

V Thou shalt open

R And my mouth

V O GOD make speed

R O LORD make hast

V Glory be

R As it was in

THE HIMN

THE Complin hour comes last, to call

Us to our own LIVES funerall

Ah hartlesse task! yet hope takes head

And lives in Him that here lyes dead

Run, MARY, run! Bring hither all the BLEST

ARABIA, for thy Royall Phœnix nest,

Pour on thy noblest sweets, Which, when they touch

This sweeter BODY, shall indeed be such

But must thy bed, lord, be a borrow'd grave

Who lendst to all things All the LIFE they have

O rather use this HEART, thus farr a fitter STONE,

Cause, though a hard & cold one, yet it is thine owne

Amen

The Antiphona

O save us then

Mercyfull KING of men!

Since thou wouldst needs be thus

A SAVIOUR, & at such a rate, for us,

Save us, o save us, lord

We now will own no shorter wish, nor name a narrower word

Thy blood bids us be bold

Thy Wounds give us fair hold

Thy Sorrows chide our shame

Thy Crosse, thy Nature, & thy name

Advance our claim

And cry with one accord

Save them, o save them, lord

RICHARD CRASHAW

THE RECOMMENDATION.

These Houres, & that which hover's o're my END,
Into thy hands, and hart, lord, I, commend

Take Both to Thine Account, that I & mine
In that Hour, & in these, may be all thine

That as I dedicate my devoutest BREATH
To make a kind of LIFE for my lord's DEATH,

So from his living, & life-giving DEATH,
My dying LIFE may draw a new, & never fleeting BREATH.

U P O N THE II. SEPULCHER.

Here where our LORD once lay'd his Head,
Now the grave lyes Buryed.

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

VEXILLA REGIS,

THE

HYMN

OF THE HOLY

CROSSE

I

Look up, languishing Soul! Lo where the fair
BADGE of thy faith calls back thy care,
And biddes thee ne re forget
Thy life is one long Debt
Of love to Him, who on this painfull TREE
Paid back the flesh he took for thee

II

Lo, how the streames of life, from that full nest
Of loves, thy lord s too liberall brest,
Flow in an amorous floud
Of WATER wedding BLOOD
With these he wash t thy stain, transfer d thy smart,
And took it home to his own heart

III

But though great LOVE, greedy of such sad gain
Usurp t the Portion of THY pain,
And from the nailes & spear
Turn d the steel point of fear,
Their use is chang d, not lost, and now they move
Not stings of w[ra]th, but wounds of love

RICHARD CRASHAW

IV.

Tall TREE of life! thy truth makes good
What was till now ne're understood,
 Though the prophetick king
 Struck lowd his faithfull string
It was thy wood he meant should make the T[HR]ONE
For a more then SALOMON

V

Larg throne of love! Royally spread
With purple of too Rich a red
 Thy crime is too much duty,
 Thy Burthen, too much beauty,
Glorious, or Greivous more? thus to make good
Thy costly excellence with thy KING's own BLOOD.

VI

Even ballance of both worlds! our world of sin,
And that of grace heavn way'd in HIM,
 Us with our price thou weighed'st,
 Our price for us thou payed'st,
Soon as the right-hand scale rejoyc't to prove
How much Death weigh'd more light then love

VII

Hail, our alone hope! let thy fair head shoot
Aloft, and fill the nations with thy noble fruit
 The while our hearts & we
 Thus graft our selves on thee,
Grow thou & they And be thy fair increase
The sinner's pardon & the just man's peace

Live, o for ever live & reign
The LAMB whom his own love hath slain!
And let thy lost sheep live to'inherit
That KINGDOM which this CROSSE did merit
 A M E N

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

TO OUR B LORD

UPON THE CHOISE OF HIS

Sepulcher

How life & death in Thee
 Agree!
Thou hadst a virgin womb,
 And tomb
A JOSEPH did betroth
 Them both

-

RICHARD CRASHAW
CHARITAS
NIMIA.
OR
THE
DEAR BARGAIN.

I Ord, what is man? why should he coste thee
So dear? what had his ruin lost thee?
Lord what is man? that thou hast overbought
So much a thing of nought?

Love is too kind, I see, & can
Make but à simple merchant man
'Twas for such sorry merchandise,
Bold Painters have putt out his Eyes

Alas, sweet lord, what wer't to thee
If there were no such wormes as we?
Heav'n ne're the lesse still heavn would be,
Should Mankind dwell
In the deep hell
What have his woes to doe with thee?

Let him goe weep
O're his own wounds,
SERAPHIMS will not sleep
Nor spheares let fall their faithfull rounds

Still would The youthfull SPIRITS sing,
And still thy spacious Palace ring
Still would those beauteous ministers of light
Burn all as bright,

And bow their flaming heads before thee
Still thrones & Dominations would adore thee
Still would those ever-wakefull sons of fire
Keep warm thy prayse
Both nights & dayes,
And teach thy lov'd name to their noble lyre

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

Le[t] froward Dust then doe it s kind,
And give it self for sport to the proud wind
Why should a peice of peevisch clay plead shares
In the Æternity of thy old cares?
Why shouldst you bow thy awfull Brest to see
What mine own madnes'es have done with me?

Should not the king still keepe his throne
Because some desperite I ool s undone?
Or will the world s Illustrious eyes
Weep for every worm that dyes,

Will the gallant sun
E re the lesse glorious run?
Will he hang down his golden head
Or e re the sooner seek his western bed,
Because some foolish fly
Growes wanton, & will dy?

If I were lost in misery,
What was it to thy heavn & thee?
What was it to thy pretious blood
If my foul Heart call d for a floud?

What if my faithlesse soul & I
Would needs fall in
With guilt & sin,
What did the I amb, that he should dy?
What did the lamb, that he should need?
When the wolf sins, himself to bleed?

If my base lust,
Bargain d with Death & well beseeeming dust
Why should the white
Lamb s bosom write
The purple name
Of my sin s shame?

Why should his unstaind brest make good
My blushes with his own heart blood?

O my SAVIOUR, make me see
How dearly thou hast payd for me
That lost again my LIFF may prove
As then in DEATH, so now in love

SANCTA MARIA
DOLORUM
OR
THE MOTHER
OF
SORROWS.

A
Patheticall descant upon the
devout Plainsong

OF
STABAT MATER
DOLOROSA.

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO
 SANCTA MARIA
 DOLORUM

I

IN shade of death's sad TREE
 Stood Dolefull SHEE
 Ah SHE¹ now by none other
 Name to be known, alas, but SORROW'S [M]OTHER
 Before her eyes
 Hers, & the whole world's joyes,
 Hanging all torn she sees and in his woes
 And Paines, her Pangs & throes
 Each wound of His, from every Part,
 All, more at home in her one heart

II

What kind of marble than
 Is that cold man
 Who can look on & see,
 Nor keep such noble sorrowes company?
 Sure even from you
 (My Flints) some drops are due
 To see so many unkind swords contest
 So fast for one soft Brest
 While with a faithfull, mutuall, floud
 Her eyes bleed TEARES, his wounds weep BLOOD

III

O costly intercourse
 Of deaths, & worse
 Divided loves While son & mother
 Discourse alternate wounds to one another
 Quick Deaths that grow
 And gather, as they come & goe
 His Nails write swords in her, which soon her heart
 Payes back, with more then their own smart,
 Her SWORDS, still growin[g] with his pain,
 Turn SPEARES, & straight come home again

RICHARD CRASHAW

IV.

She sees her son, her God,
Bow with à load
Of borrowd sins, And swimme
In woes that were not made for Him
Ah hard command
Of love! Here must she stand
Charg'd to look on, & with à stedfast ey
See her life dy
Leaving her only so much Breath
As serves to keep alive her death.

V.

O Mother turtle-dove!
Soft sourse of love
That these dry lidds might borrow
Something from thy full Seas of sorrow!
O in that brest
Of thine (the nob[l]est nest
Both of love's fires & flouds) might I recline
This hard, cold, Heart of mine!
The chill lump would relent, & prove
Soft subject for the seige of love

VI

O teach those wounds to bleed
In me, me, so to read
This book of loves, thus writ
In lines of death, my life may copy it
With loyall cares
O let me, here, claim shares,
Yeild somthing in thy sad prærogative
(Great Queen of greifes) & give
Me too my teares, who, though all stone,
Think much that thou shouldst mourn alone.

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

VII

Yea let my life & me
Fix here with thee,
And at the Humble foot
Of this fair TREE take our eter[n]all root
That so we may
At least be in loves way
And in these chast warres while the wing d wounds flee
So fast twixt him & thee,
My brest may catch the kisse of some kind dart,
Though as at second hand, from either heart

VIII

O you, your own best Darts
Dear, dolefull hearts!
Hail & strike home & make me see
That wounded bosomes their own weapons be
Come wounds! come darts!
Nail d hands! & peirced hearts!
Come your whole selves, sorrow s great son & mother!
Nor grudge à yonger Brother
Of greifes his portion, who (hnd all their due)
One single wound should not have left for you

IX

Shall I, sett there
So deep a share
(Dear wounds) & onely now
In sorrows draw no Dividend with you?
O be more wise
I[f] not more soft, mine eyes!
Flow, tardy founts! & into decent showres
Dissolve my Dayes & Howres
And if thou yet (faint soul!) deferr
To bleed with him, fail not to weep with her

RICHARD CRASHAW

X.

Rich Queen, lend some releife,
At least an almes of greif
To'a heart who by sad right of sin
Could prove the whole summe (too sure) due to him.
By all those stings
Of love, sweet bitter things,
Which these torn hands transcrib'd on thy true heart
O teach mine too the art
To study him so, till we mix
Wounds, and become one crucifix

XI

O let me suck the wine
So long of this chast vine
Till drunk of the dear wounds, I be
A lost Thing to the world, as it to me.
O faithfull freind
Of me & of my end!
Fold up my life in love, and lay't beneath
My dear lord's vitall death
Lo, heart, thy hope's whole Plea! Her pretious Breath
Powr'd out in prayrs for thee, thy lord's in death

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

UPON THE BLEEDING CRUCIFIX A SONG

I

J Esu, no more! It is full tide
From thy head & from thy feet,
From thy hands & from thy side
All the purple Rivers meet

II

What need thy fair head bear a part
In showres, as if thine eyes had none?
What need They help to drown thy heart,
That strives in torrents of its own?

III

Thy restlesse feet now cannot goe
For us & our eternall good
As they were ever wont What though?
They swimme Alas, in their own floud

IV

Thy hands to give, thou canst not lift
Yet will thy hand still giving be
It gives but ô it self s the gift
It gives though bound though bound tis free

RICHARD CRASHAW

V.

But ô thy side, thy deep-digg'd side!
That hath a double Nilus going.
Nor ever was the pharian tide
Half so fruitfull, half so flowing

VI

No hair so small, but payes his river
To this red sea of thy blood
Their little channells can deliver
Somthing to the Generall flood.

VII.

But while I speak, whither are run
All the rivers nam'd before?
I counted wrong There is but one,
But ô that one is one all ore.

VIII

Rain-swoln rivers may rise proud,
Bent all to drown & overflow
But when indeed all's overflow'd
They themselves are drowned too

IX.

This thy blood's deluge, a dire chance
Dear LORD to thee, to us is found
A deluge of Deliverance,
A deluge least we should be drown'd.

N'ere wast thou in a sense so sadly true,
The WELL of living WATERS, Lord, till now

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

UPON
THE CROWNE OF THORNS

TAKEN DOWNE

From the head of our Bl LORD,
all Bloody

K Now st thou This, Souldier? Tis a much chang d plant
which yet
Thy selfe didst sett

O who so hard a Husbandman did ever find
A soile so kind?

Is not the soile a kind one, which returnes
Roses for Th[or]nes?

RICHARD CRASHAW

UPON
THE BODY OF OUR
BLESSED LORD,
NAKED
AND
BLOODY.

They 'have left thee naked, LORD, O that they had
This garment too I would they had deny'd.

Thee with thy self they have too richly clad,
Opening the purple wardrobe in thy side

O never could there be garment too good
For thee to wear, But this, of thine own Blood.

THE
HYMN
OF
SANTE THOMAS
IN
ADORATION OF
THE
BLESSED
SACRAMENT

RICHARD CRASHAW

A D O R O

T E

W Ith all the powres my poor Heart hath
Of humble love & loyall Faith,
Thus lowe (my hidden life!) I bow to thee
Whom too much love hath bow'd more low for me.
Down down, proud sense! Discourses dy.
Keep close, my soul's inquiring ey!
Nor touch nor tast must look for more
But each sitt still in his own Dore

Your ports are all superfluous here,
Save That which lets in faith, the eare
Faith is my skill Faith can beleive
As fast as love new lawes can give
Faith is my force Faith strength affords
To keep pace with those powerfull words
And words more sure, more sweet, then they
Love could not think, truth could not say

O let thy wretch find that releife
Thou didst afford the faithfull theife
Plead for me, love! Alleage & show
That faith has farther, here, to goe
And lesse to lean on Because than
Though hidd as GOD, wounds writt thee man,
Thomas might touch, None but might see
At least the suffering side of thee,
And that too was thy self which thee did cover,
But here ev'n That's hid too which hides the other.

Sweet, consider then, that I
Though allow'd nor hand nor eye
To reach at thy lov'd Face, nor can
Tast thee GOD, or touch thee MAN
Both yet beleive, And wittnesse thee
My LORD too & my GOD, as lowd as He

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

Help, lord, my Hope increase,
And fill my portion in thy peace
Give love for life nor let my dayes
Grow, but in new powres to thy name & praise

O dear memoriall of that Death
Which lives still, & allowes us breath!
Rich, Royall food! Bountyfull BREAD!
Whose use denyes us to the dead,
Whose vitall gust alone can give
The same leave both to eat & live,
Live ever Bread of loves, & be
My life, my soul, my surer selfe to mee

O soft self wounding Pelican!
Whose brest weepes Balm for wounded man
Ah this way bend thy benign floud
To a bleeding Heart that gaspes for blood
That blood, whose least drops soveraign be
To wash my worlds of sins from me
Come love! Come LORD! & that long day
For which I languish, come away
When this dry soul those eyes shall see,
And drink the unseal'd sourse of thee
When Glory's sun faith's shades shall chase,
And for thy veil give me thy FACE

A M E N

RICHARD CRASHAW
LAUDA SION SALVATOREM.
THE HYMN
FOR
T'HE BL.
SACRAMEN'T.

I

Rise, Royall SION! rise & sing
Thy soul's kind shepheard, thy hart's KING
Stretch all thy powres, call if thou can
Harpes of heavn to hands of man
This sovereign subject sitts above
The best ambition of thy love.

II.

Lo the BREAD of LI[F]E, this day's
Triumphant Text, provokes thy prayse
The living & life-giving bread,
To the great twelve distributed
When LIFE, himself, at point to dy
Of love, was his own LEGACY.

III

Come, love! & let us work a song
Lowd & pleasant, sweet & long,
Let lippes & Hearts lift high the noise
Of so just & solemn joyes,
Which on his white browes this bright day
Shall hence for ever bear away.

IV

Lo the new LAW of a new LORD
With a new Lamb blesses the Board
The aged Pascha pleads not yeares
But spyes love's dawn, & disappears
Types yeld to TRUTHES, shades shrink away,
And their NIGHT dyes into our Day.

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

V

But lest THAT dy too, we are bid
Ever to doe what he once did
And by a mindfull, mystick breath
That we may live, revive his DEATH,
With a well bles t bread & wine
Transsum d, & taught to turn divine

VI

The Heavn instructed house of FAITH
Here a holy Dictate hath
That they but lend their Form & face,
Themselves with reverence leave their place
Nature, & name, to be made good
By a nobler Bread, more needfull BLOOD

VII

Where nature s lawes no leave will give,
Bold FAITH takes heart, & dares beleive
In different species, name not things,
Himself to me my SAVIOUR brings,
As meat in That, as Drink in this,
But still in Both one CHRIST he is

VIII

The Receiving Mouth here makes
Non wound nor breach in what he takes
Let one, or one THOUSAND be
Here Dividers, single he
Beares home no lesse, all they no more,
Nor leave they both lesse then before

IX

Though in it self this SOVERAIN FEAST
Be all the same to every Guest,
Yet on the same (life meaning) Bread
The child of Death eates himself Dead
Nor is t love s fault, but sin s dire skill
That thus from LIFE can DEATH distill

RICHARD CRASHAW

X.

When the blest signes thou broke shall see,
Hold but thy Faith intire as he
Who, howsoe'er clad, cannot come
Lesse then whole CHRIST in every crumme.
In broken formes à stable FAITH
Untouch't her pretious TOTAIL hath.

XI.

Lo the life-food of ANGELS then
Bow'd to the lowly mouths of men!
The children's BREAD, the Bridegroom's WINE.
Not to be cast to dogges, or swine

XII

Lo, the full, finall, SACRIFIC
On which all figures fix't their eyes
The ransom'd ISACK, & his ramme,
The MANNA, & the PASCHAL Lamb.

XIII.

JESU MASTER, Just & true!
Our Food, & faithfull SHEPHERD too!
O by thy self vouchsafe to keep,
As with thy selfe thou feed'st thy SHEEP.

XIV.

O let that love which thus makes thee
Mix with our low Mortality,
Lift our lean Soules, & sett us up
Convictors of thine own full cup,
Coheirs of SAINTS That so all may
Drink the same wine, and the same WAY
Nor chang the PASTURE, but the PLACE,
To feed of THEE in thine own FACE.

AMEN.

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

THE
HYMN
OF THE
CHURCH,
IN MEDITATION OF
THE DAY OF
JUDGMENT

I

H Ears t thou, my soul, with serious things
Both the Psalm and sybyll sings
Of a sure judge, from whose sharp Ray
The world in flames shall fly away

II

O that fire ! before whose face
Heavn & earth shall find no place
O those eyes ! whose angry light
Must be the day of that dread Night

III

O that trump ! whose blast shall r[u]n
An even round with the circling Sun
And urge the murmuring graves to bring
Pale mankind forth to meet his king

IV

Horror of nature, hell & Death !
When a deep Groan from beneath
Shall cry we come, we come & all
The caves of night answer one call

RICHARD CRASHAW

V.

O that Book^l whose leaves so bright
Will sett the world in severe light
O that Judge^l whose hand, whose eye
None can indure, yet none can fly

VI.

Ah then, poor soul, what wilt thou say?
And to what Patron chuse to pray?
When starres themselves shall stagger, and
The most firm foot no more then stand.

VII

But thou giv'st leave (dread Lord) that we
Take shelter from thy self, in thee,
And with the wings of thine own dove
Fly to thy scepter of soft love.

VIII

Dear, remember in that Day
Who was the cause thou cam'st this way
Thy sheep was stray'd, And thou wouldst be
Even lost thy self in seeking me.

IX

Shall all that labour, all that cost
Of love, and ev'n that losse, be lost?
And this lov'd soul, judg'd worth no lesse
Then all that way, and wearynesse?

X.

Just mercy then, thy Reckning be
With my price, & not with me
'Twas pay'd at first with too much pain,
To be pay'd twice, or once, in vain

XI

Mercy (my judge) mercy I cry
With blushing Cheek & bleeding ey,
The conscious colors of my sin
Are red without & pale within

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

XII

O let thine own soft bowells pay
Thy self, And so discharge that day
If sin can sigh, love can forgive
O say the word my Soul shall live

XIII

Those mercyes which thy MARY found
Or who thy crosse confest & crown'd,
Hope tells my heart, the same loves be
Still alive, and still for me

XIV

Though both my Prayres & teares combine,
Both worthlesse are For they are mine
But thou thy bounteous self still be
And show thou art, by saving me

XV

O when thy last Frown shall proclaim
The flocks of goates to folds of flame,
And all thy lost sheep found shall be,
Let come ye blessed then call me

XVI

When the dread IRE shall divide
Those Limbs of death from thy left side,
Let those life speaking lipps command
That I inheritt thy right hand

XVII

O hear a suppliant heart, all crush't
And crumbled into contrite dust
My hope, my fear! my Judge my Freind!
Take charge of me, & of my END

RICHARD CRASHAW

THE

HIMN

O GLORIOSA DOMINA.

II Ail, most high, most humble one!
Above the world, below thy Son
Whose blush the moon beauteously marres
And staines the timerous light of stares
He that made all things, had not done
Till he had made Himself thy son
The whole world's host would be thy guest
And board himself at thy rich BREST
O boundles Hospitality!

The FEAST of all thing feeds on the[e]

The first Eve, mother of our FALL,
E're she bore any one, slew all
Of Her unkind gift might we have
The inheritance of a hasty GRAVE,
Quick burye'd in the wanton TOMB
Of one forbidden bitt,

Had not à Better FRUIT forbidden it

Had not thy healthfull womb

The world's new eastern window bin
And given us heav'n again, in giving HIM
Thine was the Rosy DAWN that sprung the Day
Which renders all the starres she stole away.

Let then the Aged world be wise, & all
Prove nobly, here, unnaturall

'Tis gratitude to forgett that other
And call the maiden Eve their mo[t]her.

Yee redeem'd Nations farr & near,
Applaud your happy selves in her,
(All you to whom this love belongs)
And keep't alive with lasting songs.

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

Let hearts & lippes speak lowd , and say
Hail, door of life & sourse of day!
The door was shutt, the fountain seal d,
Yet LIGHT was seen & LIFE reveald
The fountain seald, yet life found way
Glory to thee, great virgin's son
In bosom of thy FATHER s blisse
The same to thee, sweet SPIRIT be done ,
As ever shall be, was, & is

AMEN

RICHARD CRASHAW
 IN THE
 GLORIOUS
 ASSUMPTION
 OF
 OUR BLESSED
 LADY.
 THE HYMN

I Ark! she is call'd, the parting houre is come
 Take thy Farewell, poor world! heavn must goe home
 A peice of heav'nly earth, Purer & brighter
 Then the chast starres, whose choise lamps come to light her
 While through the crystall orbes, cleaier then they
 She climbs, and makes a farre more milkey way
 She's calld Hark, how the dear immortall dove
 Sighes to his sylver mate rise up, my love!
 Rise up, my fair, my spottlesse one!
 The winter's past, the rain is gone
 The spring is come, the flowrs appear
 No sweets, but thou, are wanting here
 Come away, my love!
 Come away, my dove! cast off delay,
 The court of heav'n is come
 To wait upon thee home, Come come away!
 The flowrs appear
 Or quickly would, wert thou once here
 The spring is come, or if it stay,
 'Tis to keep time with thy delay
 The rain is gone, except so much as we
 Detain in needfull teares to weep the want of thee
 The winter's past.
 or if he make lesse hast,
 His answer is, why she does so
 If sommer come not, how can winter goe.
 Come away, come away
 The shrill winds chide, the waters weep thy stay,

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

The fountains murmur & each loftyest [t]ree,
Bowes low st his heavy top, to look for thee

Come away, my love

Come away, my dove &c

She s call d again And will she goe?

When heavn bidds come, who can say no?

Heavn calls her, & she must away

Heavn will not, & she cannot stay

GOE then goe GLORIOUS

On the golden wings

Of the bright youth of heavn, that sings

Under so sweet a Burthen Goe,

Since thy dread son will have it so

And while thou goest, our song & we

Will, as we may, reach after thee

HAIL, holy Queen of humble hearts!

We in thy prayse will have our parts

Thy pretious name shall be

Thy self to us & we

With holy care will keep it by us

We to the last

Will hold it fast

And no ASSUMPTION shall deny us

All the sweetest showres

Of our fairest flowres

Will we strow upon it

Though our sweets cannot make

It sweeter, they can take

Themselves new sweetnes from it

MARIA men & Angels sing

MARIA, mother of our KING

LIVE rosy princesse, LIVE And may the bright

Crown of a most incomparable light

Embrace thy radiant browes O may the best

Of everlasting joyes bath thy white brest

LIVE, our chaste love the holy mirth

Of heavn the humble pride of earth

Live, c[r]own of woemen Queen of men

Live mistresse of our song And when

Our weak desires have done their [b]est,

Sweet Angels come, and sing the rest

RICHARD CRASHAW

S A N I T E
M A R Y
M A G D A L E N E
O R
T H E W E E P E R.

Loe where à WOUNDED HEART with Bleeding EYES conspire.
Is she a FLAMING Fountain, or a Weeping fire!

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

THE WEEPER

I

Hail, sister springs!
Parents of sylver footed rills!
Ever bubling things!
Thawing crystall' snowy hills,
Still spending, never spent! I mean
Thy fair eyes, sweet MAGDALENE!

II

Heavens thy fair eyes be
Heavens of ever falling starres
Tis seed time still with thee
And starres thou sow st, whose harvest dares
Promise the earth to counter shine
Whatever makes heavn s forehead fine

III

But we are deceived all
Starres indeed they are too true
For they but seem to fall,
As Heavn s other spangles doe
It is not for our earth & us
To shine in Things so pretious

IV

Upwards thou dost weep
Heavn s bosome drinks the gentle stream
Where th milky rivers creep
Thine floates above & is the cream
Waters above th Heavns, what they be
We are taught best by thy TEARES & thee

RICHARD CRASHAW

V

Every morn from hence
A brisk Cherub something sippes
Whose sacred influence
Addes sweetnes to his sweetest Lippes.
Then to his musick. And his song
Tasts of this Breakfast all day long.

VI.

Not in the evening's eyes
When they Red with weeping are
For the Sun that dyes,
Sitts sorrow with a face so fair,
No where but here did ever meet
Sweetnesse so sad, sadnesse so sweet

VII

When sorrow would be seen
In her brightest majesty
(For she is a Queen)
Then is she drest by none but thee.
Then, & only then, she weares
Her proudest pearles, I mean, thy TEARES.

VIII

The deaw no more will weep
The prim rose's pale cheek to deck,
The deaw no more will sleep
Nuzzel'd in the lilly's neck,
Much reather would it be thy TEAR,
And leave them Both to tremble here

IX.

There's no need at all
That the balsom-sweating bough
So coyly should let fall
His med'cinable teares, for now
Nature hath learn't to'extract a deaw
More soveraign & sweet from you.

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

X

Yet let the poore drops weep
(Weeping is the case of woe)
Softly let them creep,
Sad that they are vanquish't so
They, though to others no reliefe,
Balsom maybe, for their own greife

XI

Such the maiden gemme
By the purpling vine put on,
Peeps from her parent stemme
And blushes at the bridegroomes sun
This watry Blossom of thy eyn,
Ripe, will make the richer wine

XII

When some new bright Guest
Takes up among the starres a room,
And Heavn will make a feast,
Angels with crystall violls come
And deaw from these full eyes of thine
Their master's Water their own Wine

XIII

Golden though he be,
Golden Tagus murmures tho
Were his way by thee,
Content & quiet he would goe
So much more rich would he esteem
Thy sylver, then his golden stream

XIV

Well does the May that lyes
Smiling in thy cheeks, confesse
The April in thine eyes
Mutuall sweetnesse they expresse
No April ere lent kinder showres,
Nor May return'd more faithfull flowres

RICHARD CRASHAW

XV.

O c[h]eeke! Bedds of chaste loves
By your own showres seasonably dash't
Eyes! nests of milky doves
In your own wells decently washt.
O wit of love! that thus could place
Fountain & Garden in one face.

[XVI.]

O sweet Contest, of woes
With loves, of teares with smiles disputing!
O fair, & Freindly Foes,
Each other kissing & confuting!
While rain & sunshine, Cheekes & Eyes
Close in kind contrarieties

XVII.

But can these fair Flouds be
Freinds with the bosom fires that fill you!
Can so great flames agree
Æternall Teares should thus distill thee!
O flouds, o fires! o suns o showres!
Mixt & made freinds by love's sweet powres.

XVIII

Twas his well-pointed dait
That digg'd these wells, & drest this wine,
And taught the wounded HEART
The way into these weeping Eyn
Vain loves avant! bold hands forbear!
The lamb hath dipp't his white foot here

XIX.

And now where're he strays,
Among the Galilean mountaines,
Or more unwellcome wayes,
He's follow'd by two faithfull fountaines,
Two walking baths, two weeping motions,
Portable, & compendious oceans

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

XX

O Thou, thy lord's fair store!
In thy so rich & rare expenses,
Even when he show'd most poor,
He might provoke the wealth of Princes
What Prince's wantonst pride ere could
Wash with Sylver, wipe with Gold

XXI

Who is that King, but he
Who calls t his Crown to be call'd thine,
That thus can boast to be
Waited on by a wandring mine,
A voluntary mint, that strowes
Warm sylver shoures where re he goes!

XXII

O pretious Prodigall!
Fair spend thrift of thy self! thy measure
(Merciesse love!) is all
Even to the last Pearle in thy threasure
All places, Times, & objects be
Thy teares sweet opportunity

XXIII

Does the day-starre rise?
Still thy starres doe fall & fall,
Does day close his eyes?
Still the FOUNTAIN weeps for all
Let night or day doe what they will,
Thou hast thy task thou weepest still

XXIV

Does thy song lull the air?
Thy falling teares keep faithfull time
Does thy sweet breath d paire
Up in clouds of incense climb?
Still at each sigh, that is, each stop,
A bead, that is, A TEAR, does drop,

RICHARD CRASHAW

XXV.

At these thy weeping gates,
(Watching their watry motion)
Each winged moment waits,
Takes his TRAR, & gets him gone
By thine Ey's tinct enobled thus
Time layes him up, he's prctious

XXVI

Not, so long she lived,
Shall thy tomb report of thee,
But, so long she greived,
Thus must we date thy memory
Others by moments, months, & yeares
Measure their ages, thou, by TEARES

XXVII.

So doe perfumes expire
So sigh tormented sweets, opprest
With proud unpittying fires.
Such Teares the suffering Rose that's vexed
With ungentle flames does shed,
Sweating in a too warm bed

XXVIII

Say, the bright brothers,
The fugitive sons of those fair Eyes
Your fruitfull mothers!
What make you here? what hopes can tice
You to be born? what cause can borrow
You from Those nests of noble sorrow?

XXIX

Whither away so fast?
For sure the sordid earth
Your Sweetnes cannot tast
Nor does the dust deserve their birth.
Sweet, whither hast you then? o say
Why you trip so fast away?

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

XXX

We goe not to seek,
The darlings of Auroras bed,
The rose s modest Cheek
Nor the violet s humble head
Though the Feild s eyes too WEEPERS be
Because they want such TEARES as we

XXXI

Much lesse mean we to trace
The Fortune of inferior gemmes,
Preferr d to some proud face
Or percht upon fear d Diadems
Crown d Heads are toyes We goe to meet
A worthy object, our lord s FEET

A HYMN
TO
THE NAME AND HONOR
OF
THE ADMIRABLE
SANT'E
'TERESA,
FOUNDRESSE
of the Reformation of the Discalced
CARMELITES, both
men & Women ;

A
WOMAN
for Angelicall heig[ht] of speculation, for
Masculine courage of performance,
more then a woman.

WHO
Yet a child, out ran maturity, and
durst plott a Martyrdome ;

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

THE HYMNE

LOVE, thou art Absolute sole lord
OF LIFE & DEATH To prove the word,
Wee'l now appeal to none of all
Those thy old Souldiers, Great & tall,
Ripe Men of Martyrdom, that could reach down
With strong armies, their triumphant crown,
Such as could with lusty breath
Speak lowd into the face of death
Their Great LORD's glorious name, to none
Of those whose spacious Bosomes spread a throne
For LOVE at larg to fill, spare blood & sweat,
And see him take a private seat,
Making his mansion in the mild
And milky soul of a soft child

Scarse has she learn'd to lisp the name
Of Martyr yet she thinks it shame
Life should so long play with that breath
Which spent can buy so brave a death
She never undertook to know
What death with love should have to doe,
Nor has she ere yet understood
Why to show love she should shed blood
Yet though she cannot tell you why,
She can LOVE, & she can DY

Scarse has she Blood enough to make
A guilty sword blush for her sake
Yet has she a HEART dres hope to prove
How much lesse strong is DEATH then LOVE

Be love but there let poor six yeares
Be pos'd with the maturest Feares
Man trembles at, you st[r]aight shall find
LOVE knowes no nonage, nor the MIND
'Tis LOVE, not YEARES or LIMBS that can
Make the Martyr, or the man

RICHARD CRASHAW

LOVE touch't her HEART, & lo it beates
High, & burnes with such brave heates,
Such thirsts to dy, as dares drink up,
A thousand cold deaths in one cup
Good reason For she breathes All fire
Her [weake] brest heaves with strong desire
Of what she may with fruitles wishes
Seek for amongst her MOTHER's [Kisses]

Since 'tis not to be had at home

She'l travail to à Mar[t]ydom

No home for hers confesses she

But where she may à Martyr be

She'l to the Moores, And trade with them,
For this unvalued Diadem

She'l offer them her dearest Breath,

With CHRIST's Name in't, in change for death

She'l bargain with them, & will give

Them GOD, teach them how to live

In him or, if they this deny,

For him she'l teach them how to DY

So shall she leave amongst them sown

Her LORD's Blood, or at lest her own

FAREWEL then, all the world! Adieu

TERESA is no more for you

Farewell, all pleasures, sports, & joyes,

(Never till now esteemed toyes)

[Farewell what ever deare may be,]

MOTHER's armes or FATHER's knee

Farewell house, & farewell home!

SHE's for the Moores, & MARTYRDOM

SWEET, not so fast! lo thy fair Spouse

Whom thou seekst with so swift vowes,

Calls thee back, & bids thee come

T'embrace a milder MARTYRDOM

Blest powres forbid, Thy tender life

Should bleed upon a barborous knife,

Or some base hand have power to race

Thy Brest's chast cabinet, & uncase

A soul kept there so sweet, ô no,

Wise heavn will never have it so

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

THOU art love's victime & must dy
A death more mysticall & high
Into love's armes thou shalt let fall
A till surviving funerall
His is the DART must make the DEATH
Whose stroke shall tast thy hallow'd breath
A Dart thrice dip't in that rich flame
Which writes thy spouse's radiant Name
Upon the roof of Heav'n where ay
It shines, & with a soveraign ray
Beates bright upon the burning faces
Of soules which in that name's sweet graces
Find everlasting smiles So rare,
So spirituall, pure, & fair
Must be th'immortall instrument
Upon whose choice point shall be sent
A life so lov'd And that there be
Fitt executioners for Thee,
The fairest & first born sons of fire
Blest SERAPHIM, shall leave their quire
And turn love's souldiers, upon THEE
To exercise their archerie
O how oft shalt thou complain
Of a sweet & subtle PAIN
Of intolerable JOYES
Of a DEATH, in which who dyes
Loves his death, and dyes again
And would for ever so be slain
And lives & dyes and knowes not why
To live, But that he thus may never leave to DY
How kindly will thy gentle HEART
Kisse the sweetly killing DART!
And close in his embraces keep
Those delicious Wounds, that weep
Balsom to heal themselves with Thus
When These thy DEATHS so numerous,
Shall all at last dy into one,
And melt thy Soules sweet mansion
Like a soft lump of incense, hasted
By too hott a fire, & wasted

RICHARD CRASHAW

Into perfuming clouds, so fast
 Shalt thou exhale to Heaven at last
 In a resolving SIGH, and then
 O what? Ask not the Tongues of men.
 Angells cannot tell, suffice,
 Thy self shall feel thine own full joyes
 And hold them fast for ever there
 So soon as you first appear,
 The MOON of maiden stars, thy white
 MISERERE, attended by such bright
 Soules as thy shining self, shall come
 And in her first ranks make thee room,
 Where 'mongst her snowy family
 Immortall vells comes wait for thee

O what delight, when reveal'd L[ist] shall stand
 And teach thy lipps heav'n with his hand,
 On which thou now maist to thy wishes
 Heap up thy consecrated kisses
 What joyes shall seize thy soul, when she
 Bending her blessed eyes on thee
 (Those second Smiles of Heav'n) shall dart
 Her mild rayes through thy melting heart!

Angels, thy old friends, there shall greet thee
 Glad at their own home now to meet thee

All thy good WORKES which went before
 And waited for thee, at the door,
 Shall own thee there, and all in one
 Weave a constellation
 Of CROWNS, with which the KING thy spouse
 Shall build up thy triumphant browes.

All thy old woes shall now smile on thee
 And thy paines sitt bright upon thee
 All thy SUFFRINGS be divine
 TEARLS shall take comfort, & turn gemms
 And WRONGS repent to Diademms
 Ev'n thy Death shall live, & new
 Dresse the soul that erst they slew
 Thy wounds shall blush to such bright scarres
 As keep account of the LAMB's warres

Those rare WORKES where thou shalt leave writt

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

Love s noble history, with witt
Taught thee by none but him, while here
They feed our soules, shall cloth THINE there
Each heavnly word by whose hid flame
Our hard Hearts shall strike fire, the same
Shall flourish on thy browes, & be
Both fire to us & flame to thee
Whose light shall live bright in thy FACE
By glory, in our hearts by grace
Thou shalt look round about, & see
Thousands of crown d Soules throng to be
Themselves thy crown Sons of thy vowes
The virgin-births with which thy soveraign spouse
Made fruitfull thy fair soul, goe now
And with them all about thee bow
To Him, put on (hee l say) put on
(My rosy love) That thy rich zone
Sparkling with the sacred flames
Of thousand soules, whose happy names
Heav n keep upon thy score (Thy bright
Life brought them first to kisse the light
That kindled them to starrs) and so
Thou with the LAMB, thy lord, shalt goe ,
And whereso ere he setts his white
Stepps walk with HIM those wayes of light
Which who in death would live to see,
Must learn in life to dy like thee

RICHARD CRASHAW

A N

A P O L O G I E

F O R

T H E F O R E - G O I N G H Y M [N E]

as having been writt when the au-
thor was yet among the
protestantes.

'**I** Hus have I back again to thy bright name
(Fair flood of holy fires!) transfus'd the flame
I took from reading thee, tis to thy wrong
I know, that in my weak & worthlesse song
Thou here art sett to shine where thy full day
Scarse dawnes O pardon if I dare to say
Thine own dear bookes are guilty For from thence
I learn't to know that love is eloquence
That hopefull maxime gave me hart to try
If, what to other tongues is tun'd so high,
Thy praise might not speak English too, forbid
(By all thy mysteryes that here ly hidde)
Forbid it, mighty Love! let no fond Hate
Of names & wordes, so farr præjudicate.
Souls are not SPANIARDS too, one freindly flood
Of BAPTISM blends them all into a blood
CHRIST's faith makes but one body of all soules
A[n]d love's that body's soul, no law controwlls
Our free traffique for heav'n we may maintaine
Peace, sure, with piety, though it come from SPAIN
What soul so e're, in any language, can
Speak heav'n like her's is my souls country-man.

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

O tis not spanish, but tis heav'n she speaks !
Tis heav'n that lyes in ambush there, & breaks
From thence into the wondring reader's brest
Who feels his warm HEART into a nest
Of little EAGLES & young loves, whose high
Flights scorn the lazy dust, & things that dy
There are now, whose draughts (as deep as hell)
Drink up al SPAIN in sack Let my soul swell
With thee, strong wine of love ! let others swimme
In puddles, we will pledge this SERAPHIM
Bowles full of richer blood then blush of grape
Was ever guilty of, Change we too our shape
(My soul,) Some drink from men to beasts, o then
Drink we till we prove more, not lesse, then men,
And turn not beasts, but Angels Let the king
Me ever into these his cellars bring
Where flowes such wine as we can have of none
But HIM who trod the wine presse all alone
Wine of youth, life, & the sweet Deaths of love,
Wine of immortall mixture which can prove
It's Tincture from the rosy nectar wine
That can exalt weak EARTH & so refine
Our dust, that at one draught, mortality
May drink it self up, and forget to dy

RICHARD CRASHAW

THE

FLAMING HEART

UPON THE BOOK AND

Picture of the seraphicall saint

TERESA,

(AS SHE IS USUALLY EX-
pressed with a SERAPHIM
beside her.)

WELL meaning readers! you that come as freinds
 And catch the pretious name this peice pretends,
 Make not too much hast to' admire
 That fair-check't fallacy of fire
 That is a SERAPHIM, they say
 And this the great TERESIA
 Readers, be rul'd by me, & make
 Here a well-plac't & wise mistake
 You must transpose the picture quite,
 And spell it wrong to read it right,
 Read HIM for her, & her for him,
 And call the SAINT the SERAPHIM
 Painter, what didst thou understand
 To put her dart into his hand!
 See, even the yeares & size of him
 Showes this the mother SERAPHIM
 This is the mistresse flame, & duteous he
 Her happy fire-works, here, comes down to see
 O most poor-spirited of men!
 Had thy cold Pencil kist her PEN

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

Thou couldst not so unkindly err
 To show us This faint shade for HER
 Why man, this speakes pure mortall frame,
 And mockes with female FROST loves manly flame
 One would suspect thou meantst to print
 Some weak, inferiour, woman saint
 But had thy pale-fact purple took
 Fire from the burning cheeks of that bright Booke
 Thou wouldst on her have heapt up all
 That could be found SERAPHICALL,
 What ere this youth of fire weares fair,
 Rosy fingers, radiant hair,
 Glowing cheek, & glistering wings,
 All those fair & flagrant things,
 But before all, that fiery DART
 Had fill'd the Hand of this great HEART

Doe then as equall right requires,
 Since HIS the blushes be & hers the fires,
 Resume & rectify thy rude design
 Undresse thy Seraphim into MINE
 Redeem this injury of thy art
 Give HIM the vail, give her the dart

Give Him the vail that he may cover
 The Red cheeks of a rivall'd lover
 Asham'd that our world, now, can show
 Nests of new Seraphims here below

Give her the DART for it is she
 (Fair youth) shootes both thy shaft & THEE
 Say, all ye wise & well peirc'd hearts
 That live & dy amidst her darts
 What is't your tastfull spirits doe prove
 In that rare life of Her, and love?
 Say & bear wittnes Sends she not
 A SERAPHIM at every shott?

What magazins of immortall ARMES there shine!
 Heavns great artillery in each love spun line
 Give then the dart to her who gives the flame
 Give him the veil, who gives the shame

But if it be the frequent fate
 Of worst faults to be fortunate

RICHARD CRASHAW

If all's præscription, & proud wrong
Hearkens not to an humble song,
For all the gallantry of him,
Give me the suff[r]ing SERAPHIM.
His be the bravery of all those Bright things
The glowing cheekes, the glistering wings,
The Rosy hand, the radiant DART,
Leave HER alone THE FLAMING HEART

Leave her that, and thou shalt leave her
Not one loose shaft but love's whole quiver
For in love's feild was never found
A nobler weapon then a WOUND
Love's passives are his activ'st part,
The wounded is the wounding heart
O HEART! the æquall poise of love's both parts
Bigge alike with wound & darts
Live in these conquering leaves, live all the same,
And walk through all tongues one triumphant FLAME.
Live here, great HEART, & love and dy & kill,
And bleed & wound, and yeild & conquer still
Let this immortall life whereere it comes
Walk in a crowd of loves & MARTYRDOMES
Let mystick DEATHS wait on't, & wise soules be
The love-slain wittnesses of this life of thee
O sweet incendiary! shew here thy art,
Upon this carcasse of a hard, cold, hart,
Let all thy scatter'd shafts of light, that play
Among the leaves of thy larg Books of day,
Combin'd against this BREST at once break in
And take away from me my self & sin,
This gracious Robbery shall thy bounty be,
And my best fortunes such fair spoiles of me.
O thou undanted daughter of desires!
By all thy dower of LIGHTS & FIRES,
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove,
By all thy lives & deaths of love,
By thy larg draughts of intellectuall day,
And by thy th[r]sts of love more large then they,
By all thy brim-fill'd Bowles of feirce desire
By thy last Morning's draught of liquid fire,

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

By the full kingdome of that finall kisse
That seiz d thy parting Soul, & seal d thee his,
By all the heav ns thou hast in him
(Fair sister of the SERAPHIM !)
By all of HIM we have in THEE ,
Leave nothing of my SELF in me
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may dy

A S O N G

L ORD, when the sense of thy sweet g[r]ace
Sends up my soul to seek thy face
Thy blessed eyes breed such desire,
I dy in love s delicious Fire

O love, I am thy SACRIFICE
Be still triumphant, blessed eyes
Still shine on me, fair suns ! that I
Still may behold, though still I dy

Second part

Though still I dy, I live again ,
Still longing so to be still slain,
So gainfull is such losse of breath
I dy even in desire of death

Still live in me this loving strife
Of living DEATH & dying LIFE
For while thou sweetly slayest me
Dead to my selfe, I live in Thee

RICHARD CRASHAW

P R A Y E R.

AN ODE, WHICH WAS

Præfix'd to a little Práyer-book

giv[e]n to a young

G E N ' T ' L E - W O M A N .

I O here a little volume, but great Book !
A nest of new-born sweets ,
Whose native fires disdaining
To ly thus folded, & complaining
Of these ignoble sheets,
Affect more comly bands
(Fair one) from the kind hands
And confidently look
To find the rest
Of a rich binding in your BREST
It is, in one choise handfull, heavenn , & all
Heavn's Royall host , incamp't thus small
To prove that true schooles use to tell,
Ten thousand Angels in one point can dwell
It is love's great artillery
Which here contracts i[t] self, & comes to ly
Close couch't in their white bosom & from thence
As from a snowy fortresse of defence,
Against their ghostly foes to take their part,
And fortify the hold of their chast heart.
It is an armory of light
Let constant use but keep it bright,
You'l find it yeilds
To holy hands & humble hearts
More swords & sheilds
Then sin hath snares, or Hell hath darts.
Only be sure
The hands be pure

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

That hold these weapons, & the eyes
Those of turtles chaste & true,
Wakefull & wise
Here is a freind shall fight for you,
Hold but this book before their heart,
Let prayer alone to play his part,
But o the heart
That studyes this high ART
Must be a sure house keeper,
And yet no sleeper
Dear soul, be strong
MERCY will come ere long
And bring his besom fraught with blessings,
Flowers of never fading graces
To make immortall dressings
For worthy soules, whose wise embraces
Store up themselves for HIM, who is alone
The SPOUSE of Virgins & the Virgin's son
But if the noble BRIDEGROOM, when he come,
Shall find the loytering HEART from home
Leaving her chaste abroad
To gadde abroad
Among the gay mates of the god of flies
To take her pleasure & to play
And keep the devill's holyday
To dance th' sunshine of some smiling
But beguiling
Spheares of sweet & sugred Lyes,
Some slippery Pair
Of false perhaps as fair,
Flattering but forswearing eyes
Doubtlesse some other heart
Will gett the start
Mean while, & stepping in before
Will take possession of that sacred store
Of hidden sweets & holy joyes
WORDS which are not heard with EARES
(Those tumultuous shops of noise)
Effectuall wispers, whose still voice
The soul it selfe more feelles then heares

RICHARD CRASHAW

Amorous languishments, luminous trances,
SIGHTS which are not seen with eyes,
Spirituell & soul-peircing glances
Whose pure & subtil lightning flyes
Home to the heart, & setts the house on fire
And melts it down in sweet desire

Yet does not stay
To ask the windows leave to passe that way,
Delicious DEATHS, soft exalations
Of soul, dear & divine annihilations,

A thousand unknown rites
Of joyes & rarefy'd delights,
A hundred thousand goods, glories, & graces,
And many a mystick thing

Which the divine embraces
Of the deare spouse of spirits with them will bring
For which it is no shame

That dull mortality must not know a name
Of all this store

Of blessings & ten thousand more
(If when he come
He find the Heart from home)
Doubtlesse he will unload
Himself some other where,
And poure abroad
His pretious sweets

On the fair soul whom first he meets
O fair, ô fortunate! O riche, ô dear!
O happy & thrice happy she

Selected dove
Who ere she be,
Whose early love
With winged vows

Makes hast to meet her morning spouse
And close with his immortall kisses
Happy indeed, who never misses
To improve that pretious hour,
And every day
Seize her sweet prey
All fresh & fragrant as he rises

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

Dropping with a baulmy Showr
A delicious dew of spices,
O let the blissfull heart hold fast
Her heavnly arm full she shall tast
At once ten thousand paradises,
 She shall have power
 To rifle & deflour
The rich & roseall spring of those rare sweets
Which with a swelling bosome there she meets
 Boundles & infinite
 Bottomles treasures
Of pure inebriating pleasures
Happy proof! she shal discover
 What joy, what blisse,
How many Heav ns at once it is
To have her GOD become her LOVER

RICHARD CRASHAW

TO
THE SAME PARTY
COUNCIL
CONCERNING HER
CHOISE

Dear, heavn-designed SOUL!
 Amongst the rest
 Of suters that beseige your Maiden brest,
 Why m[a]y not I
 My fortune try
 And venture to speak one good word
 Not for my self alas, but for my dearer LORD?
 You've seen allready, in this lower sphear
 Of froth & bubbles, what to look for here.
 Say, gentle soul, what can you find
 But painted shapes,
 Peacocks & Apes,
 Illustrious flyes,
 Guilded dunghills, glorious LYES,
 Goodly surmises
 And deep disguises,
 Oathes of water, words of wind?
 TRUTH biddes me say, 'tis time you cease to trust
 Your soul to any son of dust
 'Tis time you listen to a braver love,
 Which from above
 Calls you up higher
 And biddes you come
 And choose your roome
 Among his own fair sonnes of fire,
 Where you among
 The golden throng
 That watches at his palace doores
 May passe along

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

And follow those fair starres of yours,
Starrs much too fair & pure to wait upon
The false smiles of a sublunary sun
Sweet let me prophesy that at last t will prove

 Your wary love

Layes up his purer & more pretious vowes,
And meanes them for a farre more worthy SPOUSE
Then this world of Lyes can give ye
Ev n for Him with whom nor cost,
Nor love, nor labour can be lost
Him who never will deceive ye
Let not my lord, the Mighty lover
Of soules, disdain that I discover

 The hidden art

Of his high stratagem to win your heart,

 It was his heavnly art

 Kindly to crosse you

 In your mistaken love,

 That, at the next remove

 Thence he might tosse you

 And strike your troubled heart

Home to himself to hide it in his brest

 The bright ambrosiall nest,

Of love, of life, & everlasting rest

 Happy Mystake!

 That thus shall wake

Your wise soul, never to be wonne

Now with a love below the sun

Your first choyce failes, o when you choose agen

May it not be amongst the sonnes of Men

RICHARD CRASHAW

ALEXIAS.

THE
COMPLAIN'T
OF
THE FORSAKEN WIFE
OF SANITE ALEXIS
THE FIRST ELEGIE

I Late the roman youth's lov'd prayse & pride,
Whom long none could obtain, though thousands try'd,
Lo here am left (alas), For my lost mate
T'embrace my teares, & kisse an unkind FATE
Sure in my early woes starres were at strife,
And try'd to make a WIDOW ere a WIFE
Nor can I tell (and this new teares doth breed)
In what strange path my lord's fair footsteppes bleed
O knew I where he wander'd, I should see
Some solace in my sorrow's certainty
I'd send my woes in words should weep for me
(Who knowes how powerfull well-writt praies would be?)
Sending's too slow a word, my selfe would fly
Who knowes my own heart's woes so well as I?
But how shall I steal hence? ALEXIS thou
Ah thou thy self, alas, hast taught me how
Love too, that leads the, would lend the wings
To bear me harmlesse through the hardest things
And where love lends the wing, & leads the way,
What dangers can there be dare say me nay?
If I be shipwrack't Love shall teach to swimme
If drown'd, sweet is the death indur'd for HIM,
The noted sea shall change his name with me,
I, 'mongst the blest STARRES a new name shall be.

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

And sure where lovers make their watry graves
The weeping mariner will augment the waves
For who so hard, but passing by that way
Will take acquaintance of my woes, & say
Here t was the roman MAID found a hard fate
While through the world she sought her wandring mate
Here perish t she, poor heart, heavns, be my vowes
As true to me, as she was to her spouse
O live, so rare a love! live! & in thee
The too frail life of femal constancy
Farewell, & shine, fair soul, shine there above
Firm in thy crown, as here fast in thy love
There thy lost fugitive thou hast found at last
Be happy and for ever hold him fast

RICHARD CRASHAW

THE SECONDE ELEGIE.

‘T’Hough All the joyes I had fled hence with Thee,
Unkind! yet are my TEARES still true to me.
I’am wedded ore again since thou art gone,
Nor couldst thou, cruell, leave me quite alone.
ALEXIS’ widdow now is sorrow’s wife
With him shall I weep out my weary life.
Wellcome, my sad sweet Mate! Now have I gott
At last a constant love that leaves me not
Firm he, as thou art false, Nor need my cryes
Thus vex the earth & teare the skyes
For him, alas, n’ere shall I need to be
Troublesom to the world, thus, as for thee
For thee I talk to trees, with silent groves
Expostulate my woes & much-wrong’d loves
Hills & relentlesse rockes, or if there be
Things that in hardnesse more allude to thee,
To these I talk in teares, & tell my pain,
And answer too for them in teares again
How oft have I wept out the weary sun!
My watry hour-glasse hath old time outrunne
O I am learned grown, Poor love & I
Have study’d over all astrology
I’am perfect in heavn’s state, with every starr
My skillfull greife is grown familiar
Rise, fairest of those fires, whate’re thou be
Whose rosy beam shall point my sun to me.
Such as the sacred light that erst did bring
The EASTERN princes to their infant king
O rise, pure lamp! & lend thy golden ray
That weary love at last may find his way.

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

THE THIRD ELEGIE

RIch, churlish LAND! that hidst so long in thee,
My treasures, rich, alas, by robbing mee
Needs must my miseries owe that min a spite
Who ere he be was the first wandring knight
O had he nere been at that cruell [c]lost
NATURE's virginity had nere been lost
Seas had not bin rebuk't by sawcy oares
But ly n lock't up safe in their sacred shores
Men had not spurn'd at mountaines, nor made warrs
With rocks nor bold hands struck the world's strong barres
Nor lost in too larg bounds, our little Rome
Full sweetly with it selfe had dwell't at home
My poor ALEXIS, then in peacefull life,
Had under some low rooffe lov'd his plain wife
But now, ah me, from where he has no foes
He flyes & into willfull exile goes
Cruell return Or tell the reason why
Thy dearest parents have deserv'd to dy
And I, what is my crime I cannot tell,
Unlesse it be a crime to have lov'd too well
If Heates of holyer love & high desire
Make bigge thy fair brest with immortall fire,
What needes my virgin lord fly thus from me,
Who only wish his virgin wife to be?
Wittnesse, chast heavns! no happyer voves I know
Then to a virgin GRAVE untouch't to goe
Love's truest Knott by venus is not ty'd,
Nor doe embraces onely make a bride
The QUEEN of angels, (and men chast as You)
Was MAIDEN WIFE & MAIDEN MOTHER too
CECILIA, Glory of her name & blood
With happy gain her maiden voves made good
The lusty bridegroom made approach young man
Take heed (said she) take heed, VALERIAN!

RICHARD CRASHAW

My bosome's guard, a SPIRIT great & strong,
Stands arm'd, to sheild me from all wanton wrong
My Chastity is sacred, & my sleep
Wakefull, her dear vowes undefil'd to keep
PALLAS beares armes, forsooth, and should there be
No fortresse built for true VIRGINITY?
No gaping gorgon, this None, like the rest
Of your learn'd lyes Here you'll find no such jest
I'am yours, O were my GOD, my CHRIST so too,
I'd know no name of love on earth but you
He yeilds, and straight Baptis'd, obtains the grace
To gaze on the fair souldier's glorious face
Both mixt at last their blood in one rich bed
Of rosy MARRYRDOME, twice Married
O burn our hymen bright in such high Flame
Thy torch, terrestriall love, have here no name
How sweet the mutuall yoke of man & wife,
When holy fires maintain love's Heavny life!
But I, (so help me heavn my hopes to see)
When thousand sought my love, lov'd none but Thee
Still, as their vain teares my firm vowes did try,
ALEXIS, he alone is mine (said I)
Half true, alas, half false, proves that poor line
ALEXIS is alone, But is not mine.

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

DESCRIPTION

OF

A RELIGIOUS HOUSE

AND CONDITION

OF LIFE

(OUT OF BARCLAY)

NO roofes of gold o re riotous tables shining
 Whole dayes & suns devour d with endlesse dining
 No sailes of tyrian sylk proud pavements sweeping,
 Nor ivory couches costlyer slumbers keeping
 False lights of flaring gemmes, tumultuous joyes,
 Halls full of flattering men & fris[k]ing boyes
 Whate re false showes of short & slippery good
 Mix the mad sons of men in mutuall blood
 But WALKES & unshorn woods and soules, just so
 Unforc t & genuine, but not shady tho
 Our lodgings hard & homely as our fare
 That chaste & cheap, as the few clothes we weare
 Those, course & negligent, As the naturall lockes
 Of these loose groves, rough as th unpolish t rockes
 A hasty Portion of præscribed sleep
 Obedient slumbers that can wake & weep,
 And sing, [&] sigh, & work, and sleep again
 Still rowling a round spear of still returning pain
 Hands full of harty labours doe much, that more they may,
 And work for work, not wages let to morrow s
 New drops wash off the sweat of this dayes sorrows
 A long & dayly d[y]ing life, which breaths
 A respiration of reviving deaths
 But neither are there those ignoble stings
 That nip the bosome of the world s best things,

RICHARD CRASHAW

And lash Earth-laboring souls
No cruell guard of diligent cares, that keep
Crown'd woes awake, as things too wise for sleep
But reverent discipline, & religious fear,
And soft obedience, find sweet biding here,
Silence, & sacred rest, peace, & pure joyes,
Kind loves keep house, ly close, make no noise,
And room enough for Monarchs, while none swells
Beyond the kingdomes of contentfull Cells
The self-remembring SOUL sweetly recovers
Her kindred with the starrs, not basely hovers
Below, But meditates her immortall way
Home to the originall sourse of LIGHT & intellectuall Day

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

AN

EPITAPH

UPON

A YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE

DEAD AND BURIED

TOGETHER

TO these, whom DEATH again did wed,
 This GRAVE s their second Marriage bed
 For though the hand of fate could force
 Twixt SOUL & BODY à Divorce,
 It could not sunder man & WI[F]E,
 Cause They Both lived but one life
 Peace, good Reader Doe not weep
 Peace, The Lovers are asleep
 They, sweet Turtles, folded ly
 In the last knott love could ty
 And though they ly as they were dead,
 Their Pillow stone, their sheetes of lead,
 (Pillow hard, & sheetes not warm)
 Love made the bed Theyl take no harm
 Let them sleep let them sleep on
 Till this stormy night be gone,
 Till the 'Æternall morrow dawn,
 Then the curtaines will be drawn
 And they wake into a light
 Whose day shall never dy in Night

RICHARD CRASHAW
 DEATH'S LECTURE
 AND THE
 FUNERAL
 OF

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN,

I Ear Reliques of a dislodg'd SOUL, whose lack
 Makes many a mourning paper put on black!
 O stay a while, ere thou draw in thy head
 And wind thy self up close in thy cold bed.
 Stay but à little while, untill I call
 A summons worthy of thy funerall
 Come then, YOUTH, BEAUTY, & blood!
 All the soft powres
 Whose sylken flatteryes swell a few fond howres
 Into a false æternity Come man,
 Hyperbolized NOTHING! know thy span,
 Take thine own measure here down, down, & bow
 Before thy self in thine idæa, thou
 Huge emptynes! contract thy self, & shrinke
 All thy Wild circle to a Point. O sink
 Lower & lower yet, till thy leane size
 Call heavn to look on thee with n[a]rrow eyes
 Lesser & lesser yet, till thou begin
 To show a face, fitt to confesse thy Kin,
 Thy neig[h]bourhood to NOTHING
 Proud lookes, & lofty eyliddes, here putt on
 Your selves in your unfain'd reflexion,
 Here, gallant ladyes! this unpartiall glasse
 (Though you be painted) shoves you your true face.
 These death-seal'd lippes are they dare give the ly
 To the lowd Boasts of poor Mortality
 These curtain'd windows, this retired eye
 Outstares the liddes of larg-look't tyranny.
 This posture is the brave one this that lyes
 Thus low, stands up (me thinkes,) thus & defies
 The world All-daring dust & ashes! only you
 Of all interpreters read Nature True.

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

TEMPERANCE

OF THE

CHEAP PHYSITIAN

UPON

THE TRANSLATION OF

LESSIUS

G Oe now and with some daring drugg
 Bait thy disease And whilst they tugge,
 Thou to maintain their pretious strife
 Spend the dear treasures of thy life
 Goe, take physick Doat upon
 Some big nam'd composition
 Th Oraculous DOCTOR s mystick bills
 Certain hard WORDS made into pills,
 And what at last shalt gain by these?
 Only a costlier disease
 That which makes us have no need
 Of physick, that s PHYSICK indeed
 Hark hither, Reader! wilt thou see
 Nature her own physitian be?
 Wilt' see a man, all his own wealth,
 His own musick, his own health,
 A man whose sober soul can tell
 How to wear her garments well
 Her garments, that upon her sitt
 As garments should doe, close & fitt,
 A well cloth'd soul that s not opp[r]est
 Nor choak't with what she should be drest
 A soul sheath'd in a christall shrine
 Through which all her bright features shine,
 As when a peice of wanton lawn
 A thinne, aeriall veil, is drawn

RICHARD CRASHAW

Or'e beauty's face seeming to hide
More sweetly shoves the blushing bride
A soul, whose intellectuall beames
No mists doe mask, no lazy steames.
A happy soul, that all the way,
To HEAVN rides in a summer's day
Wouldst' see a man, whose well-warm'd blood
Bathes him in a genuine flood!
A man, whose tuned humours be
A seat of rarest harmony?
Wouldst' see blith lookes, fresh cheekes beguil
Age? wouldst see december smile?
Wouldst' see nests of new roses grow
In a bed [o]f re[v]erend snow?
Warm thoughts, free spirits flattering
Winter's selfe into a S[P]RING
In summe, wouldst see a man that can
Live to be old, and still a man?
Whose latest & most leaden houres
Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowres,
And when life's sweet fable ends,
Soul & body part like freinds,
No quarrells, murmurs, no delay,
A KISSE, a SIGH, and so away
This rare one, reader, wouldst thou see?
Hark hither, and thy self be HE

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

H O P E

H Ope whose weak beeing ruin d is
Alike if it succeed or if it misse!
Whom ill or good does equally confound
And both the hornes of fate's dilemma wound
 Vain shadow, that dost vanish quite
 Both at full noon & perfect night!
The starres have not a possibility
 Of blessing Thee
If things then from their end we happy call,
'Tis hope is the most hopelesse thing of all
 Hope, thou bold Taster of delight!
Who in stead of doing so, devourst it quite
Thou bringst us an estate, yet leavst us poor
By clogging it with legacyes before
 The joyes which we intire should wed
 Come deflour d virgins to our bed
Good fortunes without gain imported be
 Such mighty custom's paid to Thee
For joy like wine kept close, does better tast,
If it take air before his spirits wast
 Hope fortun's cheating lottery
Where for one prize, an hundred blankes there be
Fond archer, hope Who takst thine aime so farr
That still or short or wide thine arrowes are,
 Thinne empty cloud which th ey deceives
 With shapes that our own fancy gives
A cloud which gilt & painted now appeares
 But must drop presently in teares
When thy false beames ore reason's light prevail,
By *IGNES FATUI* for north starres we sail
 Brother of fear more gayly clad
The merryer fool oth two, yet quite as mad
Sire of repen[t]ance, child of fond desire
That blowst the chymick & the lover's fire

RICHARD CRASHAW

Still leading them insensibly'on
With the strong witchcraft of Anon
By thee the one does changing nature through
Her endlesse labyrinth's pursue,
And th'other chases woman, while she goes
More wayes & turnes then hunted nature knowes.

M. COWLEY.

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO

M C R A S H A W S

A N S W E R

F O R H O P E

DEar hope! earth's dowry, & heavn's debt!
The entity of those that are not yet
Subtlest, but surest beeing! Thou by whom
Our nothing has a definition!

Substantiall shade! whose sweet allay
Blends both the noones of night & day
Fates cannot find out a capacity
Of hurting thee

From Thee their lean dilemma, with blunt horn,
Shrinkes as the sick moon from the wholesome morn

Rich hope! love's legacy, under lock
Of faith! still spending, & still growing stock!
Our crown land lyes above yet each meal brings
A seemly portion for the sonnes of kings

Nor will the virgin joyes we wed
Come lesse unbroken to our bed,
Because that from the bridall c[h]eek of blisse
Thou stealst us down a distant kisse

Hope's chaste stealth harmes no more joyes maidenhead
Then spousall rites prejudge the marriage bed

Fair hope! our earlyer heav'n by thee
Young time is taster to eternity
Thy generous wine with age growes strong not sowre
Nor does it kill thy fruit, to smell thy flowre

Thy golden, growing, head never hangs down
Till in the lappe of loves full noone
It falls and dyes! o no it melts away

As does the dawn into the day
As lumps of sugar loose themselves and twine
Their supple essence with the soul of wine

RICHARD CRASHAW

Fortune? alas, above the world's low warres
Hope walks, & kickes the curld heads of conspiring starres
Her keel cutts not the waves where These winds stirr,
Fortune's whole lottery is one blank to her

Sweet hope! kind cheat! fair fallacy by thee

We are not *WHERE* nor *What* we be,
But *WHAT* & *WHERE* we would be Thus art thou
Our absent *PRESENCE*, and our future *Now*
Faith's sister! nurse of fair desire!

Fear's anti[dot]e! a wise & well-stay'd fire!

Temper twixt chill despair, & torrid joy!

Queen Regent in yonge love's minority!

Though the vext chymick vainly chases

His fugitive gold through all her faces,

Though love's more feirce, more fruitlesse, fires assay

One face more fugitive then all they,

True hope's a glorious hunter & her chase,

The *GOD* of nature in the feilds of grace

V I V E J E S U

Richardi Crashaw

POEMA' I A

ET

EPIGRAMMATA,

Quæ scripsit Latina & Græca,

Dum *Aulæ Pemb* Alumnus fuit,

Et

Collegii *Petrensis* Socius

Editio Secunda, Auctior & emendatior

Εἵνεκεν ευμαθιῆς πιτυτοφρονος ἢ ο Μελιχρος
Ἦσκησεν Μουσῶν ἀμμιγα καὶ Ἰαριτωί

Αἰθολ.



CANTABRIGIÆ,

Ex Officina *Joan Hayes*, Celeberrimæ Academix

Typographi 1670

LUC 18

Pharisæus & Publicanus

ΑΝδρες ιδου (ετεροισι νοοις) δυω ἱρον εσηλθον
 Ἰηλοθεν ορρωδει κεινος ὁ φρικαλεος

Αλλ ο μεν ως σοβαρος ιηοῦ μυχον ἐγγυς ικανει
 Πλειον ο μεν νηον τλειον ὁ δ' ειχε θεου

MARC 12 44

Obolum viduæ

Κερματιοιο βραχεια ρανις βιοτοιο τ αφαυρης
 Ερκος αποσταζει χειρος απο τρομερας

Τοις δε ανασκιρτα πολυς αφρος αναιδεος ὄλβου
 Οι μεν απορριπτων κεινα δεδωκε μονον

MATTH 28

Ecce locus ubi jacuit Dominus

ΦΑιδιμε μοι αυτοι μαλλον μοι δεικνυθι αυτον
 Αυτος μου δεομαι αυτος εχη δακρυα

Ει δε τοπον μοι δεικνυναι αλις εστὶ καὶ ειπειν
 Ωδε τεος Μαριαμ (ἦνιδε) κειτο αναξ

Αγκοίνας μου δεικνυναι δυναμαι γε καὶ ειπειν
 Ωδε τεος Μαριαμ (ἦνιδε) κειτο ἄναξ

RICHARD CRASHAW

In descensum Spiritûs sancti

Ὁ Τρανοῦ ἐκτύπησε βρόμος πόλεμον καὶ ἀπειλὰς
Ἦγε τρέχων ἄνεμος σὺν φλογὶ σμιρδαλεῇ.

Αὖεν Ἰουδαῖος μιὰρὰ στυγερῶν τὰ κάρηνα
Ἐφθασε τῆς ὀργῆς τὸ πρέπον οὐρανίης

Ἀλλὰ γαλῆναίω ὅτε κείται ἡσυχον ἄστρῳ
Φλέγμα, καὶ ἀβλήτους λείχε φιλὸν πλοκαμούς,

Ἐκθαμβεῖ ὅτι γὰρ κείνοις οὐκ ἦεν ἀληθής,
Νυνὶ ἐτεὸν διότι τῷδε κεραυνὸς ἔη

In S Columbam ad Christi caput sedentem

Ἦ ταχυεργὸς ἄγει πτέρυγ' ἀστερόεσσιν ἐρετμὸς;
Ἦ τινὶ κείνα φέρει τὴν πόδα χιονέτην;

Χριστὲ τεῇ κεφαλῇ πάσαις πτερύγεσσιν ἐπείγει
Πῇ σκιά τοι δασιόις παίζει μάλα πλοκάμοις

Ποῖά σοι ἀρρήτῳ ψιθυρίσματι κεῖν' ἀγορεύει,
Ἀρρητ', οὐκ ἡχῆς ἴσα μὲν ἀνδρομέης

Μοῦνα μὲν ἡδ' ὄρνις καλιᾶς ἐς' ἄξια ταύτης.
Ἀξια δ' ὄρνιθος μοῦνα μὲν ἡ καλιά

Ad D Lucam medicum

Ὅτδ' ἐγὼ, Λουκᾶ, παρὰ σου μοι φάρμακον αἰτῶ,
Κὰν σὺ δ' ἰατρὸς ἔης, κὰν μὲν ἐγὼ νοσερός

Ἀλλ' ἐν ὅσῳ παράδειγμα πέλεις μοι πίστιος, αὐτὸς,
Αὐτὸς ἰατρὸς, ἐμοὶ γ' ἐσσι ἀκεστορή

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

In stabulum ubi natus est Dominus

ΟΙΚΟΣ οδ ες αυλη ου μή [τ]εος οικος Ιησου
Εν θ ω τυ τικτη αυλιον ου πέλεται

Οικων μεν παντων μαλα δη καλλιστος εκείνος
Ουρανου ουδε τεου μικροτερος πέλεται

Ηνιδε κειο νεω δῶμ εμπυριζετο χρυσφ
Ηνιδε κεινο νεοις δωμα ροδοισι γελα

Ην ροδον ουχι γελα ην ουδὲ τε χρυσον εκειθεν
Εκ σου δ οφθαλμων εστιν ἐλεγχεμεναι

ΜΑΤΤΗ 4

Hic lapis fiat panis

ἈΡΤΟΣ εην τοι δητ (ειπειν θεμις εστιν) εκεινος
Χριστε τοι αρτος ἔην καὶ λιθος αλλα τεος

Η[ν] ουτως του πατρος εη μεγαλου το θελημα
Αρτος οτ ουκ ην τοι Χριστε τοι ἄρτος εην

In die Ascensionis Dominicæ

ΝΤ ν ἔτι ημετερον σε Χριστε εχομεν τον ερωτα
Ουρανου ουν ὅσπον τον φθονον ως εχομεν

Αλλα εχωμεν εχει εα μεν τα δ αγαλματα αιθήρ
Αστρατε καὶ φοιβον καὶ καλα των νεφελων

Οσπον εην ημιν ὄφρ ειη εν τοδε αστρον
Αστρον ἐν ημιν η εισι τοι αστρ ἑκατον

Παντα ματην οτι Χριστε συ ουκ αναβαινες ες αυτόν
Αυτος μεν κατεβη ουρανος εις σε τεος

RICHARD CRASHAW

LUC 18.

Cæcus implorat Christum.

I *Improba turba tace Mibi tam mea vota propinquant,
Et linguam de me vis tacuisse meam?*

*Tunc ego tunc taceam, mibi cùm meus ille loquetur
Si nescis, oculos vox habet ista meos*

*O noctis miserere meæ, miserere, per illam
In te quæ primo riserit ore, diem.*

*O noctis miserere meæ, miserere, per illam
Quæ, nisi te videat, nox velit esse, diem*

*O noctis miserere meæ, miserere, per illam
In te quam fidei nox habet ipsa, diem*

*Hæc animi tam clara dies rogat illam oculorum.
Illam, oro, dederis, hanc mibi nè rapias*

Ν *Τκτ' ἐλέησον ἐμήν ἐλέησον ναί τοι ἐκείνο
Χριστὲ ἐμοῦ ἡμαρ, νύξ ὁδ' ἐμεῖο ἔχει.*

*Ὅφθαλμῶν μὲν ἐκείνο, Θεὸς, δέεται τόδε γνώμης
Μή μοι τοῦτ' αἴρης, δός μοι ἐκείνο φάος*

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA

LUC 15 4

Quis ex vobis si habeat centum oves, & perdiderit
unam ex illis-----&c

O Ut ego angelicis fiam bona gaudia turmis,
Me quoq, sollicito quære per arva gradu

Mille tibi tutis ludunt in montibus agni,
Quos potes haud dubiâ dicere voce tuos

Unus ego erravi quò me meus error agebat,
Unus ego fuerim gaudia plura tibi

Gaudia non faciunt, quæ nec fecere timorem
Et plus, quæ donant ipsa pericula, placent

Horum, quos retines, fuerit tibi latior usus
De me, quem recipis, dulcior usus erit

EΙς μὲν ἐγὼ ἡ μὸν πλάνη περιήγεν ἀλημί
Εἰς δὲ τοι σὺς εἶσομαι γηθοσύναι πλεονες
Ἀμνος ὁ μὴ ποιῶν φόβον οὐ ποιεῖ δὲ τε χάρμα
Μεῖζων τῶν μὲν ἐμοῦ χρεῖα δὲ γλυκυτέρη

Herodi D Jacobum obtruncanti

Nescis Jacobus quantum hunc tibi debeat ictum,
Quæq, tua in sacrum sævit ira caput

Scilicet ipso illi donasti hoc ense coronam,
Quo sacrum abscideras scilicet ense caput

Abscissum pensare caput quæ possit abunde,
Sola hæc tam sæva & sacra corona fuit

ΕΝ μὲν Ἰακώβῃ κεφαλὴν τοι ξίφος ἀπῆρεν
Εν τοδὲ καὶ στέφανον ξίφος ἐδώκε τεον

Μουνον ἀμειβεσθαι κεφαλὴν Ἰακώβῃ δυναιτο
Κεῖνος ὁδὸς ὡς καλὸς μαρτυρίου στέφανος

RICHARD CRASHAW

M A T T H. 20. 34

Cæci receptis oculis Christum sequuntur.

I Cce manu impositâ Christus nova sidera prout
Sedantur patriam sidera fidæ manum.

*Hæc manus his, credo, calum est Hæc saluet astra
Suspiciet esse, olim quæ geret ille * manu*

* Revel 1 16

XΕἰρ ἐπιβαλλομένη Χριστοῦ ἐπίβαλλεν ὀπωπῶν
Ἄστρα ὀπηδεύει κείνᾳ γε χειρὶ Θεοῦ

Χεὶρ αὕτη τούτοις πέλεν οὐρανός ἄστρα γὰρ ὀίμαι,
Ἐν χειρὶ ταύτ᾽ ὄισει Χριστὸς ἐπειτα εἶη

L U C 19 4

Zachæus in Sycomoro

Quid te, quid jactas alienis fructibus, arbor?
Quid tibi cum foliis non (Sycomori) tuis?

*Quippe iste ramos qui jam tibi mutat ab alto,
Mox è divinâ vite racemus erit*

I᾿πτ' ἐπικομπάζεις κενεόν, ξεινῶ δὲ τε καρπῶ,
Καὶ φύλλοις σεμνῇ μῇ, συγκόμωρε, τεοῖς,

Καί γαρ ὁδ' ἐκκρημνῆς σοῦ νῦν μετέωρος ἀπ' ἔρηνους,
Ἀμπέλου ὁ κλαδὼν ἔσσεται οὐρανίου

FINIS

MR CRASHAW'S POEMS

transcrib'd from his own copie,
before they were printed, among
w^{ch} are some not printed

From ARCHBISHOP SANCROFT's Copy,
Vol 465, Tanner MSS,
Bodleian Library, Oxford

RICHARD CRASHAW

Ps. 1.

O Te te nimis, & nimis beatum !
Quem non lubricus implicavit error,
Nec risu misero procax tumultus.
Tu cūm grex sacer undiq̃ execrandis
Strident consiliis, nec aure (felix !)
(Felix !) non animo, vel ore mixtus,
Haud intelligis impios susurros.
Sed tu deliciis ferox repōstis
Cultu simplice, sobriāq̃ curā
Legem numinis usq̃, & usq̃ volvis
Læta sic fidas colit arbor undas
Quem nec immiti violentus aurā
Seirius frangit, neq̃ contumacis
Ira procellæ

At tu, profane pulvis, & lusus sacer
Cujusvis auræ, fronte quā tandem feres
Vindex tribunal ? quanta tum, & qualis tuæ
Moles procellæ stabit ? ô quāam ferreo
Frangēte nutu, præda frontis asperæ,
Sacriq̃ fulminandus ah procul, procul
A luce vultūs, aureis procul à locis,
Ubi longa gremio mulcet æterno pios
Sincera semper pax, & umbrosâ super
Insurgit alā, vividiq̃ nectaris
Imbres beatos rore perpetuo pluit.
Sic ille sic ô vindice stat vigil,
Et stabit irā torvus in impios,
Seseq̃ sub mentes bonorum
Insinuat facili favore

Acts 28 3.

Paule, nihil metuas non fert hæc vipera virus
Virtutem vestræ vult didicisse manūs
Oscula, non morsus, supplex, non applicat hostis
Nec metuenda venit, sed miseranda magis

FROM SANCROFT MS

JOH 6 14 26

J Am credunt Deus es (Deus est, qui teste palato,
 Quiq ipso demum est judice dente Deus)
 Scilicet hæc sapiunt miracula de quibus alvus
 Proficere, & possit pingue latus fluere
 Hæc sua fecisti populo miracula credunt
 Gens pia¹ & in ventrem relligiosa suum¹

In lacrymas Christi patientis

SÆve dolor¹ potes hoc? oculos quoq perpluis istos?
 O quàm non meritas hæc arat unda genas!
 O lacrymas ego flere tuas, ego dignior istud,
 Quod tibi cunq cadit roris, habere meum
 Siccine? me tibi flere tuas? ah, mi bone Jesu,
 Si possem lacrymas vel mihi flere meas!
 Flere meas? immò immò tuas hoc si modò possem
 Non possem lacrymas non ego flere meas
 Flere tuas est flere meas tua lacryma Christe,
 Est mea vel lacryma est si tua, causa mea est

JOH 19 *In Sepulchrum Domini*

J Am cedant veteris cedant miracula saxi,
 Unde novus subito fluxerat amne latex
 Tu felix rupes, ubi se lux tertia tollet,
 Flammarum sacro fonte superba flues

JOH 13 14 *ubi amorem præcipit*

S Ic magis in numeros, morituraq carmina vivit
 Dulcior extremâ voce caducus olor,
 Ut tu inter strepitus odii, & tua funera, Jesu,
 Totus amor liquido totus amore sonas

RICHARD CRASHAW

ACT 12 23

IUGE Deus! (pleno populus fremit undiq̄ plausu)
Certè non hominem vox sonat. euge Deus!
Sed tamen iste Deus qui sit, vos dicite, vermes,
Intima turba illi, vos foveat ille sinu

Bonum est nobis esse hîc.

CUR cupis hîc adeo, dormitor Petre, manere?
Somnia non alibi tam bona, Petre, vides

MAT 6 29 *Videte lilia agrorum nec Solomon &c.*

CANDIDE rex campi, cui floris eburnea pompa est,
Deq̄ nivis fragili vellere longa toga,
Purpureus Solomon impar tibi dicitur esto
Nempe (quod est melius) par fuit ille rosis

MARC 7 33 & 36

VOCE, manuq̄ simul linguæ tu, Christe, ciendæ
Sistendæ nudis vocibus usus eras
Sanè at lingua equus est pronis effusus habenis
Vox ciet, at sistit non nisi tota manus

In Beatæ Virginis verecundiam

NON est hoc matris, sed (crede) modestia nati,
Quòd virgo in gremium dejicit ora suum
Illîc jam Deus est oculus jam Virginis ergò,
Ut cælum videat, dejiciendus erit

Mitto vos, sicut agnos in medio luporum

II OS quoq̄, an hos igitur sævi lacerabitis agnos?
Hîc saltem, hîc vobis non licet esse lupis
At sceleris nulla est clementia at ergò scietis,
Agnus qui nunc est, est aliquando leo.

FROM SANCROFT MS

MAT 4 *Christus à dæmone vellus*

ERGò ille, Angelicis ò sarcina dignior alis,
Præpete sic Stygio sic volet ille vehi?
Pessime! nec lætare tamen tu scilicet inde
Non minus es Dæmon, non minus ille Deus

JOH 1 23

VOX ego sum, dicis tu vox es, sancte Johannes?
Si vox es, sterilis cur tibi mater erat?
Quàm fuit ista tur mira infœcundia matris!
In vocem sterilis rarior esse solet

Vox Joannis Christus Verbum

MONstrat Joannes Christum haud res mira videtur
Vox unus, verbum scilicet alter erat
Christus Joanne est prior hæc res mira videtur
Voce suâ verbum non solet esse prius

In natales Domini Pastoribus nuntiatos

AD te sydereis, ad te, Bone Tityre, pennis
Purpureus juvenis gaudia tanta vehit
O bene te vigilem, cui gaudia tanta feruntur,
Ut neq, dum vigilas, te vigilare putes
Quem sic monstrari voluit pastoribus æther,
Pastor, an Agnus erat? Pastor, & Agnus erat
Ipse Deus cum Pastor erit, quis non erit agnus?
Quis non pastor erit, cum Deus Agnus erit?

RICHARD CRASHAW

APOCAL. XII 7.

A Rma, viri! (ætheriam quocunq; sub ordine pubem
 Siderei proceres ducitis) Arma viri!
 Quæq; suis, (nec quæis solita est) stet dextra sagittis,
 Stet gladii sævâ luce corusca sui.
 Totus adest, totisq; movet se major in iris,
 Fertq; Draco, quicquid vel Draco ferre potest
 Quas secum facies (imæ mala pignora noctis)!
 Quot secum nigros ducit in arma Deos!
 Jam pugnâ parat (heu sævus!) jam pugnat & ecce
 Vix potui, Pugnat, dicere jam cecidit
 His tamen ah nimium est quod frontibus addidit iras,
 Quod potuit rugas his posuisse genis
 Hoc torvum decus est, tumidiq; ferocia fati,
 Quod magni sceleris mors quoq; magna fuit
 Quod neq;, si victus, jaceat victoria vilis
 Quod meruit multi fulminis esse labor
 Quod queat ille suas hoc inter dicere flammâs,
 Arma tuli frustra sed tamen arma tuli.

ACT 17. *In Atheniensem merum*

I Psos naturæ thalamos sapis, imaq; rerum
 Concilia, & primæ quicquid agunt tenebræ
 Quid dubitet refluxum mare quid vaga sydera volvant
 Christus et est studii res aliena tuis
 Sic scire, est tantum nescire loquaciùs illa
 Qui nempe illa sapit sola, nec illa sapit

JOH 14 *Ego vitis vera.*

C Redo quidem sed & hoc hostis te credidit ipse
 Caiaphas, & Judas credidit ipse, reor
 Unde illis, Jesu, vitis nisi vera fuisses,
 Tanta tui potuit sanguinis esse sitis?

Abscessum Christi queruntur discipuli

I lle abiit jamq; ô quæ nos mala cunq; manetis,
 Sistite jam in nostras tela parata neces
 Sistite nam quibus hæc vos olim tela paratis,
 Abscessu Domini jam periêre sui

FROM SANCROFT MS

In descensum Spiritus Sancti

QUæ vehit auratos nubes dulcissima nimbos?
Quis mitem pluviam lucidus imber agit?
Agnosco nostros hæc nubes abstulit ignes
Hæc nubes in nos jam redit igne pari
O nubem gratam, & memorem! quæ noluit ultra
Tam sævè de se nos potuisse queri!
O bene! namq; alio non posset rore rependi,
Cælo exhalatum quod modò terra dedit

Act x 39

QUIS malus appendit de mortis stipite vitam?
O malus Agricola! hoc inseruisse fuit?
Immo quis appendit vita hac ex arbore mortem?
O bonus Agricola! hoc inseruisse fuit

JOH 10 *Ego sum ostium*

JAmq; pates cordisq; seram gravis hasta reclusit,
Et clavi claves undiq; te reserant
Ah vereor, sibi ne manus impia clausurit illas,
Quæ cæli has ausa est sic aperire fores

In spinas demtas e Christi capite cruentatas

ACCipe (an ignoscis?) de te sata germina, miles
Quàm segeti est messis discolor illa suæ!
O quæ tam duro glebæ est tam grata colono?
Inserit hic spinas reddit & illa rosas

RICHARD CRASHAW

JOH. III.

NOx erat, & Christum (Doct̃or mal̃i doct̃e) petebas,
In Christo tenebras deposite tuas
Ille autem multo dum te bonus irrigat ore,
Atq; per arcanas ducit in alta vias,
Sol venit, & primo pandit se flore diei,
Ludit et in dubiis aureus horror aquis
Sol oritur sed adhuc, & adhuc tamen (ô bone) nescis
Sol oritur tecum nox tamen est & adhuc
Non cæli illa fuit, nox fuit illa tua

In Baptistam Vocem.

I'Antum habuit Baptista loqui, tot flumina rerum,
Ut bene Vox fuerit, prætereaq; nihil
Ecce autem Verbum est unum tantum ille loquutus
Uno sed Verbo cuncta loquutus erat

ACT. [3 XII] 6, 7 *In D Petrum ab Angelo solutum*

MOrs tibi, & Herodes instant cùm nuncius ales
Gaudia fert, quæ tu somnia ferre putas
Quid tantum dedit ille (rogo) tibi? Vincula solvit
Mors tibi, & Herodes nonne dedisset idem?

LUC 5 *Relictis omnibus sequuti sunt eum*

AD nutum Domini abjecisti retia, Petre
Tam bene non unquam jacta fuere prius
Scilicet hoc rectè jacere est tua retia, Petre,
Nimirum, Christus cùm jubet, abjicere

JOH I *Agnus Dei, qui tollit peccata mundi*

I'Rgò tot heu (torvas facies) tot in ora leonum,
In tot castra lupum qui meat, Agnus erit?
Hic tot in horribiles, quot sunt mea crimina, pardos?
Hic tot in audaces ungue, vel ore feras?
Ah melius! pugiles quis enim commiserit istos?
Quos sua non faciunt arma, vel ira pares

MARC 8 *Pisces multiplicati*

Q Uæ secreta meant taciti tibi retia verbi,
Queis non tam pisces, quàm capis Oceanum?

JOH 13 *Domine, non solum pedes, sed & caput &c*

E N caput! atq; suis quæ plus satis ora laborant
Sordibus! huc fluvios [*blurred*] (ais) adde tuos
Nil opus est namq; hæc (modo tertius occinat ales)
E fluvius fuerint, Petre, lavanda suis

JOH 12 19 *Cum tot signa edidisset, non credebant*

Q Uanta amor ille tuus se cunq; levaverit ala,
Quo tua cunq; opere effloruit alta manus
Mundus adest, contrâq; tonat signisq; reponit
Signa (adeo sua sunt numina vel sceleri)
Imo (ô nec nimis vis sit temeraria verbi)
Ille uno sensu vel tua cuncta premit
Tot, tantisq; tuis miraculum hoc objicit unum,
Tot tantisq; tuis non adhibere fidem

ACT 1 *In nubem, quæ Dominum abstulit*

O Nigra hæc! Quid enim mihi candida pectora monstrat?
Pectora Cygneis candidiora genis
Sit verò magis alba suo magis aurea Phœbo,
Quantumcunq; sibi candida nigra mihi est
Nigra mihi nubes! et quâ neq; nigrior Austros,
Vel tulit irati nuncia tela Dei
Nigra! licet nimbos, noctem neq; detulit ullam
Si noctem non fert, at rapit, ecce, diem

LUC 19 *Vidit urbem, & flevit super eam*

E Rgò meas spernis lacrymas, urbs perfida? Sperne
Sperne meas quas o sic facis esse tuas
Tempus erit, lacrymas poterit cum lacryma demum
Nostra (nec immeritò) spernere spreta tuas

RICHARD CRASHAW

LUC. 18 *Nec sicut iste Publicanus.*

I'U quoq; dum istius miseri peccata fateris,
Quæ nec is irato mitius ungue notat,
Hic satis est gemino bonus in sua crimina telo
Interea quid erit, mi Pharisæe, tuis?

MAT. 8. *Et accedentes discipuli excitaverunt eum.*

AH, quis erat furor hos (tam raros) solve somnos?
O vos, quævis Christi vel sopor invigilat!
Illum si somnus tenuit, vos somnia terrent,
Somnia tam vanos ingeminata metus
Nil Christi nocuit somnus (mihi credite) Somnus,
Qui nocuit, vestræ somnus erat fidei

MAT 15. *In mulierem Canaanæam cum Dnº decertantem*

CEDIT 10. jam, jamq; cadet modò fortiter urge
Jam, tua nî desit dextera, jamq; cadet.
Nimirum hoc velit ipse tuo favet ipse triumpho
Ipse tuas tacitus res tuus hostis agit
Quas patitur, facit ille manus ictu ille sub omni est,
Atq; in te vires sentit, amatq; suas,
Usq; adeò haud tuus hic ferus est, neq; ferreus hostis!
Usq; adeò est miles non truculentus Amor!
Illo quàm facilis victoria surgit ab hoste,
Qui, tantùm ut vinci possit, in arma venit!

MAT 9 *Quare comedit Magister vester cum peccatoribus Et*

SICCINE fraternos fastidis, improbe, morbos,
Cum tuus, (& gravior) te quoq; morbus habet?
Tantum ausus medicum morbus sibi quærere, magnus,
Tantum ausus medicum spernere, major erat

FROM SANCROFT MS

MARC I & LUC 14 In $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} febricitantem \\ \& \\ hydropicum \end{array} \right\}$ sanatos

NUPER lecta gravem extinxit pia pagina febrem
Hydropi siccos dat modò lecta sinus
Hæc vice fraterna quàm se miracula tangunt,
Atq; per alternum fida juvamen amant!
Quippe ignes istos his quam bene mersit in undis!
Ignibus his illas quàm bene vicit aquas!

In S Lucam Medicum

HANC, mihi quam miseram faciunt mea crimina vitam,
Hanc, medici, longam vestra medela facit
Hocné diu est vixisse? diu (mihi credite) non est
Hoc vixisse diu sed timuisse mori
Tu solus, Medice alme, tuis medicamina præbes,
Et medicaminibus (quæ mala summa) malis
Hoc mortem bene vitare est vitare ferendo
Et vixisse diu est hoc citò posse mori

Tollat crucem suam—&c

ERGò tuam pone ut nobis sit sumere nostram
Si nostram vis nos sumere pone tuam
Illa illa, ingenti quæ te trabe duplicat, illa
Vel nostra est, nostras vel tulit illa cruces

In (Joh 17) Cygnæam D Jesu cantionem

QUÆ mella, o quot, Christe, favos in carmina fundis!
Dulcis, & (ah furias!) ah moribundus olor!
Parce tamen minus hæc si sunt mea gaudia voces
Voce quidem dulci, sed moriente canis

Et conspuebant illum

QUID non tam fœdè sævi maris audeat ira!
Conspuit ecce oculos (sydera nostra) tuos
Forsan & hic aliquis sputo te excæcat, Jesu,
Qui debet sputo, quòd videt ipse, tuo

RICHARD CRASHAW

JOH. 4 *Rogavit eum, ut descenderet, & sanaret filium suum.*

Ille vt eat tecum, in natiq̃, tuiq̃ salutem ?
 Qui petis, ah nescis (credo) quòd Ales Amor.
 Ille ut eat tecum ? quàm se tua vota morantur !
 Ille ut eat ? tantò seriùs esset ibi
 Ne tardus veniat, Christus tecum ire recusat.
 Christi nempe ipsum hoc ire moratur iter.
 Christi nempe viis perit hoc quodcunq̃ meatur
 Christi nempe viis vel properare mora est
 Híc est, cui tu vota facis tua, Christus at idem
 (Crede mihi) dabit hæc qui rata, Christus ibi est

LUC 5 9 *Pavor enim occupaverat eum super
 capturam piscium*

Dum nimium in captis per te, Petre, piscibus hæres,
 Piscibus (ut video) captus es ipse tuis
 Rem scio te prædam Christus sibi cepit & illi
 Una in te ex istis omnibus esca fuit

JOH *vidérunt, & odérunt me*

Vidit ? & odit adhuc ? Ah, te non vidit, Jesu
 Non vidit te, qui vidit, & odit adhuc
 Non vidit, te non vidit (dulcissime rerum)
 In te qui vidit quid, quod amare neget.

LUC 18 39

TU mala turba tace, mihi tam mea vota propinquant,
 Tuq̃ in me linguam vis tacuisse meam ?
 Tunc ego, tunc taceam, mihi cùm meus Ille loquetur.
 Si nescis, oculos vox habet ista meos
 O noctis miserere meæ miserere, per illam,
 Quæ tam læta tuo ridet in ore diem
 O noctis miserere meæ. miserere, per illam
 Quæ, nisi te videat, nox velit esse, diem
 O noctis miserere meæ. miserere, per illam,
 Hæc mea quam (fidei) nox habet ipsa, diem
 Illa dies animi (Jesu) rogat hanc oculorum
 Illam (oro) dederis, hanc mihi ne rapias

FROM SANCROFT MS

MAT 22 *In Pharisæos Christi verbis insidiantes*

O Quam te miseri ludunt vaga tædia voti,
 Ex ore hoc speras qui, Pharisæe, malum !
 Sic quis ab Auroræ noctem speraverit ulnis,
 Unde solet primis Sol tener ire rosis ?
 Sic Acheronta petas illinc unde amne corusco
 Lactea sydereos Cynthia lavit equos
 Sic violas aconita roges sic toxica nympham,
 Garrula quæ vitreo gurgite vexat humum
 Deniq (ut exemplo res hæc propiore pateat)
 A te sic speret quis (Pharisæe) bonum

MAT 9

FAlleris & nudum malè ponis (Pictor) Amorem
 Non nudum facis hunc cum sine veste facis
 Nonne hic est (dum sic digito patet ille fidei)
 Tunc, cum vestitus, tunc quoq, nudus amor ?

Tolle oculos, tolle o tecum (tua sydera) nostros
 Ah quid enim, quid agant hic sine sole suo ?
 Id, quod agant sine sole suo tua sydera, cælum
 Id terræ hæc agerent hic sine sole suo
 Illa suo sine sole suis cæca imbribus essent
 Cæca suis lacrymis hæc sine sole suo

ACT 21 *Nam ego non solum vinciri—&c*

Quid mortem objicitis nostro, quid vincla timori ?
 Non timor est illinc, non timor inde meus
 Vincula, quæ timeam, sunt vincula sola timoris
 Sola timenda mihi est mors, timuisse mori

RICHARD CRASHAW

MAT. II *Legatio Baptistæ ad Christum*

O Ro, quis es? legat ista suo Baptista Magistro.
Illi quæ referant, talia Christus habet.
Cui cæcus cernit, mutus se in verba resolvit,
It claudus, vivit mortuus, Oro, quis est?

! Rgò veni, quicunq, ferant tua signa timores.
Quæ nos cunq, vocant tristia, Christe, veni
Christe, veni suus avulsum rapiat labor axem,
Nec sinat implicitas ire redire vias
Mutuus attonito titubet sub fœdere mundus,
Nec Natura vagum dissona volvat opus
Christe, veni roseos ultrà remeare per ortus
Nolit, & ambiguos Sol trahat æger equos
Christe, veni ipsa suas patiatur Cynthia noctes,
Plus quàm Thessalico tincta tremore genas
Astrorum mala cæsaries per inane dolendum
Gaudeat, horribili flore repexa caput
Sole sub invito subitæ vis improba noctis
Corripiat solitam, non sua jura, diem
Importuna dies, nec Eoi conscia pacti,
Per desolatæ murmura noctis eat
Christe, veni tonet Oceanus pater, & sua nolit
Claustra vagi montes sub nova sceptrâ meent
Christe, veni quodcunq, audet metus, audeat ultrà
Fata id agant, quod agent tu modò, Christe, veni
Christe, veni quâcunq, venis mercede malorum
Quanti hoc constiterit cunq, venire, veni
Teq, tuosq, oculos tanti est potuisse videre!
Oh tanti est te vel sic potuisse frui!
Quicquid id est, Pater, omne tuo pensabitur ore,
Quicquid id est, veniat Tu modò, Christe, veni

Felices! properastis io, properastis & altam
 Vicistis gyro sub breviorē viam
 Vos per non magnum vestri mare sanguinis illuc
 Cymba tulit nimis non operosa notis,
 Quo nos tam lento sub remigio luctantes
 Ducit inexhausti vis malè hda freti
 Nos mora, nos longi consumit inertia lethi
 In ludum mortis, luxuriemq; sumus
 Nos ævo, & senio, & latis permittimur undis
 Spargimur in casus,—porrigimur furis
 Nos miseri sumus ex amplo, spatioq; perimus
 In nos inquirunt fata, probantq; manus
 Ingenium fati sumus, ambitioq; malorum,
 Conatus mortis, consiliumq; sumus
 In vitæ multo multæ patet area mortis
 Non vitam nobis numerant, quot viximus, anni
 Vita brevis nostra est sit licet acta diu
 Vivere non longum est, quod longam ducere vitam
 Res longa vitâ sæpe peracta brevi est
 Nec vos tam vitæ Deus in compendia misit,
 Quam vetuit vestræ plus licuisse neci
 Accedit vitæ quicquid decerpitur ævo
 Atq; illo brevius, quò citius morimur

Domitiano De S Johanne ad portam Lat

ERgo ut inultus eas? Sed nec tamen ibis inultus,
 Sic violare ausus meq; meosq; Deos
 Ure oleo, LiCTOR Oleo parat urere LiCTOR
 Sed quem uri LiCTOR credidit, unctus erat
 Te quoq; sic olei virtus malefida fefellit?
 Sic tua te Pallas, Domitiane, juvat?

Εἰς τὸν τοῦ Στεφάνου σέφανοι

ECce tuos lapides! nihil est pretiosius illis
 Seu pretium capiti dent, capiantve tuo
 Scilicet hæc ratio vestri diadematis hoc est,
 Unde coronatis nos decet ire comis
 Quisq; lapis quantò magis in se vilis habetur,
 Ditior hoc capiti est gemma futura tuo

RICHARD CRASHAW

Ah ferus, ah culter! qui tam bona lilia primus
 In tam crudeles jussit abire rosas
 Virgineum hoc qui primus ebur violavit ab ostro,
 Inq̃ sui instituit muricis ingenium
 Scilicet hinc olim quicumq̃ cucurrerit amnis,
 Ex hoc purpurei germine fontis erit
 Scilicet hunc mortis primum puer accipit unguem
 Inijciunt hodie fata, furorq̃ manus
 Ecce illi sanguis fundi jam cæpit, & ecce,
 Qui fundi possit, vix bene sanguis erat
 Excitat è dolio vix dum bene musta recentī,
 Atq̃ rudes furias in nova membra vocat
 Improbus! ut nimias jam nunc accingitur iras!
 Armaq̃ non molli sollicitanda manu!
 Improbus! ut teneras audet jam ludere mortes!
 Et vitæ ad modulum, quid puerile mori!
 Improbus! ut tragici impatiens præludia fati
 Ornat, & in socco jam negat ire suo!
 Scilicet his pedibus manus hæc meditata cothurnos!
 Hæc cum blanditus mens meditata minas?
 Hæc tam dura brevem decuere crepundia dextram?
 Dextra Gigantæis hæc satis apta genis?
 Sic cunis miscere cruces? cumq̃ ubere matris
 Commisisse neces, & scelus, & furias?
 Quo ridet patri, hoc tacite quoq̃ respicit hastam,
 Quoq̃ oculo matrem mulcet, in arma redit
 Dii Superi! furit his oculis! hoc asper in ore est!
 Dat Marti vultus, quos sibi mallet Amor
 Deliciæ irarum! torvi, tenera agmina, risus!
 Blande furor! terror dulcis! amande metus!
 Præcoci in pœnas pueri lascivia tristis!
 Cruda rudimenta! & torva tyrocinia!
 Jam parcum, breviusq̃ brevi pro corpore vulnus,
 Proq̃ brevi brevior vulnere sanguis eat
 Olim, cum nervi, vitæq̃ ferocior haustus
 Materiam morti, luxuriemq̃ dabunt,
 Olim maturos ultrò conabitur imbres,
 Robustum audebit tunc, solidumq̃ mori
 Ergò illi, nisi qui in sævos concreverit usus,
 Nec nisi quem possit fundere, sanguis erit?

FROM SANCROFT MS

Euge puer trux! Euge tamen mitissime rerum!
 Quis tibi tantum trux potes esse, puer!
 Euge tibi trux! Euge mihi mitissime rerum!
 Euge Leo mitis! trux sed & Agne tamen!
 Maeste puer! maeste hoc tam dure laudis honore!
 Maeste o pœnarum hac indole, & ingenio!
 At ferus ah culter! sub quo, tam docte dolorum,
 In tristem properas sic, puer, ire virum
 Ah ferus, ah culter! sub quo, puer auree, crescis
 Mortis proficiens hic quasi sub ferul!

NE, pia, ne nimium, Virgo, permittre querelis
 Haud volet, haud poterit natus abesse diu
 Nam quid eum teneat? vel quæ magis oscula vellet?
 Vestri illum indigenam quid vetet esse sinûs?
 Quippe illis quæ labra genis magis apta putentur?
 Quæve per id collum dignior ire manus?
 His sibi quid speret puer ambitiosius ulnis?
 Quove sub amplexu dulcius esse queat?
 O quæ tam teneram sibi vitis amencior ulmum
 Implicet, alternis nexibus immoriens?
 Cui circum subitis eat impatientior ulnis?
 Aut quæ tam nimis vultibus ora notet?
 Quæ tam prompta puer toties super oscula surgat?
 Quis signet gemmâ nobiliore genum?
 Illa ubi tam vernis adolescat mitius auris,
 Tamve sub apricis pendeat uva jugis?
 Illi quis veniat languor tam gratus in umbrâ?
 Commodius sub quo murmure somnus agat?
 O ubi tam charo, tam casto in carcere regnat,
 Maternoq; simul, virgineoq; sinu?
 Ille ut ab his fugiat? nec tam bona gaudia vellet?
 Ille ut in hos possit non properare sinus?
 Ille sui tam blanda sinûs patrimonia spernet?
 Hæres tot factus tam bene deliciis?
 Ne tantum, ne, Diva, tuis permittre querelis
 Quid dubites? Non est hic fugitivus Amor

Accipe dona, Puer, parvæ libamina laudis.
 Accipe, non meritis accipienda suis
 Accipe dona, Puer dulcis. dumq̃ accipis illa,
 Digna quoq̃ efficies, quæ, puer, accipies.
 Sive oculo, sive illa tuâ dignabere dextrâ,
 Dextram, oculumq̃ dabis posse decere tuum
 Non modò es in dantes, sed & ipsa in dona benignus,
 Nec tantùm donans das, sed & accipiens

In partum B Virg' non difficilem.

Nec facta est tamen illa Parens impunè, quòd almi
 Tam parcens uteri venerit ille Puer
 Una hæc nascentis quodcunq̃ pepercerit hora,
 Toto illum vitæ tempore parturit
 Gaudia parturientis erat semel ille parenti,
 Quotidie gemitus parturientis erat.

Circulus hic similem quàm pai sibi pergit in orbem!
 Principiumq̃ suum quàm bene finis amat!
 Virgineo thalamo quàm pulchrè convenit ille
 (Quo nemo jacuit) virgineus tumulus!
 Undiq̃ ut hæc æquo passu res iret, & ille
 Josepho desponsatus, & ille fuit.

In Sanctum igneis linguis descendentem Spiritum.

Ab sint, qui ficto simulant pia pectora vultu,
 Ignea quos luteo pectore lingua beat
 Hoc potius mea vota rogant, mea thura petessunt,
 Ut mihi sit mea mens ignea, lingua luti

FROM SANCROFT MS

*Cum horum aliqua dedicāram
Præceptori meo colendissimo,
Amico amicissimo, R Brooke*

EN tibi Musam, (Preceptor colendissime) quas ex tuis modò scholis, quasi ex Apollinis officinâ, accepit, alas timidè adhuc, nec aliter quàm sub oculis tuis jactitantem

Qualiter è nido multùm jam floridus alî
Astra sibi meditatur avis, pulchrosq; meatus
Aërios inter proceres licèt æthera nunquam
Expertus, rudibusq; illi sit in ardua pennis
Prima fides micat ire tamen, quatiensq; decorû
Veste leves humeros, querulumq; per aëra ludens
Nil dubitat vel in astra vagos suspendere risus
At verò simul immensum per inane profundis
Exhaustus spatius, vacuoq; sub æthere pendens,
Arva procul, sylvasq; suas, procul omnia cernit,
Cernere quæ solitus, tum verò victa cadit mens,
Spesq; suas & tanta timens conamina, totus
Respicit ad matrem, pronisq; revertitur auris

Quòd tibi enim hæc feram (Vir ornatissime) non ambitio dantis est, sed justitia reddentis neq; te libelli mei tam elegi patronum, quàm dominum agnosco Tua sanè sunt hæc, et mea neq; tamen ita mea sunt, quin si quid in illis boni est, tuum hoc sit totum neq; interim in tantum tua, ut quantum cunq; est in illis mali illud non sit ex integro meum ita medio quodam, & misto jure utriusq; sunt ne vel mihi, dum me in societatem tuarum laudum elevarem, invidiam facerem, vel injuriam tibi, ut qui te in tenuitatis mea consortium deducere conarer Ego enim de meo nihil ausim boni mecum agnos cere nedum profiteri palàm, præter hoc unum (quo tamen nihil melius) animum nempe non ingratis tuorumq; beneficiorum historiam religiosissimâ fide in se reponentem hoc quibuscunq; testibus coram, hoc palàm in os cœli, meæq; conscientiae meum jactò effero me in hoc ultra æmuli patientiam Enim vero elegantiore obsequio venerentur te (& venerantur, scio) tuorum alii nemo me sincero magis, vel ingenuo poterit Horum deniq; rivulorum, tenuium utcunq;, nullusq; nominis, hæc saltem laus erit propria, quòd suum nempe nòrint Oceanum

RICHARD CRASHAW

Hymnus Veneri

dum in illius tutelam transcunt virgines.

IU tuis adsis, Venus alma, sacris
Rideas blandum, Venus, & benignum,
Quale cum Martem premis, aureoq;
Frangis oculo

Rideas ô tum neq; flamma Phœbum,
Nec juvent Phœben sua tela. gestat
Te satis contra tuus ille tantum
Tela Cupido

Sæpe in ipsius pharetrâ Dianæ
Hic suas ridens posuit sagittas
Ausus et flammæ Dominum magistris
Urere flammis

Virginum te orat chorus (esse longum
Virgines nollent) modò servientum
Tot columbarum tibi, passerumq; au-
gere catervam

Dedicant quicquid labra vel rosarum,
Colla vel servant tibi liliorum
Dedicant totum tibi ver genarum,
Ver oculorum

Hinc tuo sumas licet arma nato,
Seu novas his ex oculis sagittas,
Seu faces flamma velit acriori
Flave comatas

Sume et ô discant, quid amica, quid nox,
Quid bene, & blandè vigilata nox sit,
Quid sibi dulcis furor, & protervus
Poscat amator

Sume per quæ tot tibi corda flagrant
Per quod arcanum tua cestus halat
Per tuus quicquid tibi dixit olim, aut
Fecit Adonis

FROM SANCROFT MS

S Pes Diva salve Diva avidam tuo
Necessitatem numine prorogans,
Vindicta fortunæ furentis,
Una salus mediis ruinis

Regina quamvis, tu solium facis
Depressa parvi tecta tugurii
Surgunt jacentes inter, illic
Firma magis tua regna constant

Cantus catenis, carmina carcere,
Dolore ab ipso gaudiaq; exprimis
Scintilla tu vivis sub imo
Pectoris, haud metuens procellas

Tu regna servis copia pauperi
Victis triumphus littora naufrago
Ipsiq; damnatis patrona
Anchora sub medio profundo

Quin ipse alumnus sum tuus ubere
Pendemus isto, & hinc animam traho
O, Diva nutrix, ô foventes
Pande sinus sitiens laboro

RICHARD CRASHAW

Non accipimus brevem vitam, sed facimus.

I Rgò tu luges nimium citatam
 Circulo vitam properante volvi?
 Tu Deos parcos gemis, ipse cum sis
 Prodigus ævi?

Ipse quod perdis, quereris perire?
Ipse tu pellis, sed et ire ploras?
Vita num servit tibi? servus ipse
Cedet abactus

Est fugax vitæ (fateor) fluentum
 Prona sed clivum modò det voluptas,
 Amne proclivi magis, & fugace
 Labitur undâ

Fur Sopor magnam hinc (oculos recludens)
 Surripit partem ruit inde partem
 Temporis magnam spoliū reportans
 Latro voluptas

Tu creas mortes tibi mille & æva
Plura quò perdas, tibi plura poscis

FROM SANCROFT MS

Pulchra non diuturna

EHeu ver breve, & invidum!
 Eheu floriduli dies!

Ergo curritis improbâ
 Et quæ nunc face fulgurat,
 Dulcis forma tenacibus
 Immiscebitur infimæ
 Heu! noctis nebulis, amor
 Fallax, umbraq; somnii
 Quin incumbitis (invida
 Sic dictat colus, & rota
 Cani temporis incito
 Currens orbe volubilis)
 O deprendite lubricos
 Annos et liquidum jubar
 Verni syderis, ac novi
 Floris fulgura, mollibus
 Quæ debetis amoribus,
 Non impendite luridos
 In manes, avidum & chaos

Quanquam sydereis genis,
 Quæ semper nive sobriâ
 Synceris spatius vigent
 Floris germine simplicis,
 Flagrant ingenure rosæ

Quanquam perpetuâ fide
 Illic mille Cupidines,
 Centum mille Cupidines,
 Pastos nectareâ dape
 Blandis sumptibus educas
 Istis qui spatius vagi,
 Plenis lusibus ebrui,
 Udo rore beatuli,
 Uno plus decies die
 Istis ex oculis tuis
 Istis ex oculis suas
 Sopitas animant faces,
 Et languentia recreant
 Succo spicula melleo

RICHARD CRASHAW

Tum flammis agiles novis
Lascivâ volitant face,
Tum plenis tumidi minis,
Tum vel sydera territant,
Et cælum, & fragilem Jovem
 Quanquam fronte sub arduâ
Majestas gravi excubans,
Dulces fortiter improbis
Leges dictat amoribus
 Quanquam tota, per omnia,
Cælum machina præferat,
Tanquam pagina multiplex
Vivo scripta volumine
Terris indigitans polos,
Et compendia syderum
 Istis heu tamen heu genis,
Istis purpureis genis,
Oris sydere florido,
Regno frontis amabili,
Mors heu crastina forsitan
Crudeles faciet notas,
Naturæq; superbiam
Damnabit tumuli specu.

FROM SANCROFT MS

Veris descriptio

TEmpus adest, placidis quo Sol novus auctior horis
 Purpureos mulcere dies, & sydere verno
 Floridus, augusto solet ire per æthera vultu,
 Naturæ communis amor spes aurea mundi
 Virginæum decus & dulcis lascivia rerum
 Ver tenerum, ver molle subit jam pulchrior annus
 Pube nova, roseæq; recens in flore juventæ
 Felici fragrat gremio, & laxatur odorâ
 Prole parens per aquas, perq; arva per omnia latè
 Ipse suas miratur opes, miratur honores
 Jam Zephyro resoluta suo tumet ebria tellus,
 Et crebro bibit umbre Jovem Sub frondibus altis
 Flora sedens, audit (fælix!) quo murmure lapsis
 Fons patrius minitetur aquis, quæ vertice crispo
 Respiciunt tantum, & strepero procul agmine pergunt
 Audit & arboreis siquid gemebunda recurrens
 Garriat aura comis audit quibus ipsa susurris
 Annuit, & facili cervice remurmurat arbor
 Quin audit querulas audit quodcunq; per umbras
 Flebilibus Philomela modis miserabile narrat
 Tum quoq; præcipuè blandis Cytheræa per orbem
 Spargitur imperiis molles tum major habenas
 Incutit increpitans, cestus magis ignea rores
 Ingeminat, tumidosq; sinus flagrantior ambit
 Nympharum incedit latè, charitumq; coronâ
 Amplior, & plures curru jam necit olores
 Quin ipsos quoq; tum campis emittit apricis
 Læta parens, gremioq; omnes effundit Amores
 Mille ruunt equites blandi, peditumq; protervæ
 Mille ruunt acies levium pars terga ferarum
 Insiliunt, gaudentq; suis stimulare sagittis
 Pars optans gemino multum properare volatu
 Aërios conscendit equos hic passere blando
 Subsiliens lene ludit iter micat huc, micat illuc
 Hospitio levis incerto, & vagus omnibus umbris
 Verum alter gravidis insurgens major habentis
 Maternas molitur aves ille improbus acrem
 Versat apem similis, seseq; agnoscit in illo

RICHARD CRASHAW

Et brevibus miscere vias, ac frangere gyris
Pars leviter per prata vagi sua lilia dignis
Contendunt sociare rosis, tum florum ordo
Consilio fragrante venit lascivit in omni
Germine læta manus nitidis nova gloria pennis
Additur, illustri gremio sedet aurea messis,
Gaudet odoratas coma blandior ire sub umbras.
Excutiunt solitas (immitia tela) sagittas,
Ridentesq̃ aliis pharetræ spectantur in armis.
Flore manus, & flore sinus, flore omnia lucent
Undiq̃ jam flos est vitreas hic pronus ad undas
Ingenium illudentis aquæ, fluitantiaq̃ ora,
Et vaga miratur tremulæ mendacia formæ
Inde suos probat explorans, & iudice nymphâ
Informat radios, ne non satis igne protervo
Ora tremant, agilesq̃ docet nova fulgura vultus,
Atq̃ suo vibrare jubet petulantius astro

I I Æc est, quæ sacrâ didicit florere figurâ,
Non nisi per lachrymas charta videnda tuas.
Scilicet ah dices, hæc cùm spectaveris ora,
Ora sacer sic, ô sic tulit ille pater
Sperabis solitas illinc, pia fulmina, voces,
Sanctaq̃, tam dulci mella venire viâ
Sic erat illa, suas Famæ cùm traderet alas,
Ad calamum (dices) sic erat illa manus
Tale erat & pectus, celsæ domus ardua mentis,
Tale suo plenum sydere pectus erat
O bene fallacis mendacia pulchra tabellæ!
Et, qui tam simili vivit in ære, labor!
Cùm tu tot chartis vitam, Pater alme, dedisti,
Hæc meritò vitam charta dat una tibi

Melius purgatur stomachus per vomitum, quam per secessum

DUm vires refero vomitûs, & nobile munus,
 Da mihi de vomitu, grandis Homere, tuo
 Nempe olim, multi cum carminis anxia moles
 Vexabat stomachum, magne Poëta, tuum
 Ægrâq; jejuno tenuabat pectora morsu,
 Jussit & in crudam semper hiare famem
 Phœbus (ut est medicus) vomitoria pocula præbens
 Morbum omnem longos expulit in vomitus
 Protinus & centum incumbunt toto ore Poctæ,
 Certantes sacras lambere reliquias
 Quod vix fecissent, (scio) si medicamen ineptum
 Venisset miserè posteriore vi
 Quippe per amfractus, cæciq; volumina ventris
 Sacra (putas) hostem vult medicina sequi?
 Tam turpes tenebras hæc non dignatur at ipsum
 Sedibus ex imis imperiosa trahit
 Ergò
 Per vomitum stomachus melius purgabitur alvus
 Quàm quâ secretis exit opaca viis

RICHARD CRASHAW

In Natales Mariæ Principis

PARce tuo jam, bruma ferox, ô parce furori
Pone animos ô pacatæ da spiritus auræ
Afflatu leniore gravem demulceat annum
Res certè, & tempus meruit. Licèt improbus Auster.
Sæviat, & rabido multùm se murmure volvat,
Imbriferis licèt impatiens Notus ardeat alis,
Hïc tamen, hïc certè, modò tu non (sæva) negares,
Nec Notus impatiens jam, nec foret improbus Auster.
Scilicet hoc decuit? dum nos tam lucida rerum
Attollit series, adeò commune serenum
Lætitiæ, vernisq; animis micat alta voluptas,
Jam torvas acies, jam squallida bella per auras
Volvere? & hybernis annum corrumpere nimbis?
Ah melius! quin luce novæ reparata juventæ
Ipsa hodie vernaret hyems, pulchroq; tumultu
Purpureas properaret opes, effunderet omnes
Læta sinus, nitidumq; diem fragrantibus horis
Æternùm migrare velit, florumq; beatâ
Luxurie tanta ô circum cunabula surgat,
Excipiatq; novos, & molliter ambiat artus

Quippe venit sacris iterum vagitibus ingens
Aula sonat venit en roseo decus addita fratri
Blanda soror. tibi se brevibus, tibi porrigit ulnis,
Magne puer! facili tibi torquet hiantia risu
Ora, tibi molles, lacrymas, & nobile murmur
Temperat, inq; tuo ponit se pendula collo
Tale decus, juncto veluti sub stemmate cùm quis
Dat sociis lucere rosis sua lilia talis
Fulget honos, medio cùm se duo sydera mundo
Dulcibus intexunt radius nec dignior olim
Flagrabat nitidæ felix consortio formæ,
Tunc cùm sydereos inter pulcherrima fratres
Erubuit primùm, & Ledæo cortice rupto
Tyndarida explicuit teneræ nova gaudia frontis

Sic socium ô miscete jubar, tu, candide frater,
Tuq; serena soror sic ô date gaudia patri,
Sic matri cùmq; ille olim, subeuntibus annis,

FROM SANCROFT MS

Ire inter proprios magnâ cervice triumphos
 Lgregius volet, atq; suâ se discere dextrâ
 Te quoq; tum pleno mulcebit sydere & alto
 Flore tui, dulcesq; oculos maturior ignis
 Indole divinâ, & radius intinget honoris
 Tunc o te quoties (nisi quòd tu pulchrior illi)
 Esse suam Phœben falsus jurabit Apollo!
 Tunc ô te quoties (nisi quòd tu castior illi)
 Esse suam Venerem Mavors jurabit inanis!
 Felix ah! et cui se non Mars, non aureus ipse
 Credet Apollo parem! tantî cui conjuge celsus
 In pulchros properare sinus, & carpere sacras
 Delicias, oculosq; tuos, tua basia solus
 Tum poterit dixisse sua, & se necitare tanto
 Dum probat esse Deum, superas contemnere mensas

RICHARD CRASHAW

*Honoratiss^o D^o Rob^o Heath, summo Justit
de com. Banco. Gratulatio.*

I Gnitum latus, & sacrum tibi gratulor ostrum,
O amor, atq; tuæ gloria magna togæ!
Nam video Themis ecce humeris, Themis ardet in istis,
Inq; tuos gaudet tota venire sinus
O ibi purpureo quàm se bene porrigit astro!
Et docet hîc radios luxuriare suos!
Imò eat æternâ sic ô Themis aurea pompâ!
Hîc velit ô sydus semper habere suum!
Sic flagret, & nunquam tua purpura palleat intus.
O nunquam in vultus digna sit ire tuos
Sanguine ab innocuo nullos bibat illa rubores
Nec tam crudeli murice proficiat
Quæq; tibi est (nam quæ non est tibi?) candida virtus
Fortunam placidè ducat in alta tuam
Nullius viduæ lacrymas tua marmora sudent
Nec sit, quæ inclamet te, tibi facta domus
Non gemat ulla suam pinus tibi scissa ruinam,
Ceui cadat in domini murmure mæsta sui
Fama suas subter pennas tibi sternat eunti,
Illa tubæ faciat te melioris opus
Thura tuo (quacunq; meat) cum nomine migrent,
Quæq; vehit fêlix te, vehat aura rosas
Vive tuis (nec enim non sunt æquissima) votis
Æqualis, quæ te sydera cunq; vocant
Hæc donec niveæ cedat tua purpura pallæ,
Lilium ubi fuerit, quæ rosa vestis erat

Serenissimæ Reginæ librum suum commendat Academia

II Unc quoq; maternâ (nimium nisi magna rogamus)
Aut aviæ saltem sume, Maïa, manu
Est Musâ de matre recens rubicundulus infans,
Cui pater est partus (quis putet?) ille tuus
Usq; adeo impatiens amor est in virgine Musâ
Jam nunc ex illo non negat esse parens
De nato quot habes olim sperare nepotes,
Qui simul & pater est, & facit esse patrem!

FROM SANCROFT MS

Priscianus verberans, & vapulans

Quid facis? ah! tam perversâ quid voluitur irâ?
 Quid parat iste tuus, posterus iste furor?
 Ah, truculente puer! tam fœdo parce furori
 Nec rapiat tragicas tam gravis ira nates
 Ecce fremit, fremit ecce indignabundus Apollo
 Castalides fugiunt, & procul ora tegunt
 Sic igitur sacrum, sic insedissee caballum
 Queris? & (ah) fieri tam malè notus eques?
 Ille igitur phaleris nitidus lucebit in istis?
 Hæc erit ad solidum turpis habena latus?
 His ille (haud nimium rigidis) dabit ora lupatis?
 Hæc fluet in miseris sordida vitta jubis?
 Sic erit ista tui, sic aurea pompa triumphî?
 Ille sub imperiis ibit olentis heri?
 Ille tamen neq; terribili stat spumëus irâ,
 Ungula nec celso fervida calce tonat
 O meritò spectatur equi patientia nostri!
 Dicite Iô tantum quis toleravit equus?
 Pegasus iste ferox, mortales spretus habenas,
 Bellerophontæâ non tulit ire manu
 Noster equus tamen exemplo non turget in isto
 Stat bonus, & solito se pede certus habet
 Imò licèt tantos de te tulit ille pudores,
 Te tulit ille iterum sed meliore modo
 Tunc rubor in scapulas ô quàm bene transit iste,
 Qui satis in vultus noluit ire tuos!
 At mater centum in furias abit, & vomit iram
 Mille modis rabidam jura, forumq; fremit
 Quin fera tu, taceas aut jura, forumq; tacebunt
 Tu legi vocem non sinis esse suam
 O malè vibratæ rixosa volumina linguæ!
 Et satls in nullo verba tonanda foro!
 Causidicos (vesana!) tuos tua fulmina terrent
 Ecce stupent miseri ah! nec meminère loqui
 Hinc tua, (fœde puer) fœdati hinc terga caballi
 Exercent querulo jurgia lenta foro
 Obscænas lites, & olentia jurgia ridet
 Turpiter in causam sollicitata Themis

RICHARD CRASHAW

Juridicus lites quisquis tractaverit istas,
 Oh satis emunctâ nare sit ille, precor.
 At tu de misero quid vis, truculente, caballo?
 Cur premis insultans, sæve! tyranne puer!
 Tené igitur fugiet? fugiet sacer iste caballus?
 Non fugiet. sed (si vis) tibi terga dabit

Ad librum super hac re ab ipso } Priscianus { *verberans,*
ludi magistro editum, qui dr } { *&*
 { *vapulans*

Ordes ô tibi gratulamur istas,
 O Musa aurea, blanda, delicata!
 Sordes ô tibi candidas, suoq;
 Jam nec nomine, jam nec ore notas!
 Sacro carmine quippe delinitæ
 Se nunc ô bene nesciunt, novâq;
 Mirantur facie novum nitorem
 Ipsas tu facis ô nitere sordes
 Sordes ô tibi gratulamur ipsas!
 Si non hic natibus procax malignis
 Fœdo fulmine turpis intonâsset
 Unde insurgeret hæc querela vindex,
 Docto & murmure carminis severi
 Dulces fortiter aggregaret iras?
 Ipsæ ô te faciunt nitere sordes
 Sordes ô tibi gratulamur ipsas
 Quàm pulchrè tua migrat Hippocrene!
 Turpi quàm bene degener parenti!
 Fœdi filia tam serena fontis
 Has de stercore quis putaret undas?
 Sic ô lactea surge, Musa, surge
 Surge inter medias serena sordes
 Spumis qualiter in suis Dione,
 Cùm prompsit latus aureum, atq; primas
 Ortu purpureo movebat undas
 Sic ô lactea surge, Musa, surge.
 Enni stercus erit Maronis aurum.

FROM SANCROFT MS

Horatii Ode

Ille & nefasto te posuit die &c

Ελληνισι

"Ωρα σε κεινος θηκεν αποφραδι
Ο πρωτος ὅσις χειρι τε βωμακι
Εθρεψε δενδρον της τε κωμης
Αιτιον εσσομενων τ ελεγχος

Κεινος τοκης θρυψε και αυχενα
Κεινος γε (φαίνη) αιματι ξεινίῳ
Μυχωτατον κοιτωνα ρᾶινε
Νυκτιος αμφαφασε κεινος

Τα δητα κολχων φαρμακα και κακου
Παν χρημα δωσας μοι επιχωριον
Σε συγνον ερνος δεσποτου σε
Εμπεσον ες κεφαλην αεικως

Πασης μεν ωρης παν επικινδυνον
Τις οιδε φευγειν δειδιε βοσφορον
Λιβυς ο πλωτηρ ουδ ανα[γ]κτην
Ιηι κρυφην ετερωθεν οκνει

Παρθων μαχημον Ρωμαικος φυγην
Και τοξα Παρθος Ρωμαικην βιαν
Και δεσμα λαους αλλα μοιρας
Βαλλε βαλει τ αδοκτητος ορμη

Σχεδον σχεδον πως Περσεφονης ιδον
Αυλην μελαινην και κρίσιν Αιακου
Καλην τ αποσασιν μακαίρων
Αιολίαις κινυρην τε χορδαις

Σαπφω πατριδος μεμφομένην κοραις
Ηχουντα και σε πλειον επιχρυσῳ
Αλκαιε πληκτρῳ σκληρὰ νηος,
Σκληρα φυγης πολεμου τε σκληρα

RICHARD CRASHAW

Ευφημέουσai δ' ἀμφοτέρων σκιαλ
 Κλύουσi θάμβει, τὰς δὲ μαχὰς πλεόν,
 Ἀνασάτους τε μὲν τυράννοys
 Ὠμιάς ἔκπιεν ὥσι λαός.

Τί θαῦμ', ἐκείναιρ θῆς ὅτε τρίκρανος
 Ἀκην αἰοιδαῖς, οὔατα κάββαλε,
 Ἐρινύων τ' ἡδυπαθοῦσι
 Βόσρυχες, ἡσυχίων ἐχιδνῶν.

Καὶ δὴ Προμηθεύς, καὶ Πέλοπος πατήρ
 Εὐδουσιν ἡχέι τῷ λαθικήδεϊ
 Ἀγειν λεόντας Ωρίων δὲ
 Οὐ φιλέει, φοβεράς τε λύγκας.

In Rev^d Dre Brooke Epitaphium

POsuit sub istâ (non gravi) caput terrâ
 Ille, ipsa quem mors arrogare vix ausa
 Didicit vereri, plurimumque suspenso
 Dubitavit ictu, lucidos procul vultus,
 Et sydus oris acre procul prospectans
 Cui literarum fama cùm dedit lumen,
 Accepit, atque est ditior suis donis
 Cujus serena gravitas faciles mores
 Muliere novit, cujus in senectute
 Famaeque riguit, & juventa fortunæ
 Ita brevis ævi, ut nec videri festinus,
 Ita longus, ut nec fessus Et hunc mori credis?

FROM SANCROFT MS

*In obitum Rev V D^r Mansell,
Coll Regiæ M^r qui ven D Brooke,
interitum proxime secutus est*

ERgo iterum in lacrymas, & sævi murmura planctûs
Ire jubet tragicâ mors iterita manu?
Scilicet illa novas quæ jam fert dextra sagittas,
Dextra priore recens sanguine stillat adhuc
Vos o, quos sociâ Lachesis propè miscuit urnâ,
Et vicina colus vix sinit esse duos,
Ite o, quos nostri jungunt consortia damni
Per nostras lacrymas ô nimis ite pares!
Ite per Elysias felici tramite valles
Et sociis animos conciliate viis
Illic ingentes ultrò confundite manes,
Noscat & æternam mutua dextra fidem
Communes eadem spargantur in otia curæ,
Atque idem felix poscat utrumque labor
Nectaræ simul ite vagis sermonibus horæ
Nox trahat alternas continuata vices
Una cibos ferat, una suas vocet arbor in umbras
Ambobus faciles herba det una toros
Certum erit interea quanto sit major habenda,
Quàm quæ per vitam est, mortis amicitia

RICHARD CRASHAW

LUKE 2 *Quærit Jesum suum Maria, &c*

AND is he gone, whom these armes held but now?
 Their hope, their vow?
 Did ever greife, & joy in one poore heart
 Soe soone change part?
 Hee's gone the fair'st flower, that e're bosome drest,
 My soules sweet rest
 My wombes chast pride is gone, my heaven-borne boy,
 And where is joy?
 Hee's gone & his lov'd steppes to wait upon,
 My joy is gone
 My joyes, & hee are gone, my greife, & I
 Alone must ly
 Hee's gone not leaving with me, till he come,
 One smile at home
 Oh come then bring Thy mother her lost joy
 Oh come, sweet boy
 Make hast, & come, or e're my greife, & I
 Make hast, & dy
 Peace, heart! the heavens are angry all their spheres
 Rivall thy teares
 I was mistaken some faire sphære, or other
 Was thy blest mother
 What, but the fairest heaven, could owne the birth
 Of soe faire earth?
 Yet sure thou did'st lodge heere this wombe of mine
 Was once call'd thine
 Oft have these armes thy cradle envied,
 Beguil'd thy bed
 Oft to thy easy cares hath this shrill tongue
 Trembled, & sung
 Oft have I wrapt thy slumbers in soft aires,
 And stroak't thy cares
 Oft hath this hand those silken casements kept,
 While their sunnes slept
 Oft have my hungry kisses made thine eyes
 Too early rise

FROM SANCROFT MS

Oft have I spoild my kisses daintiest diet,
 To spare thy quiet
 Oft from this breast to thine my love tost heart
 Hath leapt, to part
 Oft my lost soule have I bin glad to seeke
 On thy soft cheek
 Oft have these armes alas¹ show'd to these eyes
 Their now lost joyes
 Dawne then to me, thou morne of mine owne day,
 And lett heaven stay
 Oh, would st thou heere still fixe thy faire abode,
 My bosome God
 What hinders, but my bosome still might be
 Thy heaven to Thee?

Whosoever shall loose his life &c MATH 16 25

SOe I may gaine thy death, my life I le give
 (My life s thy death, & in thy death I live)
 Or else, my life, I le hide thee in his grave,
 By three daies losse æternally to save

RICHARD CRASHAW

In cicatrices Domini Jesu.

COME, brave soldjers, come, & see
Mighty love's Artillery
This was the conquering dart, & loe
There shines his quiver, there his bow.
These the passive weapons are,
That made great Love, a man of warre.
The quiver, that he bore, did bide
Soe neare, it prov'd his very side
In it there sate but one sole dart,
A peircing one his peirced heart
His weapons were nor steele, nor brasse
The weapon, that he wore, he was
For bow his unbent hand did serve,
Well strung with many a broken nerve.
Strange the quiver, bow, & dart!
A bloody side, & hand, & heart!
But now the feild is wonne & they
(The dust of Warfe cleane wip'd away)
The weapons now of triumph be,
That were before of Victorie

In amorem divinum (Hermannus Hugo)

AEternall love! what 'tis to love thee well,
None, but himselfe, who feeles it, none can tell
But oh, what to be lov'd of thee as well,
None, not himselfe, who feeles it, none can tell

FROM SANCROFT MS

Upon a Gnatt burnt in a candle

Little—buzzing—wanton elfe,
 L Perish there, & thanke thy selfe
 Thou deservst thy life to loose,
 For distracting such a Muse
 Was it thy ambitious aime
 By thy death to purchase fame?
 Didst thou hope he would in pittie
 Have bestow'd a funerall ditty
 On thy ghoast? & thou in that
 To have outlived Virgills gnatt?
 No the treason, thou hast wrought,
 Might forbid the[e] such a thought
 If that night's worke doe miscarry,
 Or a syllable but vary,
 A greater foe thou shalt me find,
 The destruction of thy kind
 Phœbus, to revenge thy fault,
 In a fiery trapp thee caught
 That thy winged mates might know it,
 And not dare disturbe a Poet
 Deare, & wretched was thy sport,
 Since thyselfe was crushed for't
 Scarcely had that life a breath,
 Yet it found a double death,
 Playing in the golden flames,
 Thou fellst into an inky Thames
 Scorch'd, & drown'd That petty sunne
 A pretty Icarus hath undone

RICHARD CRASHAW

Petronius.

Ales Phasiacis petita Colchis &c.

‘He bird, that’s fetch’t from Phasis floud,
Or choicest hennes of Africk-brood,
These please our palates. & why these?
’Cause they can but seldome please
Whil’st the goose soc goodly white,
And the drake yeeld noe delight,
Though his wings conceited hewe
Paint each feather, as if new
These for vulgar stomacks be,
And rellish not of rarity.
But the dainty Scarus, sought
In farthest clime, what e’re is bought
With shipwracks toile, oh, that is sweet,
’Cause the quicksands hansell’d it
The pretious Barbill, now groune rife,
Is cloying meat How stale is Wife?
Deare wife hath ne’re a handsome letter,
Sweet mistris sounds a great deale better
Rose quakes at name of Cinnamon
Unlesse’t be rare, what’s thought upon?

FROM SANCROFT MS

Horatius

Ille & ne fasto te posuit die &c

SHame of thy mother soyle ! ill nurtur d tree !
 Sett to the mischeife, of posteritie !
 That hand, (what e re it wer) that was thy nurse,
 Was sacrilegious, (sure) or somewhat worse
 Black, as the day was dismall, in whose sight
 Thy rising topp first stand the bashfull light
 That man (I thinke) wrested the feeble life
 From his old father that mans barbarous knife
 Conspird with darknes gainst the strangers throate
 (Whereof the blushing walles tooke bloody note)
 Huge high floune poysons, ev n of Colchos breed,
 And whatsoe re wild sinnes black thoughts doe feed,
 His hands have padled in his hands, that found
 Thy traiterous root a dwelling in my ground
 Perfidious totterer ! longing for the staines
 Of thy kind Master s well deserving braines
 Mans daintiest care, & caution cannot spy
 The subtile point of his coy destiny,
 W^h way it threats with feare the merchant s mind
 Is plough d as deepe, as is the sea with wind,
 (Rowz d in an angry tempest), Oh the sea !
 Oh ! that s his feare there flotes his destiny
 While from another (unseene) corner blowes
 The storme of fate, to w^{ch} his life he owes
 By Parthians bow the soldier lookes to die,
 (Whose hands are fighting, while their feet doe flie)
 The Parthian starts at Rome s imperiall name,
 Fledg d with her eagles wing, the very chaine
 Of his captivity rings in his eares
 Thus, & thus fondly doe wee pitch our feares
 Farre distant from our fates our fates, that mocke
 Our giddy feares with an unlook t for shocke
 A little more & I had surely seene
 Thy greisly Majesty, Hell s blackest Queene,
 And Cæacus on his Tribunall too,

RICHARD CRASHAW

Petronius

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 Thy greisly Majesty, Hell s blackest Queene ;
 And Cæcus on his Tribunall too,

RICHARD CRASHAW

Sifting the soules of guilt, & you, (oh you !)
You ever-blushing meads, where doe the Blest
Farre from darke horrors home appeale to rest.
There amorous Sappho plaines upon her Lute
Her loves crosse fortune, that the sad dispute
Runnes murmuring on the stings Alcæus there
In high-built numbers wakes his golden lyre,
To tell the world, how hard the matter went,
How hard by sea, by warre, by banishment
There these brave soules deale to each wondring care,
Such words, soe precious, as they may not weare
Without religious silence, above all
Warres rating tumults, or some tyrants fall
The thronging clotted multitude doth feast.
What wonder? when the hundred-headed beast
Hangs his black lugges, stroakt with those heavenly
lines,
The Furies curl'd snakes meet in gentle twines,
And stretch their cold limbes in a pleasing fire
Prometheus selfe, & Pelops sterved sire
Are cheated of their paines, Orion thinkes
Of Lions now noe more, or spotted Linx.

FROM SANCROFT MS

On y Gunpowder Treason

I Sing Impiety beyond a name
Who stiles it any thinge, knowes not the same
Dull, sluggish Ile¹ what more than lethargy
Gripes thy cold limbes soe fast, thou canst not fly,
And start from of[f] thy center² hath heave'n s love
Stuft thee soe full with blisse, thou canst not move³
If soe, oh Neptune, may she farre be throwne
By thy kind armes to a kind world unknowne
Lett her survive this day, once mock her fate,
And shee s an Island truely fortunate
Lett not my suppliant breath raise a rude storme
To wrack my suite oh keepe pittie warme
In thy cold breast, & yearely on this day
Mine eyes a tributary streame shall pay
Dost thou not see an exhalation
Belch'd from the sulph'ry lungs of Phlegeton⁴
A living Comet, whose pestiferous breath
Adulterates the Virgin aire⁵ with death
It labours stifled nature s in a swoond,
Ready to dropp into a chaos round
About horrors displaid It doth portend,
That earth a shoure of stones to heaven shall send,
And crack the Christall globe the milky streame
Shall in a silver rain runne out, whose creame
Shall choake the gaping earth, w^h then shall fry
In flames, & of a burning fever dy
That wonders may in fashion be, not rare,
A winters thunder with a groane shall scare,
And rouze the sleepy ashes of the dead,
Making them skip out of their dusty bed
Those twinckling eyes of heaven, w^h ev'n now shin'd,
Shall with one flash of lightning be struck blind
The sea shall change his youthfull greene, & slide
Along the shore in a grave purple tide
It does præsage, that a great Prince shall climbe,
And gett a starry throne before his time

RICHARD CRASHAW

To usher in this shoale of Prodigies,
Thy infants, Æolus, will not suffice.
Noe, noe, a giant wind, that will not spare
To tosse poore men like dust into the aire,
Justle downe mountaines Kings courts shall be sent,
Like bandied balles, into the firmament
Atlas shall be tript upp, Jove's gate shall feele
The weighty rudenes of his boysterous heele
All this it threats, & more Horro^r, that flies
To th' Empyræum of all miseries.
Most tall Hyperbole's cannot descry it,
Mischeife, that scornes expression should come nigh it
All this it only threats the Meteor ly'd,
It was exhal'd, a while it hung, & dy'd
Heaven kickt the Monster downe downe it was throwne,
The fall of all things it præsa^g'd, its owne
It quite forgott the fearfull earth gave way,
And durst not touch it, heere it made noe stay
At last it stopt at Pluto's gloomy porch,
He streightway lighted upp his pitchy torch.
Now to those toiling soules it gives its light,
W^{ch} had the happines to worke i'th' night
They banne the blaze, & curse its curtesy,
For lighting them unto their misery
Till now hell was imperfect, it did need
Some rare choice torture, now 'tis hell indeed
Then glutt thy dire lampe with the warmest blood,
That runnes in violett pipes none other food
It can digest then watch the wildfire well,
Least it breake forth, & burne thy sooty cell

FROM SANCROFT MS

Upon the Gunpowder-Treason

Each me a quill, pluckt from the flaming wing
Of Pluto's Mercury, that I may sing
Death to the life My inke shall be the blood
Of Cerberus, or Alecto's viperous brood
Unmated malice! Oh unpeer'd despight!
Such as the sable pinions of the night
Never durst hatch before extracted see
The very Quintessence of villanie
I feare to name it, least that he, w^{ch} heares,
Should have his soule frighted beyond the spheres
Heaven was asham'd, to see our mother Earth
Engender with the Night, & teeme a birth
Soe foule, one minutes light had it but seene,
The fresh face of the morne had blasted beene
Her rosy cheekes you should have seene noe more
Dy'd in vermilion blushes, as before
But in a vaile of clouds mufing her head
A solitary life she would have led
Affrighted Phœbus would have lost his way,
Giving his wanton palfreys leave to play
Olympick games in the Olympian plaines,
His trembling hands loosing the golden raines
The Queene of night gott the greene sicknes then,
Sitting soe long at ease in her darke denne,
Not daring to peepe forth, least that a stone
Should beate her headlong from her jetty throne
Jove's twinckling tapers, that doe light the world,
Had beene puft out, & from their stations hurl'd
Æol kept in his wrangling sonnes, least they
With this grand blast should have bin bloune away
Amazed Triton with his shrill alarmes
Bad sporting Neptune to pluck in his armes,
And leave embracing of the Isles, least hee
Might be an actor in this Tragœdy
Nor should wee need thy crisped waves, for wee
An Ocean could have made t have drowned thee
Torrents of salt teares from our eyes should runne,

RICHARD CRASHAW

And raise a deluge, where the flaming sunne
Should coole his fiery wheelles, & never sinke
Soe low to give his thirsty stallions drinke.
Each soule in sighes had spent its dearest breath,
As glad to waite upon their King in death
Each winged Chorister would swan-like sing
A mournfull Dirge to their deceased King.
The painted meddowes would have laught no more
For joye of their neate coates, but would have tore
Their shaggy locks, their flowry mantles turn'd
Into dire sable weeds, & sate, & mourn'd
Each stone had streight a Niobe become,
And wept amaine, then rear'd a costly tombe,
T' entombe the lab'ring earth for surely shee
Had died just in her delivery.
But when Jove's winged Heralds this espied,
Upp to th' Almighty thunderer they hied,
Relating this sad story streight way hee
The monster crusht, maugre their midwiferie.
And may such Pythons never live to see
The Light's faire face, but still abortive bee

FROM SANCROFT MS

Upon the Gunpowder Treason

Grow plumpe, leane Death his Holinesse a feast
Hath now præpard, & you must be his guest
Come grimme destruction, & in purple gore
Dye sev'n times deeper than they were before
Thy scarlet robes for heere you must not share
A common banquet noe, heere's princely fare
And least thy bloodshott eyes should lead aside
This masse of cruelty, to be thy guide
Three coleblack sisters, (whose long suttie haire,
And greisly visages doe fright the aire
When Night beheld them, shame did almost turne
Her sable cheekes into a blushing morne,
To see some fowler than herselfe) these stand,
Each holding forth to light the aery brand,
Whose purer flames tremble to be soe nigh,
And in fell hatred burning, angry dy,
Sly, lurking treason is his bosome freind,
Whom faint, & palefact feare doth still attend
These need noe invitation onely thou
Black dismall horro, come make perfect now
Th' Epitome of hell oh lett thy pinions
Be a gloomy Canopy to Pluto's minions
In this infernall Majesty close shrowd
Your selves, your Stygian states, a pitchy clowd
Shall hang the roome, & for your tapers bright,
Sulphureous flames snatch'd from æternall night
But rest, affrighted Muse thy silver wings
May not row neerer to these dusky Kings
Cast back some amorous glances on the cates,
That heere are dressing by the hasty fates,
Nay stopp thy clowdy eyes it is not good,
To droune thy selfe in this pure pearly flood
But since they are for fire workes, rather prove
A Phenix, & in chastest flames of love
Offer thy selfe a Virgin sacrifice
To quench the rage of hellish deities

RICHARD CRASHAW

But dares destruction cate these candid breasts,
The Muses, & the Graces sugred neasts?
Dares hungry death snatch of one cherry lipp?
Or thirsty treason offer once to sippe
One dropp of this pure Nectar, w^{ch} doth flow
In azure channells warme through mounts of snow?
The roses fresh, conserved from the rage,
And cruell ravishing of frosty age,
Feare is afraid to tast of only this,
He humbly crav'd to banquet on a kisse
Poore meagre horro^r streightwaies was amaz'd,
And in the stead of feeding stood, & gaz'd
Their appetites were gone at th' very sight,
But yet their eyes surfett with sweet delight
Only the Pope a stomach still could find,
But yett they were not powder'd to his mind
Forthwith each God stept from his starry throne,
And snatch'd away the banquet every one
Convey'd his sweet delicious treasury
To the close closet of æternity
Where they will safely keepe it, from the rude,
And rugged touch of Pluto's multitude

FROM SANCROFT MS

Upon the Kings Coronation

SOUND forth, cœlestiall Organs, lett heavens quire
Ravish the dancing orbes, make them mount higher
With nimble capers, & force Atlas tread
Upon his tiptoes, ere his silver head
Shall kisse his golden burthen Thou, glad Isle,
That swimst as deepe in joy, as Seas, now smile
Lett not thy weighty glories, this full tide
Of blisse, debase thee, but with a just pride
Swell swell to such an height, that thou maist vye
With heaven itselfe for stately Majesty
Doe not deceive mee, eyes doe I not see
In this blest earth heavens bright Epitome,
Circled with pure refined glory? heere
I view a rising sunne in this our sphere,
Whose blazing beames, maugre the blackest night,
And mists of greife, dare force a joyfull light
The gold, in w^{ch} he flames, does well præsaage
A precious season, & a golden age
Doe I not see joy keepe his revels now,
And sitt triumphing in each cheerfull brow?
Unmixt felicity with silver wings
Broodeth this sacred place hither peace brings
The choicest of her olive crownes, & praies
To have them gilded with his courteous raies
Doe I not see a Cynthia, who may
Abash the purest beauties of the day?
To whom heavens lampes often in silent night
Steale from their stations to repaire their light
Doe I not see a constellation,
Each little beame of w^{ch} would make a sunne?
I meane those three great starres, who well may scorn
Acquaintance with the Usher of the morne
To gaze upon such starres each humble eye
Would be ambitious of Astronomie
Who would not be a Phœnix, & aspire
To sacrifice himselfe in such sweet fire?
Shine forth, ye flaming sparkes of Deity,
Yee perfect emblemes of divinity
Fixt in your spheres of glory, shed from thence,
The treasures of our lives, your influence
For if you sett, who may not justly feare,
The world will be one Ocean, one great teare

RICHARD CRASHAW

Upon the King's Coronation.

Strange metamorphosis! It was but now
The sullen heaven had vail'd its mournfull brow
With a black maske the clouds with child by greife
Travel'd th' Olympian plaines to find releife.
But at the last (having not soe much power
As to refraine) brought forth a costly shower
Of pearly drops, & sent her numerous birth
(As tokens of her greife) unto the earth
Alas, the earth, quick drunke with teares, had reel'd
From off[f] her center, had not Jove upheld
The staggering lumpe each eye spent all its store,
As if heereafter they would weepe noe more
Streight from this sea of teares there does appeare
Full glory flaming in her owne free sphere
Amazed Sol throwes off[f] his mournfull weeds,
Speedily harnessing his fiery steeds,
Up to Olympus stately topp he hies,
From whence his glorious rivall hee espies.
Then wondring starts, & had the curteous night
With held her vaile, h' had forfeited his sight
The joyfull sphæres with a delicious sound
Afright th' amazed aire, & dance a round
To their owne Musick, nor (untill they see
This glorious Phœbus sett) will quiet bee.
Each aery Siren now hath gott her song,
To whom the merry lambes doe tripp along
The laughing meades, as joyfull to behold
Their winter coates cover'd with flaming gold
Such was the brightnesse of this Northerne starre,
It made the Virgin Phoenix come from farre
To be repaire hither she did resort,
Thinking her father had remov'd his court
The lustre of his face did shine soe bright,
That Rome's bold Eagles now were blinded quite,
The radiant darts, shott from his sparkling eyes,
Made every mortall gladly sacrifice
A heart burning in love, all did adore
This rising sunne, their faces nothing woe,
But smiles, & ruddy joyes, & at this day
All melancholy cloudes vanisht away.

FROM SANCROFT MS

Upon the birth of the Princesse Elizabeth

BRight starre of Majesty, oh shedd on mee,
 A precious influence, as sweet as thee
 That with each word, my loaden pen letts fall,
 The fragrant spring may be perfum'd withall
 That Sol from them may suck an honied shower,
 To glutt the stomach of his darling flower
 With such a sugred livery made fine,
 They shall proclaime to all, that they are thine
 Lett none dare speake of thee, but such as thence
 Extracted have a balmy eloquence
 But then, alas, my heart! oh how shall I
 Cure thee of thy delightfull tympanie?
 I cannot hold, such a springtide of joy
 Must have a passage, or twill force a way
 Yet shall my loyall tongue keepe this command
 But give me leave to ease it with my hand
 And though these humble lines soare not soe high,
 As is thy birth, yet from thy flaming eye
 Drop downe one sparke of glory, & they'll prove
 A præsent worthy of Apollo's love
 My quill to thee may not præsume to sing
 Lett th' hallowed plume of a seraphick wing
 Bee consecrated to this worke, while I
 Chant to my selfe with rustick melodie
 Rich, liberall heaven, what, hath yo^r treasure store
 Of such bright Angells, that you give us more?
 Had you, like our great Sunne, stamped but one
 For earth, t' had beene an ample portion
 Had you but drawne one lively coppy forth,
 That might interpret our faire Cynthia's worth,
 Y' had done enough to make the lazy ground
 Dance, like the nimble spheres, a joyfull round
 But such is the cœlestiall Excellence,
 That in the princely patterne shines, from whence
 The rest pourtraicted are, that tis noe paine
 To ravish heaven to limbe them o're againe
 Witnesse this mapp of beauty, every part
 Of w^h doth show the Quintessence of art

RICHARD CRASHAW

See ! nothing's vulgar, every atome heere
Speakes the great wisdom of th' artificer
Poore Earth hath not enough perfection,
To shaddow forth th' admir'd paragon
Those sparkling twinnes of light should I now stile
Rich diamonds, sett in a pure silver foyle,
O! call her cheeke a bed of new-blowne roses,
And say that Ivory her front composes,
Or should I say, that with a scarlet wave
Those plumpe soft rubies had bin drest soe brave,
Or that the dying lilly did bestow
Upon her neck the whitest of his snow,
Or that the purple violets did lace
That hand of milky downe all these are base,
Her glories I should dimme with things soe grosse,
And foule the cleare text with a muddy glosse
Goe on then, Heaven, & limbe forth such another,
Draw to this sister miracle a brother,
Compile a first glorious Epitome
Of heaven, & earth, & of all raritie,
And sett it forth in the same happy place,
And I'le not blunne it with my Paraphrase.

FROM SANCROFT MS

EX FUPHORMIONF

O Dea speres seu tu stirps alia Terantis &c

B Right Goddess, (whether Jove thy father be
 Or Jove a father will be made by thee)
 Oh crowne these prayers (mov'd in a happy hower)
 But with one cordiall smile for Cloe that power
 Of Ioues all-daring hand, that makes me burne,
 Makes me confess t' Oh, doe not thou with scorne,
 Great Nymph, o relooke my lownesse heau'n you know
 And all their fellow Deities will bow
 Even to the nakedst vowes thou art my fate
 To thee the Parcs have given up of late
 My threds of life if then I shall not live
 By thee, by thee yet lett me die this giv'e,
 High beauties soveraigne, that my funerall flames
 May draw their first breath from thy starry beames
 The Phoenix selfe shall not more proudly burne,
 That fetcheth fresh life from her fruitfull urne

RICHARD CRASHAW

*An Elegy upon the Death of Mr Stanninow,
Fellow of Queenes Colledge*

II Ath aged winter, fledg'd with feathered raine,
To frozen Caucasus his flight now tane?
Doth hee in downy snow there closely shrowd
His bedrid limmes, wrapt in a fleecy clowd?
Is th' earth disrobed of her apron white,
Kind winter's guift, & in a greene one dight?
Doth she beginne to dandle in her lappe
Her painted infants, fedd with pleasant pappe,
W^{ch} their bright father in a pretious showre
From heavens sweet milky streame doth gently powre?
Doth blith Apollo cloath the heavens with joye,
And with a golden wave wash cleane away
Those durty smutches, w^{ch} their faire fronts wore,
And make them laugh, w^{ch} frown'd, & wept before?
If heaven hath now forgot to weepe, ô then
W^t meane these showres of teares amongst us men?
These Cataracts of griefe, that dare ev'n vie
With th' richest clowds their pearly treasurie?
If winters gone, whence this untimely cold,
That on these snowy limmes hath laid such hold?
What more than winter hath that dire art found,
These purple currents hedg'd with violets round
To corallize, w^{ch} softly wont to slide
In crimson waveletts, & in scarlet tide?
If Flora's darlings now awake from sleepe,
And out of their greene mantletts dare to peepe
O tell me then, what rude outrageous blast
Forc't this prime flowre of youth to make such hast
To hide his blooming glories, & bequeath
His balmy treasure to the bedd of death?
'Twas not the frozen zone, One spaike of fire,
Shott from his flaming eye, had thaw'd it's ire,
And made it burne in love 'Twas not the rage,
And too ungentle nippe of frosty age
'Twas not the chaste, & purer snow, whose nest
Was in the modest Nunnery of his brest

FROM SANCROFT MS

Noe none of these ravish t those virgin roses,
The Muses, & the Graces fragrant posies
W^{ch}, while they smiling sate upon his face,
They often kist, & in the sugred place
Left many a starry teare, to thinke how soone
The golden harvest of our joyes, the noone
Of all our glorious hopes should fade,
And be eclipsed with in envious shade
Noe twas old doting Death, who stealing by,
Dragging his crooked burthen, look t awry
And streight his amorous syth (greedy of blisse)
Murdred the earth's just pride with a rude kisse
A winged Herald, gladd of soe sweet a prey,
Snatch t upp the falling starre, soe richly gay,
And plants it in a precious perfum d bedd,
Amongst those Lillies, w^{ch} his bosome bredd
Where round about hovers with silver wing
A golden summer, an eternall spring
Now that his root such fruit againe may beare,
Let each eye water t with a courteous teare

RICHARD CRASHAW

An Elegie on the death of Dr. Porter

S Tay, silver-footed Came, stive not to wed
Thy maiden streames soe soone to Neptunes bed
Fixe heere thy wat'ry eyes upon these towers,
Unto whose feet in ieverence of the powers,
That there inhabite, thou on every day
With trembling lippes an humble kisse do'st pay.
See all in mourning now, the walles are jett,
With pearly papers carelesly besett
Whose snowy cheekes, least joy should be exprest,
The weeping pen with sable teares hath drest
Their wronged beauties speake a Tragœdy,
Somewhat more horrid than an Elegy
Pure, & unmixed cruelty they tell,
W^{ch} poseth mischeife's selfe to Parallel
Justice hath lost her hand, the law her head,
Peace is an Orphan now, hei father's dead
Honesties nurse, Vertues blest Guardian,
That heavenly mortall, that Seraphick man
Enough is said, now, if thou canst crowd on
Thy lazy crawling streames, pri'thee be gone,
And muimur forth thy woes to every flower,
That on thy bankes sitts in a verdant bower,
And is instructed by thy glassy wave
To paint its perfum'd face wth colours brave
In vailes of dust their silken heads they'le hide,
As if the oft departing sunne had dy'd
Goe learne that fatall Quire, soe sprucely dight
In downy surplisses, & vestments white,
To sing their saddest Dirges, such as may
Make then scar'd soules take wing, & fly away
Lett thy swolne breast discharge thy struggling groanes
To th' churlish rocks, & teach the stubborne stones
To melt in gentle drops, lett them be heard
Of all proud Neptunes silver-sheilded guard,
That greife may crack that string, & now untie
Their shackled tongues to chant an Elegie
Whisper thy plaints to th' Oceans curteous eares,
Then weepe thyselfe into a sea of teares

FROM SANCROFT MS

A thousand Helicons the Muses send
In a bright Christall tide, to thee they tend,
Leaving those mines of Nectar, their sweet fountaines,
They force a hilly path through rosy mountaines
Feare not to dy with greife, all bubling eyes
Are teeming now with store of fresh supplies

RICHARD CRASHAW
FROM BRITISH MUSEUM
ADDITIONAL MS. 33,219.

AT th' Ivory Tribunall of your hand
(Faure one) these tender leaves doe tiembling stand
Knowing 'tis in the doome of your sweet Eye
Whether the Muse they cloth shall live or die
Live shee, or dye to Fame, each Leafe you meet
Is hei Lifes wing, or her death's winding-sheet

I 'Hough now 'tis neither May nor June
And Nightingales are out of tune,
Yet in these leaves (Faure one) there lyes
(Swoine servant to your sweetest Eyes)
A Nightingale, who may shee spread
In your white bosome her chast bed,
Spite of all the Maiden snow
Those pure untroden pathes can show,
You streight shall see her wake and rise
Taking fresh Life from your fayre Eyes
And with clasp't winges proclayme a Spring
Where Love and shee shall sit and sing
For lodg'd so ne're your sweetest throte
What Nightingale can loose her noate?
Nor lett hei kinred birds complayne
Because shee breakes the yeares old raigne
For lett them know shee's none of those
Hedge-Quiristers whose Musicke owes
Onely such straynes as serve to keepe
Sad shades and sing dull Night asleepe
No shee's a Priestesse of that Grove
The holy chappell of chast Love
Your Virgin bosome Then what e're
Poore Lawes divide the publicke yeare,
Whose revolutions wait upon
The wild turnes of the wanton Sun,
Bee you the Lady of Loves Yeere
Where your Eyes shine his Suns appeare
There all the yeare is Loves long Spring
There all the year Loves Nightingales
shall sitt and sing

FROM BRITISH MUSEUM MS

Out of Grotius his Tragedy of Christes sufferinges

O Thou the Span of whose Omnipotence
 Doth graspe the fate of thinges, and share th events
 Of future chance¹ the world's grand Sire and mine
 Before the world Obedient lo¹ I joyne
 An æquall pace thus farre, thy word my deedes
 Have flow'd together if ought further needes
 I shrinke not but thus ready stand to beare
 (ffor else why came I?) ev'n what ere I feare
 Yett o what end? where does the period dwell
 Of my sad labours? no day yett could tell
 My soule shee was secure Still have I borne
 A still increasing burden, worse hath torne
 His way through bad, to my successive hurt
 I left my glorious Fathers star pav'd Court
 Ere borne was banish't, borne was glad t embrace
 A poore (yea scarce a) rooffe whose narrow place
 Was not so much as cleane, a stable kind
 The best my cradle and my birth could find
 Then was I knowne, and knowne unluckily
 A weake a wretched child, ev'n then was I
 For Juryes king an enemy, even worth
 His feare, the circle of a yeares round growth
 Was not yett full, (a time that to my age
 Made litle, not a litle to his rage)
 When a wild sword ev'n from their brests, did lop
 The Mothers Joyes in an untimely crop
 The search of one child (cruell industry!)
 Was losse of multitudes, and missing mee
 A bloud drunke errorr spilt the costly ayme
 Of their mad sin (how great¹ and yett how vayne!)
 I cal'd a hundred miracles to tell
 The world my father, then does envy swell
 And breake upon mee my owne virtues height
 Hurtes mee far worse then Herods highest spite
 A riddle¹ (father) still acknowledg'd thine
 Am still refus'd before the Infant Shrine
 Of my weake feet the Persian Magi lay
 And left their Mithra for my star this they

RICHARD CRASHAW

But Isaacks issue the peculiar heyies,
 Of thy old goodnesse, know thee not for theires,
 Basely degenerous Against mee flocke
 The stiffe neck'd Pharisees that use to mocke
 Sound goodnesse with her shadow which they weare,
 And 'gainst religion her owne colours beare
 The bloud hound brood of Priests against mee draw
 Those Lawlesse tyrant masters of the Law
 Profane Sadocus too does fiercely lead
 His court-fed impes against this hated head
 What would they more? th' ave seene when at my nod
 Great Natures selfe hath shrunk and spoke mee god
 Drinke fayling there where I a guest did shine
 The water blush'd, and started into wine.
 Full of high sparkeling vigour taught by mee
 A sweet inebriated extasy
 And streight of all this approbation gate
 Good wine in all poynts but the easy rate,
 Other mens hunger with strange feasts I quell'd
 Mine owne with stranger fastings, when I held
 Twice twenty dayes pure abstinence, To feed
 My minds devotion in my bodyes need
 A subtle inundation of quicke food
 Sprang in the spending fingers, and o'reflow'd
 The peoples hunger, and when all were full
 The broken meate was much more then the whole
 The Wind in all his roaring brags stood still
 And listned to the whisper of my will,
 The wild waves couch'd, the sea forgott to sweat
 Under my feet, the waters to bee wett
 In death-full desperate ills where art and all
 Was nothing, there my voyce was med'cinall.
 Old clouds of thickest blindnesse fled my sight
 And to my touch darke Eyes did owe the light
 Hee that ne're heard now speakes, and finds a tongue
 To chaunt my prayes in a new-strung song
 Even hee that belches out a foaming flood
 Of hot defiance 'gainst what e're is good
 Father and Heyre of darkenesse, when I chide
 Sinks into Horrors bosome, glad to hide

APPENDIX

*In the following references the lines are numbered from
the top of the page including titles*

A=1646 B=1648 C=1652 D=British Museum Addit MS 33 219
E=Sancroft MS F=B M Addit MS 34 693 G=Harl MS 6 917 and 18

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA p 25 l 5 Printed *est* but altered to *sit* in
ink in copies seen The original editions have been followed in printing the
second letter of each initial word as a capital and for the sake of uniformity
the same style has been adopted in printing from MSS

STEPS TO THE TEMPLE and DELIGHTS OF THE MUSES
p 65 l 6 A] With other Delights ll 11 12 V] Printed and Published
according to Order l 14 A] Printed by T W for

p 67 l 20 A] fancied their dearest

p 70 Behind the page containing *The Authors Motto* A prints] Reader
there was a sudden mistake ('tis too late to recover it) thou wilt quickly find it
out and I hope as soone passe it over some of the humane Poems are mis-
placed amongst the Divine

p 71 l 4 E] eye expends l 27 E] that s next

p 72 l 5 D and E] manly sun l 29 D and F] in a too warm bed

p 73 l 2 Title in E] Upon the Water wch baptiz'd Christ l 8
Title in E] Upon the Ethiopian l 15 E gives the ref] John 6 l 17
A D and E] be sound l 20 Title in E] On our Saviour s Sepulcher
This epigram and one or two others were selected by Crawshaw to form part
of *Carmen Deo Aostro* As the Divine Epigrams form a series by themselves
I thought it better to print twice the very few so chosen instead of omitting
them here and giving only the later forms as in the longer and separate poems
(see pp 230 79 and 233 83 and 243 85 and 244) l 23 E] widows two
mites Last line E] other threw

p 74 l 1 Title in F] Upon the rich young man Luke 15 13 A also
gives the ref] Luke 15 l 7 Title in E] The sick crave the shadow of Peter
l 12 Title in E] Upon the print of Christ s wounds Joh 20 20 l 24
Title in E] Upon the tongue E also adds as lines 5 and 6 of the epigram]
Oh wild fire ' oh rude tongue ' if nought will shame thee
Hell hath a wilder fire and that shall tame thee

p 75 l 2 Title in E] Mary to the Angell shewing her the place where
Jesus lay l 9 Title in E] Pilate washes his hands l 13 D and E]
his fountaine in thy l 17 E] milkie founts l 21 Title in E] On
Christ s Miracle at the Supper

APPENDIX

p 76, l 19 Title in E] Upon the Virgins looking on our Saviour l 29
E] those teares

p 78, l 3 E] (Lord) hath l 10 B] wor'ds A] word's l 17 Title in
E] Christ accused answered nothing l 20 D and E] spake when first he
l 24 Title in E] Christ turnes water into wine l 26 D and E] sweet
acts

p 79, l 18 D] Had not l 29 D] never was man Title in E] In
Sepulchrum Domini Luke 23 where was never man laid, see also p 233
Last line] A full stop has been supplied here, and elsewhere at the end of
a poem, where it is left out in the original by a printer's error

p 80, l 1 Title in E] It is better to enter into the Kingdome of God with
one eye, &c l 5 E] Or if l 7 E] of thee ll 9, 10 Title in E]
Christ casteth out two diuells at once l 12 A] on B] one l 14 A] is B] his
ll 16, 17 Title in E] To them yt passed by at o^r Saviou^rs passion l 24
Title in E] Blessed is—& the pippes, w^{ch} thou hast suckt &c

p 81, l 1 Title in E] On Pilate washing his hands B] blood stained
l 12 E] its own l 15 E] sad murmur that staines l 16 E] Oh
leave, for shame l 23 E] of him that Last line L] Roses heere

p 82, l 7 D and E] Oh thou alone l 8 E] thou giv'st us none

p 83, l 1 D and E add] Joh l 6 A reads]

Upon the Thornes taken downe from our Lords head bloody

Know'st thou this Souldier? 'tis a much chang'd plant, which yet

Thy selfe did'st set,

'Tis chang'd indeed, did Autumn e're such beauties bring

To shame his Spring?

O' who so hard an husbandman could ever find

A soyle so kind?

Is not the soile a kind one (think ye) that returnes

Roses for Thornes?

See also p 243 ll 16, 17 Title in E] Upon Mary Magdalene l 17
D] hayre l 28 Title in E] Joh 3 19 Light is come into the world
l 30 D and E] his darknesse l 31 B] Worl'ds A] World's B] Hell
A] Hell, l 32 D and E] Hee will not love his

p 84, l 2 Title in E] Pauls resolution l 3 E] Come bonds, come
death l 4 E] hard names l 5 E] other bonds l 6 A] Nor other
death E] than that l 7 Title in E] On Peter's casting the nett l 12
A, D and E] Our Lord In E the poem is arranged in couplets l 14
B] life? A] life?) l 18 E] floodgates l 19 E] Then shall hee drinke
and drinke shall doe his worst l 21 E] My paines are in their Nonage
my young feares l 22 D] yet but l 23 D, E] darke woes l 24
E] are tender l 25 B] unfleg'd A] unfledg'd l 26 E] a towardnesse
l 30 E] The knife

p 85, l 22 See also p 244 l 27 A] O never could bee found
Garments too [B to] good l 28 A] but these

p 86, l 5 E] these paths l 6 A] One whose l 17 E] Makes
high noon l 22 D] And when simple l 28 E] weary wonder
l 29 E] giddy steps l 30 A and E] Spreads a Path cleare as the Day
l 34 E] learne new l 35 B] Sepheards A] Shepheards

APPENDIX

p 87 l 1 D] and covers l 4 E] that shade l 19 E] his brims
l 23 E] about my l 29 A] eternity B] eternity

p 88 l 1 E adds after title] Paraphrasi Poetica l 5 E] On the
willowes nodding l 28 E] that cryd'st l 29 D] and never never
rise

p 89 l 1 Title in A] Easter Day E] Upon Christ's Resurrection l 13
A and L] annalls live.

p 90 l 1 E indexes this poem but the leaves are missing in the MS

p 91 l 27 A full stop replaces a comma at the end of the line

p 97 l 4 The full stop in B has been changed to a comma at the end of
the line l 16 A full stop has been added at the end of the line

p 98 l 8 A semicolon has been added at the end of the line

p 101 l 6 A colon has been added at the end of the line

p 103 l 27 A parenthesis has been taken away before *said*

p 105 l 2 A *omits*] snake l 24 B] murmurs A] murmurs

p 106 l 36 B] Breasts A] Beasts

p 107 l 21 E] ut tenerae l 30 B misprints] *taquam*

p 108 l 9 E] volvit opes l 19 E] Divitisque

p 109 l 6 B misprints] *quæ*

p 110 l 1 A] G Herberts Title in E] Upon Herbert's Temple sent to a
Gentlewoman l 5 E] fire from your faire eyes l 7 E] hand unties
l 8 A] you have an Angell by th wings l 9 E] gladly would l 10
E] waite on your chaste morning l 14 E] That every

p 111 l 1 The poem originally appeared in Iobert Shelford's Five
Pious and Learned Discourses Cambridge 1635 4to where it is entitled
Upon the ensuing Treatises and signed Rich Crashaw Aul Penb A B
l 13 A and Shelford *read*] this booke l 18 Shelford] thy altars wake
l 31 Shelford] Pure sluttishnesse

p 112 l 22 In Shelford the poem ends with the following additional ten
lines]

Nor shall our zealous ones still have a sling
At that most horrible and horned thing
Forsooth the Pope by which black name they call
The Turk the Devil Furies Hell and all
And something more O he is Antichrist
Doubt this and doubt (say they) that Christ is Christ
Why tis a point of Faith What ere it be
I'm sure it is no point of Charitie
In summe no longer shall our people hope
To be a true Protestants but to hate the Pope

p 113 l 12 Grosart prints] In tu quas

p 119 l 1 E] Fidicinis & Philomelæ Bellum Musicum l 20 D E]
the warres

p 120 l 2 E] sick passage l 6 D] evenly sheard l 32 D]
floods of l 33 A] when in E] whence in

p 121 l 7 A] There might you l 23 A] grave Noat

APPENDIX

p 122, l 9 E] Those pathes 1 16 E] thus does he D] some grace
Thus doth he 1 25 E] murmure melting in mild 1 28 A] he dare
1 35 E] so long & loud 1 40 E] full mouth'd

p 123, l 7 E] chatting strings

p 124, l 17 A] decet tantus

p 125, l 1 D adds] Upon Ælia 1 7 D] businesse there

p 126, ll 1, 2 Title in E] E Virg Georg particula In laudem
vers 1 4 A and F] Their gentlest 1 19 E] his most loved blossome
to 1 36 E] but that Heav'ns

p 127, l 7 D] Send no 1 8 D, E] I shall 1 10 Title in E]
The Faire Æthiopian 1 12 A, D] in a tender 1 16 E] that great
1 24 D, E] her third 1 30 E] their glimmering

p 129, l 10 A superfluous parenthesis has been taken out after *Jove*
1 14 D] mens feare 1 22 B] Cease 1 23 D] Pitty him not 1 28
A full stop has been added at the end of the line

p 130, l 1 D] Out of the Greeke No title in A 1 3 A full stop has
been added at the end of the line 1 8 D adds] Out of Ausonius 1 9
D and E] sweet Cytherea 1 15 E] thus, let us thus be

p 131, l 1 B] In Senerissimæ Reginæ patrum [partum A] hyemalem
1 35 A capital has been supplied here at the beginning of the line and
elsewhere in similar cases

p 132, l 13 A] huc nempe

p 133, l 10 A] Sub praeside 1 22 B] sacilitate, feveritas A] facili
tate, severitas 1 28 A] mortem 1 32 A] nimirum 1 35 A]
Anglicana ad 1 36 A] ne malitia

p 134, l 3 A] ipsa nec dum quem monstrat 1 4 A] totam solus
1 13 E] mox sacrum 1 14 E] ad ætheris 1 15 E] Porrexit astris
1 16 E] chartâ cæteris audies quoq; 1 17 Published unsigned under a
portrait of Bishop Andrewes facing the second edition (folio) of his sermons,
1631. The copy in the University Library, Cambridge, possesses the portrait
apparently lacking in the volume Grosart examined (see his edition, Vol 1
p 217), and gives the following variations 1 18 See heer a shadow from
that 1 19 through this 1 20 of our 1 22 Whose iare industrious
1 28 a flaming 1 29 Where still she reads 1 20 B] duil A] dull
1 22 E] Whose rare

p 135, l 1 Title in D] Upon the Death of M^r Chambers Fellow of
Queens Colledge in Cambridge Title in E] In obitum desideratissimi
M^r Chambers, Coll Reginal Socu 1 5 E] leest joyes 1 6 G
omits] a 1 11 E adds]

For soe many hoped yeares

Of fruit, soe many fruitles teares

1 16 A] snacht 1 19 E adds]

Leaving his death ungarnished

Therefore, because hee is dead,

1 20 E] If yet at least 1 21 G] Thee the 1 29 E] there are 1 35
A] rest B] rest,

p 136, l 1 Title in D] Upon the Death of M^r Herris Fellow of
Pembroke Hall in Cambridge Title in E] In ejusdem præmatur obitu Alle-
goricum 1 10 E] giacious tree 1 25 E] Peept out of their 1 26 E] on
each 1 32 D] in th' shade 1 34 E] blooming joyes 1 35 D] Lavish't the

APPENDIX

- p 137 l 13 E] *Fecit tantae terra impar*
- p 138 l 1 Title in D] Upon the same Title in E] An Elegie on Mr
Herris l 17 D and E] thy Easterne l 19 E] his can l 20 D
omits] it l 22 D] thou Death l 2, E] to lend l 30 E] given to
day Last line E] shower new
- p 139 l 15 E] rugged storme l 23 D] Spare then Death l 25
E] And let not l 34 E adds]
keepe him close close in thine armes
Seald upp with a thousand charmes
- p 140 l 31 E] its spleen l 35 D E] That quotes
- p 141 l 1 Title in D] Another upon the same l 6 E] each lease
D] every lease l 13 E] Could bin found l 26 E] here is dead
- p 142 l 1 Title in E] Epitaphium in eundem l 5 D] Ere thou
- p 143 l 8 E] with downy l 9 E] untimely wave ll 15 16
Title in D] An Epitaph upon the reverend Dr Brooke Title in F] In
obitum Dr^{ae} Brooke l 23 E] loved banck
- p 144 l 1 Title in E] An Invitation to faire weather In itinere ad
urgeretur matutinum cœlum tali carmine invitabatur serenitas l 4 G] thy
light s l 6 G] on yond faire flockes l 8 G] thy front and then there
l 13 E] command smooth l 15 E] Those tender drops that D and G]
thy cheekes l 1, G] these delicious l 18 E] Will rise G] and disclose
l 19 D] To every blushing bed of new blowne Poses E] Two ever blushing
beds of new blowne roses G] To every blushing bedd the new borne Pose
l 24 E] soft and dainty l 2, G] in golden l 29 D] golden Mother
G] to meete l 30 D] how shee G] holy flight l 31 E] in liquid D]
in liquid Night l 37 E] joy is
- p 145 l 4 D] Sea by Land l 5 D] at her
- p 146 ll 1 2 Title in E] Ad Auroram Somnolentiae expiatio l 4
G] my Muses l 9 E] call back D and G] thy eyes. l 15 D] which
still hides l 18 D L] Mine owne l 21 F] no winge G] Since this
my humble l 22 E] raptures [so A] start E] and bringe l 27 D] His
starry l 28 D] lift up l 29 D]
To rayse mee from my lazy urne and clime
Upon the stooping [A stooped]
- Last line D] where Pitty
- p 147 l 3 E] Bee gentle then D] and next time hee doth rise l 5
E] radiant face l 8 L] tell how true l 10 G] and duty l 13 G]
And that l 17 D and G] thy altar l 22 D] Why shakest thou thy
leaden l 28 An exclamation mark has been supplied
- p 148 l 15 E] man s fate l 20 D omits] the l 31 D] warme
- p 150 l 1, A] tenet ille
- p 151 l 27 D] those treasures l 31 D] So made men Both friends
for ever
- p 153 l 1 Title in D] Italian l 4 D] have reft l 16 D] Italian
- p 155 l 1 Printed in both A and B as Crashaw s but it is now generally
attributed to Dr Edward Rainbow Bishop of Carlisle (see Notes and Queries
2nd Ser iv 86) Only the second of the two poems is given in E Both
(see next page) face the title page of Henry Isaacson s Saturni Ephemerides
1633 where they are entitled The Frontispiece explained

APPENDIX

p 156, l 4 E and Isaacson] die, if (Phoenix-like) l 5 E and Isaacson]
Nature take l 6 A comma takes the place of a full stop at the end of the
line

p 157, ll 1, 2 Title in D] An Epitaph upon the Death of Mr Ashton
Citizen of London l 14 D adds]
For every day his deeds put on
His Sundryes repetition

l 21 A full stop has been taken away after *scale* D] yett in zeale. l 25
D] in Life hee lov'd l 26 D] to lead him

p 158, l 24 B] triumph

p 159, l 1 Title in E] Catull Vivamus, mea Lesbia &c l 5 D and
E] Blithest Sol l 10 D and E] numerous kisses l 11 D] upon our
l 15 A and B] of another l 18 D and E] our reckoning l 31 A]
infans B] infans

p 160, l 11 G] steps tread our l 15 G] Meete her my wishes
l 20 D] gawdy fair l 26 G] a bowe, blush l 29 G] commend the

p 161, l 6 G] what their l 15 G] Themselves in simple naked-
nesse ll 16—18 G] displace outface grace l 26 G] that dares

p 162, l 10 G] Teares fond and sleight l 14 D] And fond ll 19, 21
G has this verse after the next one

p 163, l 6 D] Art and all ornament th Shame l 26 D] dares apply
Last line G] but she my story

p 164, l 1 Published in 'Voces Votivæ ab Academicis Cantabrigiensibus
pro novissimo Carolo et Mariæ principe filio emissæ, Cantabrigiæ apud
Rogerum Daniel MDCXL' l 2 B] paturientem

p 165, l 1 Published in 'Voces Votivæ' l 9 V V] to our l 14
B] to short to long

p 166, ll 1—3 Title in E] A Panegyrick Upon the birth of the Duke of
Yorke A and D] Upon the Duke of Yorke his Birth A Panegyricke The
section-titles are not in A, D or E l 10 A and D] full glories l 18
A, D and E] O if l 19 E] hadst need l 20 D] make thee l 32
These last four lines are not in A, D or E

p 167, l 2 A] Great Charles l 11 B] owne A] one l 16 A, D
read] in these [E those] l 18 E] alabaster l 19 A and D] These hands
these cherries l 20 A and D] art of all l 21 D] The well-wrought
l 23 A] mayest thou l 24 A and D] th'ast drawn this l 31 D] so
that l 33 The first six lines of this section are not in A, D or E

p 168, l 8 A and E] were the pearls D] that wept l 10 This
section is not in A, D or E

p 169, l 38 A and D] may the Light

p 170, l 5 A and D] that's done l 24 A, D and E] their offerings

p 171, last line E] Castris quippe

p 173, ll 7, 8 E] Ut sunt

p 174, l 1 E] malorum mala foemina l 10 E] agnoscite vestros
l 21 B] Mortales Last line E] Nemphe fuit

p 175, l 1 Title in E] In Phœbum amantem

p 177, l 13 E] ni Dominæ

APPENDIX

p 178 l 2 E] ignis habet l 16 E] Troja libentius These two words end the previous line in E

p 179 l 1 Title in E] Pigmalion

p 180 l o E] alter vetat ut sit l 21 E] muta it ll 24 26 E] Genethliacon vel Epicedium 30 E] Haud parere

p 182 l 16 Title in E] Turbe rerum humanarum per errorum insidias

p 183 l 7 E] perfido paratu

CARMEN DEO NOSTRO Crashaw's designs will be found at the end of these notes The lines under one of them do not occur elsewhere in his works and as they may not be easily read as engraved I give them here —

Expostulatio Jesu Christi

cum mundo ingrato

Sum pulcher at nemo tamen me diligit
Sum nobilis nemo est mihi qui serviat
Sum dives a me nemo quicquam postulat
Et cuncta possum nemo me tamen timet
Aeternus exsto quaeror a praeclucissimis
Prudensque sum sed me quis est qui consulit?
Et sum via at per me quotusquisque ambulat?
Sum veritas quare mihi non creditur?
Sum vita verum rarus est qui me petit
Sum vera lux videre me nemo cupit
Sum misericors nullus fidem in me collocat
Tu si peris non id mihi imputes Homo
Salus tibi est a me parata hac utere

p 185 l 16 C] heaty l 20 C] ef Paris

p 190 ll 6—8 In the British Museum there is a copy of this letter separately printed in 4to undated in type but bearing the written date 1653 entitled A Letter from Mr Crashaw to the Countess of Denbigh Against Irresolution and Delay in matters of Religion London The differences are so many that it seems simpler to print the 1653 version here in full

WHAT Heav'n besieged Heart is this
Stands trembling at the Gate of Blisse
Holds fast the Door yet dares not venture
Fairly to open and to enter?
Whose Definition is A Doubt
Twixt Life and Death twixt In and Out
Ah! linger not lov'd Soul A slow
And late Consent was a long No
Who grants at last a great while try'de
And did his best to have Deny'de
What Magick Bolts what mystick Barrs
Maintain the Will in these strange Warrs?
What Fatall yet fantastick Bands
Keep the free Heart from his own Hands?
Say lingring Fair why comes the Birth
Of your brave Soul so slowly forth?
Plead your Pretences O you strong
In weaknesse why you chuse so long
In Labour of your self to ly
Not daring quite to Live nor Die

APPENDIX

So when the Year takes cold we see
 Poor Waters their own Prisoners be
 Fetter'd and lock'd up fast they lie
 In a cold self-captivity
 Th' astonish'd Nymphs their Flood's strange Fate deplore,
 To find themselves their own severer Shoar

Love, that lends haste to heaviest things,
 In you alone hath lost his wings
 Look round and reade the World's wide face,
 The field of Nature or of Grace,
 Where can you fix, to find Excuse
 Or Pattern for the Pace you use?
 Mark with what Faith Fruits answer Flowers,
 And know the Call of Heav'n's kind showers
 Each mindfull Plant hasts to make good
 The hope and promise of his Bud
 Seed-time's not all, there should be Harvest too
 Alas! and has the Year no Spring for you?

Both Winds and Waters urge their way,
 And murmur if they meet a stay
 Mark how the curl'd Waves work and wind,
 All hating to be left behind
 Each bigger with businesse thrusts the other,
 And seems to say, Make haste, my Brother
 The airy nation of neat Doves
 That draw the Chariot of chaste Loves,
 Chide your delay yea those dull things,
 Whose wayes have least to doe with wings,
 Make wings at least of their own Weight,
 And by their Love controll their Fate
 So lumpish Steel, untaught to move,
 Learn'd first his Lightnesse by his Love

What e're Love's matter be, he moves
 By th' even wings of his own Doves,
 Lives by his own Laws, and does hold
 In grossest Metalls his own Gold

All things swear friends to Fair and Good,
 Yea Suintours, Man alone is wo'ed,
 Tediously wo'ed, and hardly wone
 Only not slow to be undone
 As if the Bargain had been driven
 So hardly betwixt Earth and Heaven,
 Our God would thrive too fast, and be
 Too much a gainer by't, should we
 Our purchas'd selves too soon bestow
 On him, who has not lov'd us so
 When love of Us call'd Him to see
 If wee'd vouchsafe his company,
 He left his Father's Court, and came
 Lightly as a Lambent Flame,
 Leaping upon the Hills, to be
 The Humble King of You and Me
 Nor can the cares of his whole Crown

APPENDIX

(When one poor Sgh sends for him down)
 Detain him but he leaves behind
 The late wings of the lazy Wind
 Spurns the tame Laws of Time and Place
 And breaks through all ten Heavens to our embrace
 Yield to his Siege wise Soul and see
 Your Triumph in his Victory
 Disband dull Feares give Faith the day
 To save your Life kill your Delay
 Tis Cowardise that keeps this Field
 And want of Courage not to Yield
 Yield then O yield that Love may win
 The Fort at last and let Life in
 Yield quickly lest perhaps you prove
 Deaths Prey before the Prize of Love
 This Fort of your Fair Self if t be not wone
 He is repuls'd indeed but You'r undone

l 22 A parenthesis has been supplied after *weaknes'*

p 191 l 22 C] rebell wotd

p 193 ll 1—7 Title in B] On the name of Jesus l 14 B reads] the bright *instead of* you bright l 4 A full stop has been taken away after *see* l 31 B] little word

p 194 l 18 B] This C] Thas l 20 A full stop has been added after *sing* l 25 B] a habit fit of self tun d l 29 A semicolon has been added after *you*

p 195 l 8 B] Your powers l 9 C] yours Lutes l 28 B] aloud Last line B] yeld

p 196 l 1 B] Seraphins l 2 B] Loyall breast l 10 B] forth from l 11 A comma has been added after *Light* l 15 A full stop has been taken away after *Guest* l 28 B] All heavens

p 198 l 2 A comma has been supplied after *Paradises* l 3 B] soules tastes l 18 B] bare thee l 20 B] ware thee l 25 B] served therein thy A full stop has been added after *ends*

p 200 Title in B] An [A in A and E] Hymne of the Nativity sung as by [A and E sung by] the Shepheards

p 201 ll 4—7 A and E read]

Come wee Shepheards who have seene

Dayes King deposed by Nights Queene

Come lift we up our lofty song

To wake the Sun that sleeps [E lies] too long

ll 8—10 A and E read]

Hee in this our generall joy

Slept and dreampt of no such thing

While we found out the fairey'd Boy

l 19 C] Thysis l 25 A and E] thy eyes l 26 The Chorus lines between the stanzas are not in A or E l 27 A and E] chid the world l 31 C] eyes l 32 A] frosts

p 202 l 2 A B and E] Bright dawn The second and third stanzas on this page are not in A or E l 3 E] thy eyes A and E] the East B] their East C] their Late l 5 A comma has been supplied after *sight* l 11 B] ye powers l 13 B] ye Powers l 14 B] Thyrs C] Thyt

APPENDIX

1 17 B] is all one 1 18 C] morn B] morne, 1 20 B] Babe, &c
 1 21 B] Tit C] Tir 1 23 E] white sheets 1 24 A colon has been
 supplied after *bed* 1 28 In A and E the stanza is as follows]

I saw th' officious Angels bring,
 The downe that their soft breasts did strow,
 For well they now can spare their wings,
 When Heaven it selfe lyes here below
 Faire Youth (said I) be not too rough,
 Thy Downe though soft's not soft enough

In line 3 of this stanza B prints *wings*, otherwise as in C Last line
 B] said we

p 203 The first stanza on this page reads as follows in A and E]

The Babe no sooner 'grn to seeke,
 Where to lay his lovely head,
 But streight his eyes advis'd his Cheeke,
 'Twixt Mothers Brests to goe to bed
 Sweet choise (said I) no way but so,
 Not to lye cold, yet sleepe in snōw

1 1 C] No no B] No, no, 1 5 B] said I 1 7 B] choice, &c 1 16
 A and E] Welcome to our wondring sight 1 20 A and E] glorious Birth
 1 22 A, B and E] not to C] silk A, B] silke, 1 24 A and E] virgins
 1 26 A] breathes B] breath's C] brearhes 1 27 A, B and E add the
 following stanza after this one]

Shee sings thy Teares asleepe, and dips
 Her Kisses in thy weeping Eye,
 Shee spreads the red leaves of thy Lips,
 That in their Buds yet blushing lye,
 Shee 'gainst those Mother Diamonds tyes
 The points of her young Eagles Eyes

1 28 A full stop has been taken away after *flies* Last three lines
 A and E *read*]

But to poore Shepheards, simple things,
 That use no varnish, no oyl'd Arts,
 But lift clean hands full of cleare hearts

p 204 A and B print as two stanzas, as throughout the poem 1 6
 B] their sheep A and E] The Shepheards, while they feed their [E the]
 sheepe 1 11 A and E *omit*] Till burnt 1 12 A and E] Wee'l burne,
 our owne best sacrifice

p 205, ll 1, 2 Title in A] An Himne [B A Hymne] for the Circum-
 cision day of our Loid 1 3 A] thou first 1 7 A] of Laces 1 9 A]
 Guild thee 1 12 B] bosome shows 1 16 A] his glorious beames
 1 18 A] his eyes ll 20, 21 A]

Rob the rich store her Cabinets keep,
 The pure birth of each sparkling nest

1 23 A and B] embrace 1 25 A] in them

p 206, l 1 A] the sweet 1 3 A and B] The Moone 1 4 A]
 And leave the long adored Sunne 1 5 A] Thy nobler beauty 1 8 A
 and B *add*]

Nor while they leave him shall they loose the Sunne,
 But in thy fairest eyes find two for one

APPENDIX

p 207 Title in B] A Hymne for the Epiphanie Sung as by the three
Kings 1 1 Not in B 1 4 (2) not in B 1 6 (3) not in B 1 15
A full stop has been supplied after *Eyes* 1 25 C] east B] East

p 208 1 4 B] halfe speare C] half spear 1 11 B] (1) C] (2)
B] world s C] wold s

p 210 1 6 B] thy chast 1 1, A full stop has been taken away after
corn 11 21—3 B] gives But lean and tame as the beginning of 3 s lines
and gives the Mithra line only to Chorus

p 211 1 13 A semicolon has been supplied after *son*, and a full stop after
us in line 15 1 16 B] 1 C] (2) 1 19 B] love sick world C] love sick
world 1 26 B] deere doome 1 28 C] ludgment 1 38 B] domesticks
1 40 C] hour s

p 212 1 6 B] 1 C] (2) 1 10 A full stop has been added after *Light*
1 24 B] the best 1 26 B] 1 C] (2) 1 30 B] Use to 1 31 C] in [it
B] self their rorch [torch B] 1 33 B] the conscious 1 3, C] Ground
1 38 C] dscant B] dscant 1 39 B] with what 1 40 B] his strong

p 213 1 2 B] seize 1 3 C] ohsequious 1, A full stop has been
added after *you* 1 12 C] negatine

p 214 1 10 B] glorious Tire 1 13 B] 1 His Gold C] (3) His Gold

p 215 1 3 B adds] upon his dedicating to her the foregoing Hymne 1 5
B] crownes C] cownes C] race B] race 1 9 C] face B] face 1 10 B] Rosie
down 1 14 B] We wade in you (deare Queen) 1 17 B] Royall harvest
1 21 B] whole groves 1 23 B] Lamb s great Sire

p 216 In B only the hymns for each hour are given numbered 1 to ,
under the general title Upon our B Saviours s Passion followed by The
Antiphona for Compline (see p 229) The recommendation of the precedent
Poems (see p 230) A Prayer O Lord Jesus Christ Son of the Living God
interpose etc and Christ s victory divided later into The Antiphona for
the third sixth and ninth hours (see pp 221 223 and 225)

p 217 1 19 B] wakefull dawning 1 21 C] Father word 1 26
B] betrayd and taken

p 218 1 19 B omits here and elsewhere the words unto all quick and
dead and reads the Church

p 219 1 14 B] early Morne 1 15 B] It could 1 19 B] blotts
those 1 23 C] Antiphona

p 220 1 13 C] O Lrod living Ood

p 221 1 18 B] then C] them 1 24 C] rhe 1 25 A full stop has
been taken away after *side* 1 28 C] Jalyor Last line C] word s losse

p 222 last line C] world

p 223 1 15 B] For the faint 1 18 B] The fruit 1 31 B] the first

p 224 1 5 A full stop has been taken away after *Crosse*

p 225 1 14 B] rocks C] roeks 1 18 B] our great sin s sacrifice
1 29 C] Deard Last line C] word s losse

p 227 1 13 B] could not

p 229 1 13 B] The nightening hour 1 15 A] heartlesse 1 23
C] Heart B] Hevrt 1 30 B] such rate

p 230 11 11—13 See p 73

APPENDIX

- p 231, ll 2—5 Not in B 1 7 B] languishing 1st line C] v arth
 p 232, l 6 B make a throne C] I rthone 1 13 B] costly crueltie
 l 16 B] heav'n wag'd ll 17, 18 B needs]
 Both with one price were weighed,
 Both with one price were paid
 The 7th stanza is not in B 1 31 B] live for to 1 32 B] which thy ble ed
 death did
 p 233 See p 78
 p 234, l 12 A comma replaces a full stop after *enclousure*
 p 235, l 1 C] Ler 1 2 B] Thou
 p 237, l 7. C] Nother 1 13 B] Are more Owne heart 1 33 A
 semicolon has been supplied after *smart* 1 34 C] growngt
 p 238, l 18 C] nobest 1 26 B] love 1 30 B] something to thy
 l. 32 B] Oh give me too
 p 239 B omits stanzas VII and VIII 1 2 C] eternall 1 24 B]
 Shall I in sins sets there 1 29 C] Is B] If not more just
 p 240, l 2 B] Lend, O lend 1 10 B] studie thee 1 15 B] thy
 deare ll 19, 20 B]
 Let my life end in love, and lye beneath
 Thy deare lost vitall death,
 l 22 B] in thy Lords death
 p 241 E gives 5 stanzas only, 1, 3, 4, 5, 2 ll 1—6 Title in A and
 D] On the bleeding wounds [B body] of our crucified Lord 1 9 A, D
 and E] thy hands 1 10 A, D and E] thy head 1 11 A, D and E]
 thy purple 1 12 This verse is 5th in A and D, the order being 1, 3, 4, 5,
 2, Water'd (see below) 6, 7, 8, 9 1 14 A and D] In Fears? 1 16 B]
 That streames 1 18 A, D and E] they cannot 1 20 A] they are wont
 D omits] ever 1 21 D and B] own blood 1 23 A and E] Thy hand
 l 26 E] It droppes
 p 242, l 5 A prints stanza 2 here and follows with]
 Water'd by the showres they bring,
 The thornes that thy blest browes encloses
 (A cruell and a costly spring)
 Conceive proud hopes of proving Roses
 l 7 A and D] Not a hure but 1 18 A and D] Threatning all to overflow
 p 243 See p 83 1 7 A full stop has been taken away after *yet*
 l 12 C] Thrones
 p 244 See p 85 ll 1—6 Title in A] On our crucified Lord Naked,
 and bloody 1 11 A] could be found Garments 1 12 A] but these
 pp 245 and 246, ll 1, 2 Title in B] A Hymne to Our Saviour by
 the Faithfull Receiver of the Sacrament 1 3 the Power 1 6 A full
 stop has been added after *me*
 p 247, l 1 B] Help, Lord, my Faith, my Hope increase ll 5, 6
 B omits these lines
 p 248, ll 1—5 Title in B] A Hymne on the B Sacrament 1 9 The
 last two words are omitted in the 1652 copy used I have supplied them from
 B 1 10 B] Heav'n, and Hands 1 12 B] Ambitions 1 14 C] Lice
 l 28 B] Law of a new Law

APPENDIX

p 249 l. 18 B] Names not things l 21 B] on Christ l 4 B]
Nor wound

p 250 l 14 C] Sacrifice l 26 B] meane soules

p 251 ll 1—, Title in B] A Hymne in meditation of the day of judge
ment l 10 C] rmn

p 252 l 4 B] the Judge l 28 A colon has been supplied after *me*

p 254 ll 1—3 Title in B] The Virgin Mother l 5 B] below the
l 13 C] on the l 24 B] spring l 29 C] their mother B] your
mother

p 255 l 4 B *adds*] The door was shut yet let in day

p 256 ll 1—7 Title in B] On the assumption E *adds*] of the Virgin
Marie l 10 A and F] heavenly Light l 14 A E and F] Shee s call d
again harke how th immortal Dove l 16 E] fair and l 19 A and
F] No sweets since thou [E save you] art wanting here l 23 A and F
on a fresh line] Come away come away The 16 lines that follow are not in A
E or F l 28 B] Except as

p 257 l 1 B] Tree C] three l 2 B] leavy l 12 B] so great
l 13 A E and F] thy great l 17 A B E and F *add*]

And though thy dearest looks must now be [E give] light

[F now take its flight]

To none but the blest heavens whose bright

Beholders lost in sweet delight

Feed for ever their faire sight

With those divinest eyes which wee

And our darke world no more shall see

Though, our poore joyes [E and F eyes] are parted so

Yet shall our lips never let goe

Thy gracious name but to [E for] the last

Our Loving song shall hold it fast

l 18 A E and F] sacred Name A full stop has been taken away after *be*

l 20 A and F] holy cares l 27 A and F] our sweetness l 28 A and

F] they may l 31 E] mother to l 32 A and F] Live rarest Princesse

and l 33 A and F] of an incomparable l 37 E] humble bragg l 38

C] clown E] Praise of women Pride of men l 40 C] brest

pp 258—9 Title in A B and D] The Weeper A omits B gives the
couplet on p 258 under the title

p 259 The order of verses in A is 1 2 3 4 5 12 8 Not the soft Gold
(see below) 6 Sadnesse all the while (see below) 9 10 13 14 Thus dost
thou melt the year (see note to p 264 ll 2—4) Time as by thee (see below)
24 23 26 28 29 30 The order in D 1 as in A save that Not the soft
Gold and 7 are transposed The order in E is thus —1 2 3 4 5 12 8
Not the soft Gold 7 6 Sadnesse all the while 9 10 13 14 26 Thus dost
thou melt (see note to p 264 ll 2—4) Time as by thee 24 23 Say watry
brothers (see note to p 264) 29 30

The following are the three verses referred to above they do not form part
of the later text

Not the soft Gold which
Steales from the Amber weeping Tree
Makes sorrow halfe so Rich
As the drops distil d from thee

APPENDIX

Sorowes best Jewels lye in these
Caskets, of which Heaven keeps the Keyes

Sadnesse all the while
Shee sits in such a Thione as this,
Can doe nought but smile,
Nor beleeves shee sadnesse is
Gladnesse it selfe would bee more glad
To bee made so sweetly sad

Time as by thee he passes,
Makes thy ever-watry eyes
His Hower-Glasses
By them his steps he rectifies
The sands he us'd no longer please,
For his owne sands hee'l use thy seas [E thy teares]

1 5 A, B and D] silver-forded 1 19 A, D and E] they are indeed 1 27
A] rivers meet 1 28 A, D and E] Thine Crawles 11 29, 30 A, D
and E]

Heaven, of such faire floods as this [E these],
Heaven the Christall Ocean is

p 260, 1 4 A, D and E] soft influence 1 21 A, D and E] Her richest
1 24 E] pale cheeks 1 27 A, D and E] it tremble heere A comma as
in B has taken the place of the full stop in C 1 28 A, D and E] to be
thy Teare 1 35 E] and more sweet

p 261, 1 3 A] the case 1 5 B] they are, C] they are 1 7 A,
D and E] May Balsame 1 19 A, D and E] with their bottles 1 20
B and E] And draw D] from those 1 25 A, D and E] Might hee flow
from thee 1 26 A and D] would he 1 27 A, D and E] Richer farre
does he esteem 1 32 E] thy eyes 1 34 A, D and E] softer showres
1 35 A, D and E] returned fairer flowers

p 262, 1 2 C] cheeks 1 4 A full stop has been taken away after
doves 1 5 B] washt C] washt, 1 8 Not numbered in C 1 9 A
full stop has been taken away after *woes* 1 10 B] and tears, and smiles
1 17 B] balsome fires fill thee? 1 18 B] Cause great 1 24 B] this
vine 1 25 B] that wounded 1 26 B] those wounded

p 263, 1 3 B] large expences 1 5 B] the wrath 1 22 A, D and
E] the Night arise? 1 23 A, D and E] thy teares doe 1 24 A, D and
E] Does night loose her eyes? 1 31 A, D and E] Thy teares just cadence
still keeps time 1 32 A] Prayer B and E] praier C] paire

p 264, 11 2—4 A, D and E]

Thus dost thou melt the yeare
Into a weeping motion,
Each minute waiteth heere,

1 4 C] waits B] waits, 1 10 A and E] Will thy 1 13 A, D and E]
by Dayes, by Monthes, by Yeares A full stop has been taken away after
yeares 1 18 B] fire 1 23 B] ye bright The version in A, D and E
is thus]

Say watry Brothers
Yee simpering sons of those faire eyes,
Your fertile [D and E fruitfull] Mothers
What hath our world that can entice

APPENDIX

You to be borne? what is t can borrow

You from her eyes swolne wombes of sorrow

1 31 A D and E] O whither? for the sluttish Earth 1 33 A B D and E] your Birth. 1 34 A D and E *omit*] Sweet

p 265 1 3 E] The darling 1 6 A D and E *read*]

No such thing we goe to meet

A worthier [D and E worthy] object Our Lord s [E Lord Jesus] feet

pp 266 and 267 ll 1 2 Title in A and B] In memory of the Vertuous and Learned Lady Madre de Teresa that sought an Early Martyrdome

p 267 1 4 C] word B] word 1 5 A] Wee need to goe to 1 6 A] stout and tall 1 7 A] Ripe and full growne that 1 10 A] unto the 1 12 A] whose large breasts built a 1 13 A] For love their Lord glorious and great 1 14 A] Weell see 1 15 A] And make his 1 16 A full stop has been added after *child* 1 17 A] had B] hath C] has A] a name 1 27 A] had B] hath C] has. 1 33 A] wee straight C] you staight

p 268 1 3 A] thirst dare 1 6 A and B] Her weake C] Her what 1 8 A] kisses C] hisles 1 10 C] Maryrdom B] for a 1 11 A] for her 1 13 B] and try 1 14 A] Shee offers 1 26 A and B *add*] Farewell what ever deare may bee 1 27 A full stop has been added after *knee* and after *martyrdom* 6 lines below 1 37 B] soft cabinet 1 39 A full stop has been added after *so*

p 269 1 2 A] Loves hand 1 15 A] be spent B] be sent 1 17 A comma replaces a full stop after *Thee* 1 18 A] and the first borne 1 29 A] he still may dy 1 32 B] thine embraces 1 34 Printed thus in A]

Balsome to heale themselves with—
thus

When these etc

In B and C thus follows with in the same line without any break in C after a full stop and with a capital T in B

p 270 1 7 A and B] as thou shalt first 1 13 A] on thee 1 14 A] when she shall C] Lief 1 15 A] her hand 1 18 A] joy 1 31 A and B *add*] All thy sorrows here shall shine 1 32 A and B] And thy 1 35 A] deaths B] Deat hs 1 36 A] soule which late they

p 271 1 12 A] thy spowse 1 19 A and B] keeps

p 272 ll 2 and 4 A full stop has been taken away after *Apologie* C prints *Hymen* ll 1—7 Title in A is An Apologie for the precedent Hymne The title in B is the same but in B the precedent hymne is The Flaming Heart (see p 274) 1 9 A] Faire sea 1 16 A] heavenly maxim 1 19 A] there lye 1 23 A] one blood 1 25 C] and 1 27 A] it dwell in Spaine

p 273 1 3 B] a wondring 1 4 A] Who finds A and B *add* hatch d after Heart 1 7 A and B] are enow 1 12 A *omits*] too B *prints*] to 1 18 A full stop has been added after *alone* 1 19 A] youths Life 1 23 A and B] in one

p 274 1 4 B *omits*] the seraphicall saint 1 8 C] beside 1 11 B] so much 1 19 B] And Him for Her 1 26 B] happier A full stop has been added after *see*

p 275 1 2 A full stop has been added after *Her* 1 5 B] to paint

APPENDIX

l 10 B] form'd Seraphicall 1 11 B] But e're wore faire 1 13 B] cheekes 1 28 B] shafts 1 38 B] who kindly takes the shame

p 276, l 4 C] suffing 1 13 C] part B] part, 1 14 A full stop has been supplied after *heart* and after *Flame* 4 lines below 1 15 C] lov'es ll 25 to end are not in B 1 33 C] undanted 1 38 C] thrists

p 277, l 4 A parenthesis has been added at the end of the line 1 9 Title in B] A Song of divine Love The second part is more distinctly divided from the first, than in C 1 10 C] geace 1 23 B] longing strife

p 278, ll 1—5 Title in A] On a prayer-booke sent to Mrs M R Title in B as in C but omits *Prayer* l 1 and *little* l 3 1 6 A and F] but large ll 7—15 For these lines A and F] *ead*]

(Feare it not, sweet,

It is no hipocrit)

Much larger in it selfe then in its looke

1 16 A and F] rich handfull 1 17 A and F] royall Horsts 1 19 A and F] A thousand 1 21 C] il self 1 22 A, B and F] your white 1 24 A and B] the ghostly your part F] your ghostly your part 1 25 A, B and F] your chast 1 26 A and F] the Armory 1 29 A] hand 1 31 B] The sinne

p 279, l 1 F] That holds 1 5 A, B and F] your heart 1 6 B] its part 1 13 A] And bring hei [B its, F his] bosome full of blessings 1 19 A and F] comes 1 20 A and F] wandering heart 1 24 A] pleasures. 1 26 A and F] dance in the B] ith' 1 28 A and B] Spheare 1 34 A, B and F] And stepping 1 35 A and B] the sacred 1 38 A] These tumultuous

p 280, l 6 A colon has been added after *desire* 1 13 A] An hundred thousand loves and graces F] A hundred loves and graces 1 18 F] That dull mortallists 1 19 A and F] this hidden store 1 30 A and F] Deere silver breasted dove 1 33 F] With mingled vows 1 35 F] With her immortal 1 36 A and F] Happy soule who

p 281, l 3 A and F] O let that [F the] happy soule hold fast 1 13 A and F] Happy soule 1 16 A and F] a God

p 282, l 9 B] may C] my

p 283, l 6 B] most pretious

p 284, ll 1—3 A full stop after 'complaint' has been removed to after 'Alexis' 1 6 B] omits] sanite 1 8 B] loud Praise 1 16 B] Would see 1 24 B] leads the way 1 30 B] change its

p 285, l 1 B] when lovers A full stop has been taken away after *graves*

p 286, l 4 A full stop has been added after *me* 1 12 B] the beauteous Skies 1 22 B] old Times

p 287, l 7 C] eost 1 9 B] with sawcy 1 15 C] Aleyis 1 19 B] O tell 1 21 C] tell B] tell, 1 31 B] The Blessed Virgin 1 35 A colon has been inserted after *approach*

p 288, l 7 B] No facing Gorgon 1 17 B] How sweet's 1 20 B] thousands

p 289, l 1 A full stop has been taken away after *Description* B omits ll 4—6 of Title 1 9 B] pavements weeping 1 10 B] costly 1 12

APPENDIX

C] frishing B] frishing 1 22 B] slumbers C] slumbers? 1 23 C] And
sing & & sigh 1 24 B] round Spheare 1 25 B]
Hands full of hearty labours Paines that pay
And prize themselves doe much that more they may
1 28 C] dayly ding

p 290 1, B] ly close and keep

p 291 ll 4—6 Title in A and D continues thus] Husband and Wife
which died and were buried together Title in E] Epitaphium conjugum
una mortuor et sepultor Title in G] A man and his wife who dyed to
gether and were so buried 1 8 A] the second 1 11 A] not sever man
and Wife [C] Wive 1 12 A D and G] Because Liv'd 1 16 A D E
and G] knot that love 1 17—20 A D E and G] And though no
harm 1 23 A B D E and G] And the G] morning dawn 1 25 A
E and G] And they waken with that Light [B] wake into that] 1 26 A D
E and G] never sleepe in

p 292 ll 1—4 Title in A] Upon Mr Stanninough's Death Title in B]
At the Funerall of a young Gentleman Title in D] Upon the Death of Mr
Stanninough Fellow of Queens Colledge in Cambridge 1 13 A B and D]
ye soft 1 18 A] thy Idrea 1 19 A and D] thy bulke 1 21 A and
D] thy small 1 22 C] narrow 1 25 C] neighbourhood In A and D the
line ends thus — nothing! here put on and the next line is — Thy selfe in this
unfeigned reflection omitting I roud eyeliddes 1 29 A and D] (Through
all your painting) shoves you your own face 1 31 A and D] To the proud
hopes A full stop has been added after *Mortality* 1 32 A and D] this
selfe prison d eye

p 293 The poem appeared in the English translation of Leonard Lessius's
Hygiasticon see 3rd edn published at Cambridge in 1636 The first 12 lines
of the poem are not there given ll 1—6 Title in A and B] In praise of
Lessius his rule of health D] Upon Lessius C] Upon Lessius his Hygeias
ticon 1 7 A B D and E] and 1 9 A D and E] cruell strife
1 15 A D and E] at length 1 16 A D and E] add]

Goe poore man thinke what shall bee
Remedie against [E] gainst] thy remedie

1 19 A D and Lessius] wouldst thou E ends at Reader 1 21 A D
and Lessius] Wouldst see 1 22 A and B] His own Physick 1 27
C] oppost 1 29 Lessius] Whose souls

p 294 1 5 C] way B] way 1 6 A and D] Heavn hath a 1 7 A]
Wouldst thou see 1 10 A B D and Lessius] A set 1 13 A and Lessius]
All a nest of roses D] see a bed of roses grow 1 14 D] In a nest of C] of
renerend 1 16 C] Spring 1 22 Lessius] His soul 1 24 D] A sigh
a kisse The last 8 lines of the poem are not in A

p 295 1 1 Title in A and B] On Hope By way of Question and Answer
betweene A Cowley and R Crashaw In both editions this and the answer
on pp 297 and 8 form one poem ten lines of Cowley being followed by ten
of Crashaw till both are ended beginning with ten of Cowley and ending with
twenty of Crashaw 1 3 A and B] succeed and 1 4 A and B] ill and
1 8 A] The Fates have B] The Fates of 1 10 A and B] ends 1 11 B] at
all 1 17 Full stops have been added after *bed* and *Ther* two lines below
1 19 A and B] So mighty 1 21 A and B] its spirits 1 25 A semi
colon has been added after *are* 1 26 A and B] Thine empty cloud the eye

APPENDIX

it selfe deceives 1 31 A and B] not North 1 34 C] repenrance A and B] shield of fond Last line A and B] Chymicks

p 296, l 2 A and B] strange witchcraft

p 297, l 1 A full stop has been taken away after *Crashaw* 1 5 A and B] of things ll 8, 9 A, B and G read thus]

Faire cloud of fire, both shade, and light,

Our life in death, our day in night

1 12 A, B and G] thinne dilemma 1 13 A, B and G] like the sick Moone at the A full stop has been added at the end of this line and the

twelfth below 1 14 A, B and G] Thou art Loves 1 15 A, B and G]

Of Faith the steward of our growing stocke 1 16 A, B and G] Crown-

lands lye above 1 20 C] ckeek 1 21 A, B and G] Thou thus steal'st

downe 1 22 A, B and G] Chaste kisse wrongs no 1 26 A, B and G]

The generous 1 27 A, B and G] Nor need wee kill 1 28 A, B and G

omit] growing Last line A and B] subtille essence

p 298, l 1 A, B and G] law warres 1 2 A, B and G *omit*] walks, &

1 3 A, B and G] where our winds A comma has been added after *stirr*

1 4 A, B and G] And Fate's whole A and B *add*]

Her shafts, and shee fly farre above,

And forrage in the fields of light, and love

1 6 A and B] where, or what 1 10 C] antitode 1 11 A, B and G]

Temper'd 'twixt cold despaire 1 15 A, B and G] And loves G] fierce and

fruitlesse 1 16 G *omits*] all 1 17 A and B] Huntresse 1 18

A and B] field

EPIGRAMMATA SACRA, 2nd Edn, 1670 Only those poems not in the 1st edition are here printed I do not know what authority there may be for these additions, so long after Crawshaw's death, but they are probably genuine as two are in the Sancroft MS (*Improbata turba tace and O ut ego*, pp 304 and 305) As the first of these differs somewhat from the Sancroft copy I have given the MS form in its place on p 318 (*Tu mala turba tace*)

p 303, l 2 *σέδς* in text 1 14 *Ἥη* in text

p 305, l 4 E] ego ut 1 8 E] error abegit 1 12 E] *Ελ* his quos 1 13 E] *Εx* me

p 339, l 18 Mr F G Plaistowe, M A, Librarian of Queens' College, who has very kindly allowed me to refer to him in a few cases of difficulty in the reading of Abp Sancroft's transcript, suggests that *αναλην* in the MS is an error for *ἀνάγκην*

p 345, l 13 E] forbid the

p 346 D gives the following variations in this poem 1 1 Out of Petronius 1 8 And dayntyest drake The two following lines 'Though new' are not in D 1 13 pietious Scarus 1 17 The Barbill too is now 1 18 And cloying

p 349, l 6 E] from of

p 351, l 9 A full stop has been supplied after *villanie*

p 356, l 11 E] From of 1 16 E] throwes of

p 359, l 6 E] smile for Chloe that

p 364, ll 20 and 24 A colon has been supplied at the end of each line and also at the end of l 19, p 366

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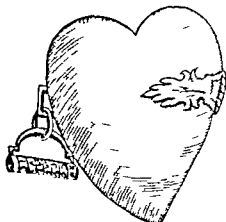
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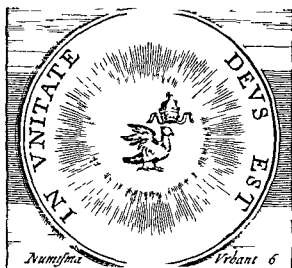
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CRASHAW'S DESIGNS IN 'CARMINA DEO NOSTRO



Headpiece to the poem
To the Countess of Denbigh
p 170



Headpiece to the poem
To the Name of Jesus
p 193



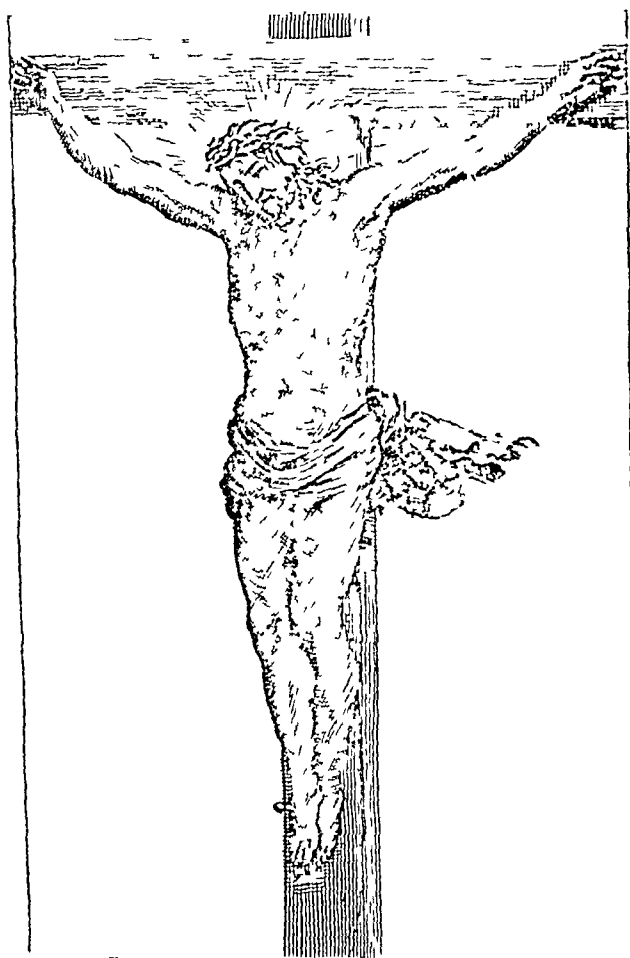
*Ton Createur te faict voir sa naissance ,
Daignant souffrir pour toy dès son enfance*

Faces the full-page title of the poem
'In the Holy Nativity'

Below the plate is printed
'Quem vidistis Pastores' &c
Natum vidimus &c'



Headpiece to the poem
In the Glorious Epiphany
p 208



*Tradidit semetipsum pro nobis oblationem, et
hosham Deo in odorem Suavitatis. ad Eph: 5*

On the reverse of the full-page title of
'The Office of the Holy Crosse'

EXPOSITIO ALIQUORUM VERBORUM D. I. GRATI

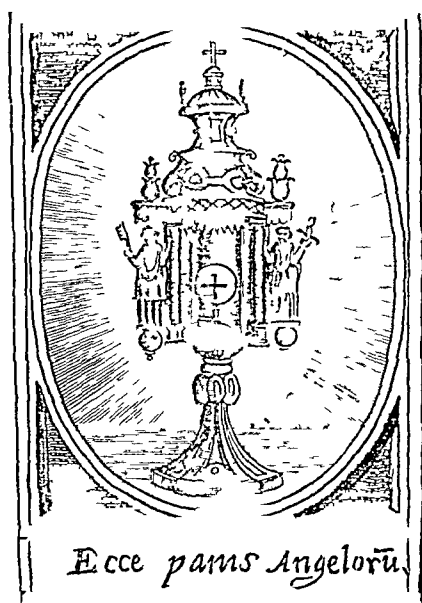


Si mi pul ler t uino et non u d art
 Sum nobili nemo est ut qu ferat
 Si m dices me mo quicquid postulat
 Et tibi possum amo in tamen timet
 Atque a recto queror po p
 Inconsuetum sed m q a consil
 Et s t per q otusit y par cu bi t
 Si m ser u quare q red r
 m v ueru nru est qui m pcht
 m i v lre ie p t
 Si m fructu l a f d m ie l e t
 Tis p id m p et llo
 Si hu t b a parata h v rre l l v n m

Headpiece to
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Headpiece to
 'Sancta Maria Dolorum'
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Headpiece to
 'The Hymn of S Thomas'
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Full page facing
The Hymn of the Day of Judgment
Below the plate is printed
Dies Iræ Dies Illæ

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Headpiece to
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Headpiece to
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On the reverse of the
full-page title to
'A Hymn to the Name
and Honor of S^t
Teresa'
p 266

